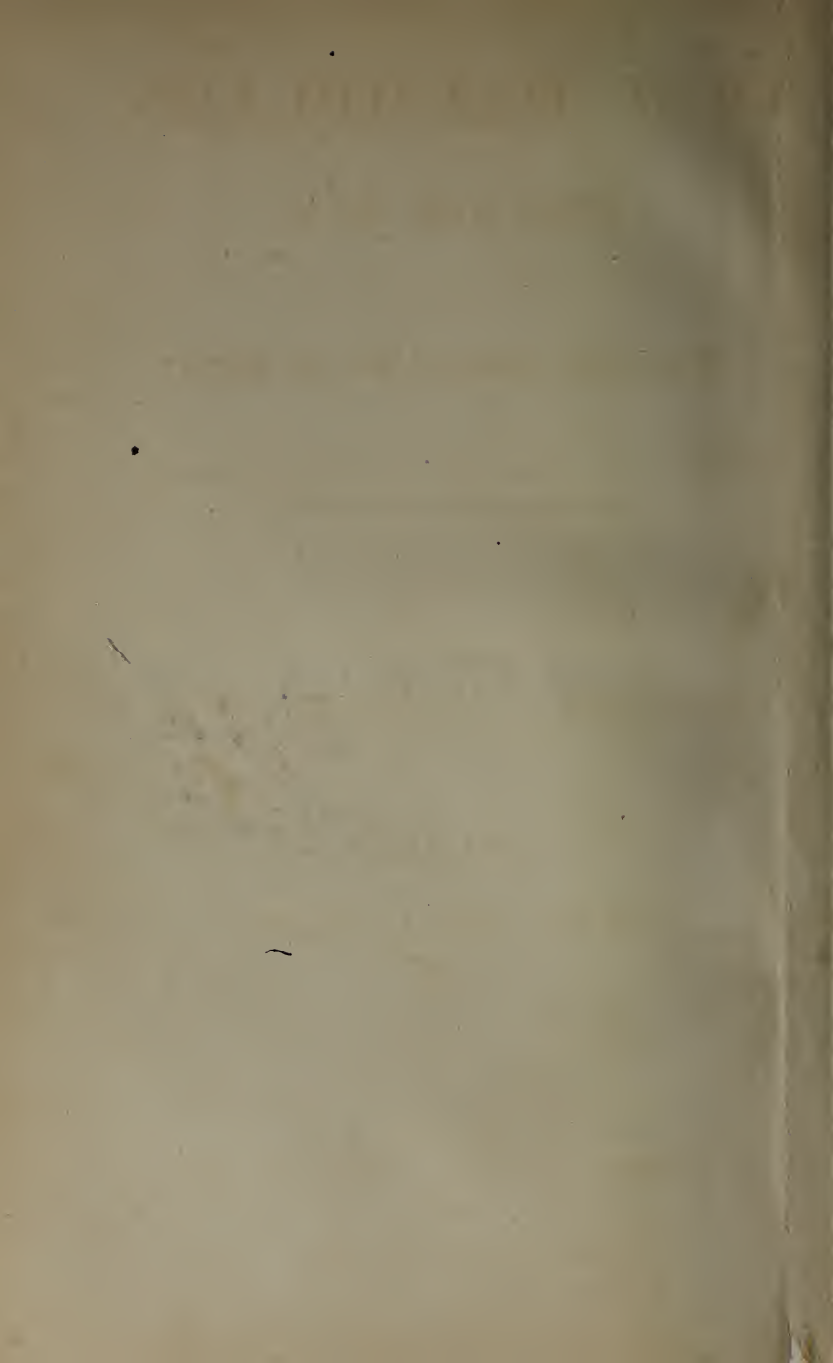


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OUR EXEMPLARS.



OUR EXEMPLARS,

POOR AND RICH;

OR,

Biographical Sketches of Men and Women

WHO HAVE, BY AN EXTRAORDINARY USE OF THEIR OPPORTUNITIES,
BENEFITED THEIR FELLOW-CREATURES.

EDITED BY

MATTHEW DAVENPORT HILL,

RECORDER OF BIRMINGHAM.

WITH A PREFACE

BY

LORD BROUGHAM.

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PREFACE.

AT a gathering of Mechanics' Institutions, held at Accrington, in November last, over which I was called upon to preside, it was suggested by Lord Stanley that a biographical work of great interest might be written, describing the rise and progress to wealth and eminence of men who, by the exercise of their own powers of mind and body, have risen from the humbler classes. When offering this excellent suggestion, Lord Stanley was probably not aware that our literature already possessed books written with a nearly similar object, and I referred to one of the earliest—and, perhaps, more widely diffused than any of its successors—"The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." It was published more than thirty years ago, under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and was written by Professor Craik, now of Queen's College, Belfast. In this admirable work, too well known to need any description, the object steadily kept in view by the author is not, indeed, the attainment of rank, wealth, or fame, but the acquisition of knowledge; and, chiefly, the acquisition of knowledge by such as have to encounter the difficulties of self-

education. Yet, incidentally, this collection of memoirs and anecdotes shows, that the pursuit of knowledge carries many of its votaries to the heights of worldly fortune, and it therefore supplies, to a certain extent, the want indicated by Lord Stanley; while, on the other hand, it points to a nobler object of ambition than mere prosperity, in the ordinary sense, however honestly attained.

Within a few weeks after the meeting in Lancashire, there appeared another excellent work, under the title of "Self-Help," which, treating generally of self-advancement, and not being confined to any particular track, realised, perhaps, more completely than the work of Professor Craik, the conception of Lord Stanley.

Nothing can be more worthy of praise than the learned industry with which the author, Dr. Smiles, has collected his almost innumerable instances of success due to self-efforts, or the pleasing manner in which he has displayed them to the reader. It is, however, to be regretted that, in his dissertations—which are generally brief, and always apposite—he now and then promulgates opinions of questionable soundness. Upon one of these instances I am the more disposed to remark, because Dr. Smiles follows in a track in which some writers of eminence have been walking of late. "Solid subjects," he says, "are eschewed, and books demanding application and study lie upon book-shelves unread" (p. 268). And

this he attributes to the multiplication of books and newspapers by means of steam-engines and printing-machines, which, he thinks, tends rather towards superficial acquirements than to depth or vigour of thinking. "For," he continues, "while readers are tempted, by the multitude of books, to skim many subjects, they may thereby be so distracted by the variety as to be induced to bottom none of them thoroughly" (p. 266). It cannot be denied that plenty has its temptations, from which we should be protected by famine; but here, as everywhere else, we must look to the balance of advantage and disadvantage. If printing-machines are criminal, what is to acquit the printing-press? Indeed, I believe, the art of writing itself has been of late somewhat called in question for relieving the memory, to such an extent as to weaken, by comparative disuse, that noble faculty.

The Editor of this volume has written a statement in answer to the portion of Dr. Smiles's work which I have cited, and it entirely meets my view of the subject; I therefore add it as an appendix to the Preface.

But the exceptions which can fairly be made to "Self-Help" on this and one or two other grounds, are as nothing compared to the value of the work; moreover, the thirty years which have elapsed since the first appearance of the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," have been rich in instances of

self-raised men, and of these Dr. Smiles has not been slow to avail himself.

Notices of self-made women, however, are rare in his book—an omission which is disappointing, and which assuredly does not arise from any scarcity of materials.

Professor Craik added a supplementary volume to his work, consisting entirely of female examples. For some reason unknown to me, his last edition is deprived of this volume—a void which makes the “Lives of Distinguished Women,” appearing from month to month in the “English Woman’s Journal,” all the more acceptable.

Other works are springing up, which the limits of a Preface do not allow me to enumerate. I would, however, especially note the various memoirs of deserving persons of humble origin, which are scattered through the publications of the Brothers Chambers; and also the series called “Self-made Men,” in “Cassell’s Family Paper.” Lastly, I would invite attention to that invaluable repertory of memoirs, Knight’s “Biographical Cyclopædia,” their obligations to which I am requested by the authors of this volume to acknowledge.

The present work was suggested by the discussion at the Accrington meeting, although, as the reader is already aware from the title-page, it diverges considerably from the object then held up to view. It seeks to combine Professor Craik’s principle, of keep-

ing the reader's mind directed to one final purpose, with the advantage obtained by furnishing him with memoirs of sufficient detail to establish an acquaintance, as it were, between himself and each individual subject of biographical notice; and thus to engage more completely the sympathies of the student with the toils, the disappointments, the triumphs, the sufferings, and the rewards of the person whose example is set before him. In accordance with the title selected, the biographical sketches illustrate by facts the ability which all, in every rank, possess of adding to the stock of human happiness. The authors have aimed at showing that neither the temptations which beset rank, power, and wealth, nor the hindrances interposed by poverty, ignorance, infirmity, and even disease, are sufficient to prevent man or woman, desirous of doing good, from compassing that great object. In their selection of examples, they have necessarily been under the control of circumstances; many persons of both sexes, whose histories would have adorned this collection, have been excluded because their lives are already familiar to the public. Of others, the authors were not able to procure information in sufficient detail to furnish interesting notices.

And there is yet another class, the omission of which is matter of regret to them, shared by myself. In deference to the wishes of persons whose memoirs would naturally be expected to enrich the work, the

authors have felt bound to abstain from placing them among "Our Exemplars;" although no lives more worthy to be known could have been inserted. Two individuals of this class must be pointed to, Mary Carpenter and Charles Knight. Fortunately, their labours are too well known, by their duration and their success, for the prohibition imposed to deprive the world of the benefit to be derived from their example.

Every publisher, too, by a self-denying ordinance, must be excluded from a place in a book which he brings before the world; otherwise a striking instance would have been afforded of early difficulties honourably overcome, and of later opportunities for good well employed, in the life of John Cassell.

After this explanation, the authors will not be for a moment supposed to have undertaken the invidious, and, they desire to add, presumptuous task of selecting the subjects of these memoirs, amid the numberless individuals whose merits command attention, according to any imagined precedence of those taken over those left in a field in which a plenteous harvest remains to be reaped by other labourers. For it may be remarked that in Professor Craik's work, and also to a certain degree in the present volume, persons of eminence have been chosen—persons distinguished from others, generally from all others—for some peculiarity either in talents, acquirements, or success; but, as will be seen by the reader, there

is much to be learnt from the history of those who have neither gained any renown, nor attained brilliant position, nor even displayed rare capacity; and the record of their inferior merits and humbler fortunes is both a useful lesson to others, and a benefit to society. But this work does not attempt to fill up the blank left by former writers; and an account would be both interesting and useful of individuals who, by their honest industry, exerting talents of an ordinary description, have raised themselves from a lowly station, contending with great difficulties of various kinds, till they reached the station of wealthy citizens, or landowners, or successful members of the learned professions; although their lives presented none of the circumstances which raise our wonder in the biography of the Luthers, the Calvins, the Lauds, the Tillotsons, the Watts, the Arkwrights, the Cooks, the Drakes, the Clives, the Havelocks, the Scotts (brothers), the Scheeles, and the Davys. The power of persevering industry, uniting itself with virtuous dispositions, to exalt ordinary capacity to a high position, deserves to be illustrated by numerous examples; for these hold out prospects of success to many more than can ever think of the lofty eminence to which the rare gifts of genius claim an exclusive right.

Brougham, October, 1860.

APPENDIX TO THE PREFACE.

THAT many will trifle over novels and newspapers, instead of more vigorously employing their faculties on difficult works, may readily be admitted. But what cannot so easily be conceded is, that frivolous minds, if deprived of light reading, would forthwith plunge into profound study. The *trivium* and the barber's shop devoured the time of the *quidnunc* in former days, just as the newspaper does now ; exercising his mind less, and furnishing it with nutriment far inferior, whether as relates to subject, extent, or accuracy ; while the ignorant Oriental, who has no novel to read, and who, if he had one, could not read it, spends his hours in smoking his pipe, and listening to his oral novelist, the story-teller. Many a hard student has in his youth exhausted whole circulating libraries, until satiety and the development of higher powers have forced him to desist. But he has carried away with him an acquaintance with the language of books, a facility of perusal, and the invaluable habit of reading. These are no mean qualifications for attempting loftier pursuits. We are, therefore, not in the least surprised at the statement of Mr. Brown, of Liverpool, who, speaking of the Free Libraries, for which he has

just built, at his own cost, a palatial edifice, says, "It is pleasing to observe that the class of books called for is *becoming of a higher standard.*"*

John Plummer's testimony at p. 292 of this little work may be set against the speculations of Dr. Smiles. But the Doctor himself may be cited in refutation of his own argument, which he pushes to the extent of threatening us and our posterity with the gradual decay of moral and mental energy. Yet the diffusion of popular literature in this country has not been the work of a day. It has wonderfully increased, no doubt, within the last few years; but England has always stood at the head of this department of letters, and Dr. Smiles himself shall announce the results. "One of our most distinguished writers," he says, "has, it is true, lamented the decay of that strength of individual character which has been the glory of the English nation; yet, if we mistake not, no age in our history so little justifies such a lament as the present. Never did sudden calamity more severely test the individual pluck, endurance, and energy of a people, than did the recent outbreak of the rebellion in India; but it only served to bring out the unflinching self-reliance and dormant heroism of the English race" (p. 21). And he thus continues:—"Equally brilliant instances of individual force of character are also to be found in more peaceful and scientific walks. Is there not Livingstone, with a heroism greater than that of Xavier, penetrating the wilds of South Africa on his mission of Christian civilisation; Layard, labouring for years to disinter the remains of the buried city of Babylon; Rawlinson, the decipherer of their

* The *Times*, October 19, 1860.

cuneiform inscriptions ; Brooke, establishing a nucleus of European enterprise and colonisation among the piratical tribes of the Indian Ocean ; Franklin, Maclure, Collinson, and others, cleaving their way through storms, and ice, and darkness, to solve the problem of the north-west passage ?—enterprises, which, for individual daring, self-denial, energy, and heroism, are unsurpassed by those of any age or country ” (p. 22).

It might also be wished that the accomplished author of “Self-Help” had remembered that he was writing mainly for the instruction and delight of classes who have not had the advantage of a regular education, although they may be in possession of what is, perhaps, on the whole, a greater advantage—education self-obtained. Now the self-educated man, not having been admitted into what may be called the freemasonry of the schools, but having conducted his studies in solitude and in his own way, is not prepared for indirect allusions to books which, however well known by students who have passed through Eton and Oxford, have formed no part of his *curriculum* ; not that it is at all to be desired that an author addressing himself to working men and women athirst for knowledge, should adopt the notion that he must write *down* to his readers. He must remember that he has to deal with vigorous minds, disciplined by the encounters incident to poverty, over which they have, to a great extent, been victorious.

Such readers will not be discouraged by difficulties in the *matter* of a book, if there be not superadded those of an allusive style. Even hard words, although on every ground they ought to be avoided, where not essential to accuracy of meaning, will not form an obstacle of importance to the earnest student, because he knows that,

by reference to a dictionary, he shall find their explanation. What *is* to be avoided is, that habit of slight and oblique indication of books not specified, which affords no clue to the inquirer.

Since this work went through the press, one of "Our Exemplars" has passed from among us. Captain Maconochie died on Thursday, October 25th.

His health had long been failing, when, in the spring of the present year, very shortly after his kindness had supplied us with the autobiographic sketch which appears in these pages, signs of rapid decay became apparent. His strength declined from week to week, and periods of acute suffering indicated the alarming progress of disease. In the month of August an access of his malady caused his relatives to be summoned to his bed-side, and each hour he expected would prove his last. Soothed by the tender solicitude of those dearest to him—patient and even cheerful under his afflictions—he seemed tranquilly to prepare for the approaching change, as for a long journey.

But a favourable crisis arrived, and early in September he had so far rallied as to create a hope that he might yet be spared to his family and friends—a hope not to be realised!

November, 1860.

OUR EXEMPLARS.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

WE commence this little volume with a sketch of the life of one who would not generally be reckoned among self-raised men. Nevertheless, if we regard the many temptations conducing to habits of indolence and exclusiveness that are incident to his rank; the fastidious reluctance that he might have felt to come into close contact with people whose tastes and manners would be alien to his own; the high position he now holds; the deep feelings of respect with which he is regarded by all classes; and the benefits he has rendered to his fellow-creatures, especially such as were, either by poverty, ignorance, or their tender years, unable to help themselves, we must at once assign him an eminent place among those who have distinguished themselves by acts of self-denying charity, performed under pressure of the most adverse circumstances. We speak of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Lord Shaftesbury, who by courtesy enjoyed the title of Lord Ashley until the death of his father made him legally a peer, was born in April, 1801. He received his education at Harrow, and Christchurch, Oxford, where he took honours in 1822, and graduated B.A. In 1830 he married Emily, daughter of the Earl Cowper. He had entered Parliament as member for Woodstock in 1826, and he held several appointments in succession under

various ministries, rising gradually in estimation as a man of energy and benevolent purposes.

In 1833, Lord Ashley first turned his attention to the condition of women and children employed in factories. At that period the labour of operatives was excessive, and greatly overtaxed their strength, while the hours being very long, allowed of no time either for the women to perform their household duties, or for the children to receive instruction. In this year a Bill was passed through the exertions of Lord Ashley, limiting the labour of children under thirteen years of age to eight hours per day, and providing that such children should attend school (for two hours daily), and should receive a certificate of attendance, without which no child should be allowed to work in the factory. Employment of children under nine years of age in factories was entirely prohibited. The provisions of this Act were, however, found insufficient to restrain the abuses to which the poor factory workers were exposed, and a Bill to amend it was introduced by Mr. Sadler. At his death, which occurred shortly afterwards, Lord Ashley became the leader of this reform. The Bill provided that the employment of women and children in factories should not exceed ten hours daily, and that of these the children should spend three in receiving instruction from a competent schoolmaster, or that they should work in the factory on alternate days, spending an equal time in the school-room. Upon the stringency of these, the educational clauses, great care was bestowed, the provisions of the prior measure in this respect having been shown by Lord Ashley to be very imperfectly carried into effect.

“In more than one instance it had happened (he said) that children were found at school, absolutely in the coal-hole [of the

factory], and the stoker imparted instruction as he was engaged in poking the fire. A book was sent to him the other day quite black, and so rotten, that it went to pieces in his hands, and yet that had been one of the standard books of the school for the last two years. In very many cases the schoolmaster and schoolmistress were unable to sign their names to the certificate in which it was stated that the child under their tuition had enjoyed two hours a day of moral and religious instruction.”*

Many were the objections raised against the Bill. Some maintained that any restriction of labour whatsoever was pernicious; that, if this course were pursued, our foreign trade, then in a critical state, would be annihilated; that parents ought to be at liberty to choose whether they would give their children an education or not; and that the promoters of the measure were claiming twelve hours' wages for ten hours' labour. This latter argument Lord Ashley refuted by proving that wages were regulated by the amount of work performed, and not by time. The others are now known to be equally futile. Many years were spent in a seemingly hopeless struggle, but Lord Ashley did not despair, and at length, in 1844, the celebrated Ten Hours' Bill was passed. This measure, however, did not effect all the good aimed at by its benevolent promoter. It left a range of seventeen hours (from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m.), from which the ten hours for labour might be chosen—an arrangement, as it proved, creative of much abuse; and it soon became evident that the Act must be amended. Lord Ashley resumed his post. In 1846, he presented petitions from various places in Scotland in favour of a restrictive measure, and brought forward evidence to prove that, in several manufactories where the hours had been reduced from twelve to eleven, the wages, mean-

* Hansard, 1843, vol. lxxvii., p. 1465.

while, remaining the same, the profits had been equal to what they were in former times, while the social condition of the operatives was greatly improved; also, that, in Bradford, one manufacturer had tried the ten hours' plan for all the hands, with eminent success. The next year he carried a Bill through both Houses, limiting the period for work between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m., including two hours for meals; the provision which secured the attendance at school of operatives under 13 years of age remaining unaltered. Thus Lord Ashley beheld the long-delayed fulfilment of his hopes. Comparatively short as the experience of their working has been, the Acts have already produced results of the most healthful kind.

“Evils that were dreaded have not been realised, and advantages of a kind that could hardly be anticipated have accrued. Employers have not had to complain of a deficiency of labour—at least from the operation of these Acts, and parents are now frequently found expressing their acknowledgments of the advantages afforded by the school to their children.”

Further on the same writer (Mr. Wilks) says:—

“Among the benefits resulting from the operation of the clauses under consideration, may be mentioned the fact, that, among large employers of factory labour, they have constituted a basis for educational action, and one incentive to it. Not a few instances might be adduced of noble generosity on the part of such in the erection of schools, the support of efficient teachers, and the introduction of various appliances for the instruction of their workpeople. The attention drawn to the subject by these enactments has gradually issued in these generous and enlightened efforts, which are now extending beyond the prescribed class and age, while the factory schools are some of them taking rank with the best of their class, in the several districts in which they are situated. One of the indirect, but highly beneficial, results of these efforts is that a legitimate occasion is furnished for that

union between the classes of society, and a means of developing that mutual interest which really exists between the employed and the employer.”*

We take the following extract from the Report of the Inspector of Factories for 1859 :—

“ I think I can show that the Factory Acts have put an end to the premature decrepitude of the former long-hour workers ; that they have enlarged their social and intellectual privileges ; that by making them masters of their own time, they have given them a moral energy, which is directing them to the eventual possession of political power, and that they have lifted them high in the scale of rational beings, compared with that which they had attained in 1833. Moreover, I think I can further prove, that all this has been accomplished without any prejudice whatever to our commercial prosperity, as it was asserted there would be ; that wages have not been diminished ; and that the rude and violent immorality which it was predicted would necessarily be provoked by a freedom inconsistent with factory labour, in its connection with the cost of machinery and of material, has not in any case been manifested.”†

Mr. Akroyd, M.P., states that when the operatives had once become convinced of the evils of over-work, they strongly advocated the measure through its protracted struggle ; and “ thus,” he says, “ the Factory Acts were passed by the strenuous support of the factory operatives themselves.”‡ He relates, also, this pleasing consequence, that “ those mill-owners who most actively opposed the Ten Hours’ Bill have observed with pleasure its good fruits, in the improved health and morals of the

* Transactions of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, Bradford Meeting. London : Parker and Son. 1859.

† Report of Inspector of Factories. 1860.

‡ ‘ On Factory Education, and its Extension,’ a Paper read at the Meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science. 1857.

factory population." Ampler testimony need not be sought to the beneficent effects of the measure, which, by indomitable perseverance, Lord Ashley succeeded in carrying through Parliament against the strongest opposition.

Lord Ashley had been solicited to take office on Sir Robert Peel's return to power in 1841 ; but as Sir Robert refused to support the Ten Hours' Bill, his invitation was not accepted.

During the time that Lord Ashley was urging the consideration of this measure upon the House of Commons, he was very active in promoting another Bill for the better regulation of labour in collieries. In moving for leave to bring in the Bill for prohibiting the employment of women and children in mines (1842), Lord Ashley adduced a mass of evidence proving the horrors of the existing system. He showed that from five years old and upwards children were commonly employed. Near Oldham they went into the mines at four years old, and some so young that they were brought to their work, one might almost say, from their cradles ; in South Wales it was not unusual to take them into the pits at the same early age—many being absolutely carried to their work. In Ireland, however, none were employed under thirteen, nor any female of any age. "I have often, sir," said the noble lord, "admired the generosity and warm-heartedness of the Irish people ; and I must say, that if this is to be taken as a specimen of their barbarism, I would not exchange it for all the refinement and polish of the most civilised nations of the globe." The work performed involved dragging on all-fours small carts, laden with coal ; a chain attached to the cart passed between the legs, and was fastened to a girdle worn round the waist. Thus

creeping, the unfortunate labourers "have to pass through avenues not so good as a common sewer, quite as wet, and oftentimes more contracted. This kind of labour they have to continue during several hours, in a temperature described as perfectly intolerable." One little girl was found "only six years old, carrying [drawing] half a hundred weight, and making regularly fourteen long journeys a-day." The weight drawn by the elder children, fellow-colliers with this infant, varied from one to one and a half hundred weight; while the height ascended exceeded in each journey the height of St. Paul's Cathedral. Elder girls and grown-up women worked in the same way, their only garment being a pair of drawers, while men worked in their presence absolutely naked! Youths of both sexes, in some mines, worked together naked. The effect upon the physical health was such that the collier began to decline in vigour between twenty and thirty, while scrofula and deformity were common among the children, notwithstanding that the comparatively high wages gave them the command of good food. Women suffered still more severely in health, while their moral state was deplorable!

"In the male (says Lord Ashley) the moral effects of the system are very sad, but in the female they are infinitely worse, not alone upon themselves, but upon their families, upon society, and I may add, upon the country itself. It is bad enough if you corrupt the man; but if you corrupt the woman, you poison the waters of life at the very fountain."

This horrible state of things, which we can hardly conceive to have existed in England in the nineteenth century, when brought under public notice, instantly excited the greatest abhorrence; and the Bill to abolish it for ever rapidly passed through Parliament.

By this act the employment of females at all in mines, and that of males under ten years of age, was prohibited ; and inspectors of mines and collieries were appointed. So great and sudden a change brought at first want and even destitution into many families, and especially upon widows with young children to support, who had relied upon employment in mines for their maintenance.*

But happily this proved to be only a temporary consequence. When in 1843 a member of Parliament moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the "Mines and Collieries Act," stating the hardships imposed upon women by excluding them from the mines, and impugning much of the testimony adduced in support of the measure, Lord Ashley answered the objections by a great amount of evidence, showing that male weavers in want of work had supplied the place of females withdrawn from the mines ; that the latter were gradually being engaged for domestic service, that the coal-mining districts were improving in morality, and that the parents of girls were grateful for their rescue from the degrading influence of the collieries. The motion was lost.

Hardly was this work of benevolence completed, when Lord Ashley turned his attention to the sad condition of lunatics. In 1844, he brought forward a motion for an address to the Crown, to consider the report of the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy to the Lord Chancellor. From this report he showed that the private lunatic asylums in the country were scenes of fearful abuse ; that the county asylums had accommodation for only one-fourth of the pauper lunatics needing confinement ; and that some of even these establishments

* Report of the Inspector of Prisons for Scotland, 1846.

were quite unfit for use. In treating of mental aberration :—

“No more frequent cause of insanity existed (he said) than was found in intoxication ; the number of persons who were confined in lunatic asylums, and whose insanity originated in drunkenness, was very great, and would surprise any person who was not aware of the effects of this habit. In a majority of cases, a few days’ curative treatment produced a cure ; but then, the patient relapsing into former habits, became again insane, and underwent a series of repeated cures and repeated relapses. In many instances, such persons, if set at liberty, endangered not only their own lives, but those of others : this was one of the most difficult points to adjudicate. He had frequently urged upon the House, and especially in his motion upon education, the frightful consequences of inebriety—a habit fostered among the people, as much by the system of things we permitted, and the temptations to which we permitted them to be exposed, as by their own tendencies.”*

He then urged the importance of the early treatment of lunacy, and stated that the permanent cures of patients dealt with during the first three months are at least seventy per cent. Miss Dix, an American lady, who devotes her life to ameliorating the sufferings of the insane, and has thoroughly investigated their condition and mode of treatment, both in her own land and in most of the countries of Europe, states that the average number of cures in cases taken within the same period—three months—may be raised to ninety per cent.

In the course of the debate upon Lord Ashley’s motion, Mr. Sheil said :—

“There was a sort of ‘*sursum corda*’ [up hearts !] about his labours, and whatever difference of opinion they might entertain on some of the noble lord’s new crotchets, on one point they all concurred—that he was worthy of the highest praise for the motives

* Hansard, vol. lxxvi., p. 1267.

by which he was actuated, and the sentiments by which he was inspired. It was more than gratifying to see a man of his high rank, not descending, but stooping down from his position—not permitting himself to be lowered by the pursuits of pleasure or ambition, but seeking the nobler gratification of doing good, and the virtuous celebrity with which his labours were rewarded. It may be truly stated that the noble lord had added nobility even to the name of Ashley, and that he has made humanity one of ‘Shaftesbury’s Characteristics.’”*

Lord Ashley eventually withdrew his motion, assured that the House would give attention to the subject.

On June 6, 1845, Lord Ashley, in an eloquent speech, introduced two Bills, to repeal many existing Acts respecting the treatment of lunatics in England and Wales:—

“I wish (he said) that circumstances enabled me to extend the Bills to Ireland and Scotland; for I believe that not in any country in Europe, nor in any part of America, is there any place in which pauper lunatics are in such a suffering and degraded state as those in her Majesty’s kingdom of Scotland.”†

In connection with the better treatment of lunatics, promoted by Lord Shaftesbury, we may mention an interesting experiment made at the great Asylum in Lancashire. Insane patients of a (mentally) superior class have there been employed to take care of those whose minds are weak; the latter become to the former objects of deep and healthful interest; the assiduity and tenderness with which they perform their office materially adds to the happiness of their charges, while the intense mutual affection, which springs up between the guardian and ward, exercises a beneficial influence upon the mental condition of both. M. Bost, the founder of the Protestant

* Hansard, vol. lxxvi., p. 1257. The allusion of Mr. Sheil is to the celebrated work of one of his lordship’s ancestors.

† Hansard, vol. lxxx., p. 180.

Institution of Laforce, in the south of France, has tried a very similar experiment, with the signal success of which he states Lord Shaftesbury to have been much impressed. Among the numerous objects of his benevolent care at Laforce, are idiots, and also persons afflicted with incurable bodily disease, including blindness; and the peculiarity in his method of treating these various cases consists—in placing them in association, and rendering them reciprocally helpful. The idiots, after some preparation, make excellent nurses, unsurpassed for self-devotion and gentleness; and his practice is to assign one, in this capacity, to each invalid, who, in return, strives to draw forth and cultivate what germs of moral and intellectual power the poor idiot may possess—few, if any, being found utterly incapable of mental improvement. By this happy arrangement the idiot is brought into constant and affectionate intercourse with a sound mind, while to the invalid is given the blessed privilege of usefulness—genial influences which greatly ameliorate the lot of both.

In 1846, the date of the Corn Law agitation, Lord Ashley, finding that his views, which were in favour of repeal, did not coincide with those of his constituents, resigned his seat for Dorsetshire, and was soon after elected member for Bath.

Having procured the triumph of the Ten Hours' Bill, and provided for the education of the factory children, Lord Ashley turned his attention to the no less important subject of Ragged Schools; with which his name has ever since been associated, as one of their untiring advocates and strenuous supporters. Feeling how difficult it was to procure employment for the children of this destitute

class, and to preserve them from the temptations to which they are peculiarly liable, he was anxious that as many as possible should emigrate to the colonies, and in June, 1848, made a motion to the effect that a fund should be created for their voluntary emigration. This motion was withdrawn, on the understanding that a measure similar in principle, but differing somewhat in detail, would be favoured by the Government. A small sum, however, was granted, with which seven boys and two girls were sent out to Moreton Bay in November, 1848. An emigrant lad, in joy and gratitude, shortly before embarking, exclaimed :—

“ Now, if ever I should be possessed of a farm, it shall be called ‘ Lord Ashley’s Farm.’ I shall never forget the ragged schools ; for if it had not been for this ragged school, instead of going to Australia with a good character, I would have been sent to some other colony loaded with chains.”*

But all were not alike eager and grateful. Many among the parents and the children entertained a strong suspicion that this was some new species of slavery. They implicitly believed the rumour that was abroad of Lord Ashley receiving £10 a-head for every young “ Arab of the city ” he could inveigle into his clutches ; and that it was a plan for reducing their numbers, by sinking the ship when it was fairly out at sea !

Again, in 1849, Lord Ashley moved for a grant from Government for the same purpose, but without effect. Great expectations had been raised among the poor ragged school boys by this motion, and an affecting scene took place the morning after its withdrawal.

* We cite here, and subsequently in this memoir, from the ‘ Ragged School Union Magazine,’ a periodical affording information upon efforts to promote the welfare of the lower classes which we have not met with in any other work.

“ Had some of these deserving lads, on the evening in question, been allowed to tell their own tale in the House of Commons, of their fruitless efforts, their patient endurance, and their anxiety to do well, they would have shown themselves entitled to greater sympathy than the world is inclined to believe.

“ Early on the following morning numbers hastened to the coffee-shops, and eagerly searched the newspapers, to see whether their noble benefactor and representative had been successful. Others ran to their school-fellows, inquiring whether they had obtained any intelligence. One poor lad, on discovering the result, exclaimed, ‘ Our hopes are all up now—Lord Ashley has lost his motion.’ The sad account was speedily communicated from one to another. Their hopes were crushed by the closing up of what seemed to them the only avenue to respectability and usefulness. Similar feelings were entertained by many of their teachers and friends, who had also encouraged a faint hope that at least some assistance might be rendered by Her Majesty’s Government for the promotion of a scheme fraught with so many important and beneficial results.”

Lord Ashley, at the fifth annual meeting of the Ragged School Union, in May, 1849, admirably combated the argument which persons, who, being either unsettled in their opinions on this subject, or desirous of relieving themselves of all responsibility in their disregard of it, advance, when they ask whether more harm than good is not done by, as they say, neglecting the honest and industrious, while stretching forth a helping hand to those who, by idleness and crime, have brought themselves to poverty and destitution? This argument has not only been urged upon the consideration of Ragged School managers, but upon that of all who have endeavoured, by means of Reformatories, Prisoners’ Aid Societies, and other institutions of like character, to restore the criminal to an honest course of life. We may shortly answer that, if those objectors are persuaded of the supe-

rior claims of this or that branch of social improvement, let them select their field of action, and then imitate the example of Lord Shaftesbury in devoting their whole energies to the work they have undertaken.

In the speech we have referred to, he said :—

“Our means are limited, and we must, necessarily, take that class which is the most in need of our friendly assistance. Moreover, I ask those who are conversant with the various conditions of society, whether the work in which we are engaged, although directly beneficial to the ragged children, is not indirectly, but most efficiently, beneficial to the class immediately above them? Is it not the fact, that all the temptations, and difficulties, and snares to which the children of that class are exposed, arise almost entirely from the existence of this vagrant class, poisoning the moral atmosphere, and holding out every temptation, plundering their property, causing confusion in society, and making it in certain districts almost perilous for respectable parents to allow their children of tender years to go from their doors without some superintending companion? I maintain that by improving the basis of society you greatly improve the whole superstructure; and it is on this account that I repudiate the argument that is used against these schools. I call upon you not to forget the class above them, but to wait until you have the means of directing your energies to their assistance.”

Lord Ashley's views have been fully corroborated by experience. The withdrawal of vagrant and criminal children from the streets is a blessing highly prized by the parents of the class just above them in the social scale, and only separated, as Lord Ashley says, by a hair's breadth from those “apt seducers to evil ways.” An industrial school, at Aberdeen, was established chiefly through the exertions of Sheriff Watson, to which the wealthy inhabitants contributed about £150 in the year 1845, while the sums collected from the working classes in the same city amounted to £250.

“One very important fact was elicited by this exertion on the part of the labouring classes. Some of them, living near the school, were asked, ‘Why do you take so great an interest in this school, and contribute so liberally to its support, when it is not for the use of your own children?’ The reply was, ‘Before this school was opened we were afraid to trust our children a moment out of doors alone; they were exposed to learn, and did learn, all manner of mischief; but now this school has cleared the streets of the little vagabonds who corrupted them. We are not now afraid to let them out, and therefore we support the school.’ No better or more important testimony could be given, and it ought never to be lost sight of by the supporters and promoters of industrial schools; it is an unanswerable argument in their favour.”*

The present Dean of Ely gives similar testimony, founded upon his own experience;† and another writer upon this subject justly remarks that education is the only eleemosynary gift which elevates those on whom it is bestowed, and the only one that lasts and lives and bears fruit in the years to come; and that the benefit of our industrial schools will be better known twenty years hence than to-day—both in the decrease of crime, and vice, and idleness in our city lanes, and of paupers in our workhouses.‡

In 1851, upon the death of his father, Lord Ashley succeeded to the estates and title of the earldom of Shaftesbury.

“Meanwhile, as Lord Ashley, he had acquired a remarkable amount of popularity and influence in what is commonly known as ‘the religious world,’ by his earnest advocacy in Parliament and in public meetings, of the views of the ‘evangelical party’ in the Church of England, and his untiring support of almost every society and every movement which had for its object the extension

* ‘Social Evils: their Cause and Cure.’ Alexander Thomson, 1852.

† Macmillan’s Magazine, May, 1860.

‡ Friend of the People, June 23rd, 1860.

of Protestant doctrine, the amelioration of the condition of the suffering and neglected classes, or the reformation of the erring, without regard to sect or party. This influence he has, as Earl of Shaftesbury, extended and strengthened, and his position has been not inaptly compared with that formerly held by Mr. Wilberforce." *

Lord Shaftesbury presided at a meeting of the delegates from the Ragged School Union, in December, 1852, to oppose the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Sunday. Whatever difference of opinion may exist on this subject, we are assured, from our knowledge of his Lordship's character, that his motive for opposition was a sincere desire to prevent evil.

We have already spoken of the emigration of seven boys and two girls from the ragged schools; we now give the result of the experiment.

In 1848 the "Artemisia" had conveyed them to Moreton Bay, on the eastern coast of Australia. Upon the whole they seem to have done well, and five years afterwards Lord Shaftesbury received the following letter from Mr. Cooper (a religious instructor to convicts on ship-board), who, having returned from Australia, wrote as follows:—

"13th October, 1853.

"MY LORD,—I beg most respectfully to inform you that I have recently returned from Melbourne, Port Philip, and during my stay at that port I saw one of the boys sent out by your lordship in the 'Artemisia,' who intrusted to my care a small 'nugget' of gold, requesting me at the same time to hand it to yourself, and that you would dispose of it in any way you might think best for the benefit of others like himself, and to assure your lordship that you were his best and only friend. Some accounts which I received

* 'English Cyclopædia.'

there of other boys from the schools are also very highly satisfactory and encouraging to your lordship."

In December, 1853, Lord Shaftesbury was present at the second Conference, held at Birmingham on the subject of juvenile delinquency, and in one of his speeches he mentions this pleasing anecdote, speaking of one of the same lads :—

"He has now become a landed proprietor, and possesses a considerable flock of sheep; and he writes home to the master of the school to say that he intends to select the two best rams he can find, and to call the one 'Counsellor Payne,' and the other 'Lord Ashley.' I can assure you that I shall value that testimony as a proof of gratitude, more than I should a statue in Hyde Park."

Since the discovery of gold in the Australian colonies it has been thought more desirable for the ragged school children to emigrate to Canada, which has therefore been the destination of all subsequently dispatched.

The Field Lane Ragged Schools, situated in one of the worst districts of London, are very numerous attended, and have had the benefit of the personal supervision of Lord Shaftesbury, perhaps from the circumstance that his attention was first attracted to ragged schools by an advertisement of this institution. In 1854 he presided at a meeting, convened to distribute prizes to young persons from these schools, who had "remained in one situation for more than twelve months with satisfaction to their employers." His speech, to the whole of which we would refer the reader, is characteristic :—

"Depend upon it," he said, "if you were to become the greatest men and women the world ever knew, you cannot go beyond that point of honour—to close your lives, having done your duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you. Many of

you may have an honourable ambition to rise higher in the scale of society, and I hope and trust in God that it may be so, for I do not think there is anything more honourable in a free country such as this, and such as that on the other side of the Atlantic, than to see a person in humble circumstances attain to the highest position in the state, or in the church, or in commercial life, or in any department of industrial pursuit, having raised himself by his own honest exertions, by noble and Christian ambition, step by step, in a faultless line of conduct, till he has gone from the very lowest point to the very highest to which he can possibly attain. That I conceive to be a just, a reasonable, and a Christian object of hope; and I earnestly beseech you to have before you that great end, never being ashamed, but on the contrary rejoicing from what you have sprung, when you contrast what you were with what you have become. I hope you will see this in the course which it has pleased God to open unto you, having always a just and moderated eye to the things of this world, but having before your eyes the great and final consummation, that you may be citizens of that city whose maker and builder is God."

Each prize card was accompanied by the sum of ten shillings.

Lord Shaftesbury knew that it was not by the attempt to improve their intellectual and moral nature alone, that real and permanent good could be effected among these neglected children, and he has therefore laboured zealously to amend their physical condition also.

On November 8th, 1854, in connection with the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Poor," he summoned an out-door meeting of the friends of the movement, to judge for themselves of the state of Wild Court, Great Wild Street, Drury Lane, which was to be forthwith cleansed and renovated. The amount of filth, including animal and vegetable refuse, and a *layer of living vermin, forming a solid mass three or four inches deep*, which had to be removed, almost

surpasses belief. It is necessary we should give these details, revolting though they be, that we may convey some idea of what Lord Shaftesbury and those who have worked with him in his benevolent designs have undergone, while witnessing themselves the evils it was their desire to remedy.

On the 6th of August, 1855, he summoned a second meeting in the court, that the changes effected might be witnessed. The tenements were now clean, ventilated, and provided with every appliance requisite for the decency and comfort of their numerous occupiers and inmates. The Society have extended their operations elsewhere while great encouragement is given in the ragged schools, by instruction in the means of economising materials, and in rendering the dwellings of the poor wholesome, to perpetuate the improved condition of these habitations.

Lord Shaftesbury is thoroughly cognisant of the sound sense and strong purpose for good of the working classes of England, when they have once apprehended the right course to pursue. At a meeting to inaugurate new buildings, to which a ragged school at Sheffield was about to be removed, he thus addressed his audience :—

“You have only to show any people on earth, but the working classes of England in particular, as I know from long experience— you have only to show them that you have their interests at heart, and that you desire but to do them real good, and show them respect, and I will undertake to govern the kingdom of England with my little finger.”

In the course of the same speech he described what the character of a ragged school master should be :—

“The master must be a very peculiar man. My belief is, that the master of a ragged school must be a man of the very highest order. I do not say that he must be conversant with astronomy.

. . . I do not mean to say that if a Government inspector came down he would be able to stand before him for two minutes. But that master must have a knowledge of human nature: he must have benevolence, judgment, discretion; he must have great zeal—very great zeal; his heart must be in his work. The work must be his meat and drink; it must be almost his life's blood. If it be not so, depend upon it he never deals as he ought with the children of a ragged school. Perhaps the children of Sheffield may not be precisely of the class I am going to describe. But I can assure you that in London the children are remarkably wild, and in the outset, violent. They are wonderfully acute—more acute than any children to be found in any other part of England. I have heard prison inspectors say, and seen it myself, that the acuteness of the metropolitan child is something painful. It is painful, because it is a disease, precocious, unnatural. The children are worked upon by the detestable atmosphere in which they live, until their nervous systems are brought into a high degree of excitement and precocity. This shows what kind of children we have to deal with. Not long ago a ragged school was opened in a new district. The teachers went down, not expecting what happened. The boys in the locality around thought it a famous opportunity for indulging in mischief, or, as they considered it, a lark, and were determined to give the teachers what they called 'a dose.' When my friend, Mr. Payne, arrived an hour or so after the time at which the school was to have opened, he found only one or two lamps burning, all the windows broken, two of the teachers outside covered with mud from head to foot, while in the school the master was lying on his back, with six boys sitting upon him, singing 'Pop goes the weasel' (loud laughter). Now I want to show you that teachers there must be of no common order. They endured this with patience; they did not call in the police; they resorted to no violence; they remonstrated with the lads, and went away. They returned on the second night, and there was a little of the same treatment, but not so much. On the third night there was scarcely any; and on the fourth night the children flocked in, and all was orderly: and depend upon it that the very boys who had sung 'Pop goes the weasel' on the prostrate master, would be amongst the best boys and monitors in the school."

Scenes of this kind are by no means confined to London, and the experience of provincial ragged schools amply confirms Lord Shaftesbury's opinion of the qualities essential in the conductors of such institutions.

In 1858, ten years after the "Artemisia" had sailed, a lady, in dress and manners, called at the mansion of the Earl of Shaftesbury. His lordship was from home, and she left her card. It appears that she had just returned from Australia, whither she had gone at the end of the year 1848; she was, in fact, one of the thirteen emigrants sent out by the assistance of the Ragged School Union, of which the noble earl, then Lord Ashley, was president. She had gradually progressed, and had become the wife of a respectable tradesman, with whom she was then passing through London on her way to America, and had called to thank his lordship for the kindness shown to her on former occasions.

This gratifying circumstance induced Lord Shaftesbury to urge upon the committee of the Girls' Refuge, Broad-street, St. Giles's, the propriety of sending out suitably trained pupils. Ten girls were selected, and dispatched to Canada, under the care of a matron. Previous to their departure, a farewell meeting was held (July 16th, 1857), when Lord Shaftesbury addressed them as follows:—

"My dear Children,—It has often fallen to my lot to address boys and young men, who have been about to emigrate to another land, but never before in my life have I been called upon to speak to little girls. I have young girls of my own, and I shall speak to you as if I were speaking to them.

"My dear girls, lay it seriously to heart that you are going to a land where honest industry is sure to be rewarded. Bear in mind, also, the means that is now put in your power of doing good. If you conduct yourselves well, you will reflect credit

on those kind friends who have taken an interest in your welfare, and we shall soon hear that more such as you are required to be sent out. But if you misconduct yourselves, what great mischief you will occasion! You would give occasion for the people of Canada to say, 'Oh, pray never send here any more girls from that institution!' * * * If at the meetings, when I am pleading the cause of poor destitute girls, I can say that we sent out ten girls, and because they have conducted themselves so well, ten hundred more are wanted, I should have one fact worth ten speeches."

This earnest appeal seems not to have been without its effect; for, both by a letter from the matron, after she had placed all her charges in service, and from a correspondent of the *Globe*, we learn that these girls were so eagerly sought as servants that it was highly advisable a much larger number should speedily be sent out.

Lord Shaftesbury has attended the two last meetings of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science. Of that held in 1859, at Bradford, he was president. On both of these occasions his speeches have been remarkable for the benevolence and soundness of judgment which they evince. In 1858, at Liverpool, he delivered a valuable address on Public Health, as president of that department, in which he urged upon the consideration of his hearers the necessity of a better provision for sanitary arrangements, especially for the supply of good air and good water to the houses of the poor, before the various educational institutions of the country can be expected to have their due effect upon the morals of their pupils; and the responsibility which all governing bodies in towns, and all house-owners, incur in the very fact of their having the power to work a beneficial change. He spoke, also, of the over-crowding of the houses of the poor, as

one fertile source of vice and crime. Due sanitary provision had, he said, in some towns, much reduced the rate of mortality, saving in Liverpool alone 3,700 lives a-year. He recommended the erection of gymnasiums in schools, the adoption of the Saturday half-holiday, and the formation of parks and playgrounds in which to enjoy it. He advocated the establishment of drinking fountains, and urged the necessity for a better knowledge of cookery among the wives of working men, who would often starve upon what a Frenchwoman of the same class would convert into an excellent dinner for her family. Speaking of the efforts already made in the right direction, he said :—

“ If we be told that spiritual remedies are sufficient, and that we labour too much for the perishable body, I reply that spiritual appliances, in the state of things to which I allude, are altogether impossible. Make every effort—push them forward—never desist—lose not a moment ; but depend upon it, that, in such a state of things, you will, in the end, be utterly baffled. But when people say we should think more of the soul, and less of the body, my answer is, that the same God who made the soul made the body also.”

He concluded by an eloquent appeal to his hearers “ to give to every man, to the extent of our power, full, fair, and free opportunity so to exercise all his moral, intellectual, physical, and spiritual energies, that he may, without let or hindrance, be able to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.”

Lord Shaftesbury’s opinion, that nothing will be done for the improvement of the working classes until their houses are made decent and comfortable, must be considered in connection with his exhortation to them and to their well-wishers to labour for this great object in all

ways. So considered, it will not mislead the reader into the belief that until the houses of the poor are made what they ought to be, all other attempts to better their condition will be fruitless. Assertions are sometimes made at public meetings, where the mind of the speaker is bent on some one particular means of improvement, to the effect that here we must begin, and that all who commence elsewhere are throwing away their money and their time, if not working absolute mischief. The promulgation of such narrow suggestions cannot but be injurious in a greater or less degree. To would-be philanthropists, held back by indolence, such views are a pleasing sedative; quieting the consciences of the many weak brethren who cannot, or think they cannot, assist in the particular task exclusively recommended to their attention.

Almost every evil which afflicts the poor is both a cause and an effect. Thus a damp, dark, ill-drained, ill-ventilated house, with inadequate provisions for the preservation of decency, is the cause of disease, drunkenness, profligacy, and crime. But the choice of such homes is in great measure the effect of ignorance, low tastes, and improvidence on the part of the inmates. A comfortless dwelling, though one cause of drinking habits, is far from being the sole, probably not the predominant cause. But drinking habits exhaust the fund which ought to be applied to paying the rent of a better tenement, while, on the other hand, they deprave the taste, and in time annihilate the desire for comfort and decency. The drunkard soon becomes reckless of his health. He knows that he is sacrificing it daily to the vice which plays the tyrant over him, and it cannot, therefore, be expected that he should care much about close rooms and defective drainage. "Urge him to abstinence," say the Teetotallers.

“The advice is excellent,” say the Prohibitionists; “but we would invoke the restraints of law in addition to those of moral suasion.” Avoiding controversy, let it be conceded, as it will be on all sides, that if the drunkard would cease to drink, motives to obtain sanitary protection would rise up in his mind, and that he would find himself possessed of means to carry them into efficient operation; either by amendments in his dwelling or by removal to a better home.

So, again, if our excellent domestic missionaries could produce a strong religious impression upon the drunkard’s soul, similar consequences might reasonably be expected to follow in a higher degree. Now, our mental constitutions are so various, that the avenue to improvement in one man is closed to good influences in another, who nevertheless is open to them by a different approach. We, therefore, would echo and re-echo the advice of Lord Shaftesbury. Let every one of us, old and young, high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, strong and weak, healthy and sick, go instantly to work—doing what we can, much or little, in the great cause of social reform. Let even the tenants of the Prison and the Hospital remember, that as they are not wholly deprived of the means of doing good, so they cannot altogether be excused if they neglect to avail themselves of their opportunities. What has been confided to them may not amount to even a single talent; but let them prize the minutest faculty for serving others as a sacred trust, for the execution of which they will one day have to account. None so poor but he may give to his neighbours words of courtesy and kindness, and, what is more, cultivate feelings of charity towards them in his heart. Even the guilty can offer the salutary example of repentance and amendment. The

bodily sufferer can evince fortitude, patience, and resignation, and lighten the burden of labour and sorrow which his affliction casts upon his nursing relatives and friends; never forgetting that in thus acting towards his fellow-creatures, in the midst of his infirmities, he is doing the will of God. What says Milton?—

* * * “God doth not need
 Either man’s work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o’er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

At a meeting of working men, held a day or two afterwards, under the auspices of the Association, Lord Shaftesbury enforced the duty of self-help and self-control; that much could be done, and must be done by themselves, for bettering their social condition; that the habit of intoxication, induced in some degree, but not wholly, by the bad air and water of their dwellings, was the great hindrance to the progress of an enormous part of the working population of this country. If they did not themselves co-operate with those willing to aid them, no power on earth could remedy their deficiencies, and working men would remain in their present condition to the end of time.

“I hope and trust,” said the noble lord, “that in all your pursuits, that in all your efforts, you will never cease to advance yourselves in the social scale; do everything you can to purify your dwellings, to improve your education, to assist forward your children in a better course, if you can, than yourselves—do everything you can to raise yourselves in the scale of society. I care not how high your aspirations are; let them be aspirations to rule your native city—aspirations to take part in the government of the

country. The hereditary institutions of this country are never so safe as when they are refreshed and strengthened by large importations from the working and middle classes."

But he concluded by admonishing his hearers that these efforts must be only the means to an end far exceeding in importance whatever could befall them on earth!

In his inaugural address at Bradford, he spoke of the part which women take in philanthropic labours. As long as the principle was to be sought for and established, men, he said, were the chief movers; but when that principle was to be practically applied, then none were more fitted for the office than women. He urged upon every one the duty of doing something in the general work for the benefit of all, and showed how much there is to be accomplished in every department—the health of the nation, the education of the masses, and the amusements of the people; that none were so low in station, or so devoid of knowledge, as to be disabled from uniting in the enterprise. All branches of philanthropy are, he said, intimately connected. If we take the diminution of crime, for instance, we find that the miserably dirty and unhealthy dwellings of the poor cause a diseased condition of body, and create an unnatural appetite for stimulants. This generally leads to a state of habitual intoxication, and from that there is often but a step to the commission of crime. "May we not," he says, "strive that all, of every degree, though in various sort and manner, be really and effectively combined for the one grand and final consummation, 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will towards men?'"

At Bradford, as at Liverpool, there was a meeting of working men, and in addressing them, Lord Shaftesbury noted the change that has been effected in the last few

years. A short time ago the question was, what was to be done for the working classes? Now it is, what are they to do for themselves? He advised them to relinquish the practice of visiting the beer-shop and gin-palace; to improve their minds and those of their children; and to form themselves into little "sections of social economy" for the discussion of points important to their welfare. One subject which he suggested for consideration in these assemblies, was, whether it is not "desirable that married women should remain at home" —alluding to their employment in factories. He advised his hearers "to pay more attention to their wives, to submit themselves more to their influence, for the wives of a great majority of working men would always give their husbands good advice;—they had more discretion, more self-control, more penetration, more care for their families, more economy and management than their husbands; and if the latter listened to their advice, depend upon it their homes would be happier and their own conduct more wise." He counselled them to avoid strikes. He had never known any good arise from a strike; and he undertook to say, "that if they went boldly and straightly to their employers, if they appealed to public opinion, their just demands would be readily granted." This speech was received with enthusiastic cheering throughout.

The propriety of an enterprise in which Lord Shaftesbury has lately engaged, that of providing religious services for the lowest classes on Sundays, in some of the metropolitan theatres, has been questioned; yet it is worthy of remark that the preservation of order among the congregations has been effected by members of their own body, who voluntarily undertook this duty, and have admirably performed it. At a *soirée* of the Re-

reformatory and Refuge Union, held on June 6th, 1860, at which Lord Shaftesbury presided, he apologised for leaving the chair by saying that he was engaged to attend another meeting that same evening—a meeting of the “roughs,” who had volunteered to preserve order at the special services in theatres, and who were to describe what they had observed there, and consult respecting the best mode of proceeding. They and their wives and children were to take tea together that night. “In fact,” said Lord Shaftesbury, “we are going to have a regular ‘jollification.’”

Earlier in his address he had spoken of the advantages gained by the emigration of the inmates of refuges when duly prepared; and when adverting to their sense of the benefits received while under training in England, and bestowed by the opportunity afforded them of removing with a fair name to a colony, he related an incident which had recently occurred. A party of eight inmates from an adult male reformatory were about to emigrate, and, as usual, the gentlemen interested in their welfare assembled to take leave of them. The interview was almost at an end, and seven of the men were already leaving the room, when the eighth asked Lord Shaftesbury if he would step aside with him for a moment,—he could not leave the country without opening his whole heart to him. He had been, he said, eight times in gaol, and, friendless and degraded, and conscious of the wickedness of his life, he had believed there was no hope for him in this world or the next. But having at length been received into the reformatory, a happier prospect had opened upon him, and now that he was enabled to emigrate with an honest career before him, he felt he could not depart

without shaking hands with his benefactor, and expressing his deep sense of gratitude towards him and the institution which had saved him.

Notwithstanding his absorbing toil for the general good, Lord Shaftesbury has not been unmindful of the tenants and labourers on his own estates, although he has been charged with supposed neglect of his duty towards them. As one proof of this we may adduce the following account of a harvest-home which occurred in the autumn of 1856.

“The good old British custom of harvest homes has been revived on St. Giles’s estate, Dorsetshire, the seat of the Earl of Shaftesbury. Having previously entertained, at a festivity of this description, the peasantry on a portion of his domain in that county, to the number of nearly 300, his lordship afterwards invited those residing in the parishes of Horton, Woodland, Sutton, and Gassage-All Saints. The labourers and servants on the various farms, numbering about 350, assembled during the morning in the yard adjoining the mansion of St. Giles’s, under the care of their respective employers, and shortly afterwards proceeded to church, headed by a band of music. On returning, a bountiful dinner was provided for the guests, beneath a spacious tent, that had been erected and gaily decorated for the occasion. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided at the head of the table, and Lord Ashley took the post of carver at the other end. The repast being over, and grace pronounced—

“The noble earl wished to say with what gratification he saw them there as his guests—his honest, hard-working peasantry, who, under the providence of God, had been called to bring in and store up a most bountiful harvest. He thought these celebrations were of great value in bringing together all classes of society—he thought they were of value, to show that they were all dependent one upon another; and that, although he was the possessor of that estate, he could have no enjoyment of it without the good conduct of the honest labourer and peasantry. If they derived any benefit from him, he, on the other hand, derived benefit from them; and if they had derived any from these good things at his hands, he had

received them at the hand of God ; he was but the channel for conveying them to his neighbour. That was the greatest honour to which a man could aspire—namely, being the instrument, under God, of conferring benefit upon his fellow-man. His lordship then thanked his good, honest, and noble tenantry for their readiness in co-operating with him in a work such as this, and for giving those in their employ a day's holiday, without stinting them in their wages. And now he wished them hearty joy. The park was open ; there was a band for their amusement, and cricket and other games would be provided. He trusted that at the close of the day they would rejoice that, under the blessing of God, they had had an opportunity, by rational mirth, and by honest, sober enjoyment, to celebrate His praises, not only with their lips, but in their lives. (Loud applause.) Cheers were afterwards given for Lord Ashley, who briefly returned thanks ; and also for the Countess of Shaftesbury and the other members of the family. The party then repaired to the park, where the healthy rural sports were kept up with much spirit, the whole proceedings being of a most pleasing and gratifying character."

We hope that we have afforded the readers of our brief memoir of Lord Shaftesbury some insight into the life and actions of this distinguished man. In him, to talents of a high order are united earnestness of purpose, perseverance against every obstacle, and unflagging industry. We find his name connected with philanthropic societies, almost innumerable, either as the president, or as a leading member ; and in no case have we heard a complaint of neglect, or that he attends their meetings without a full knowledge of their purpose and operation. On the contrary, he comes prepared with evidence to illustrate the evils which they were established to remedy—evidence gathered by personal exertions, involving a large expenditure of time and labour—or furnished with abundant testimony to the success attained, which he has, perhaps, been the chief instrument

in promoting. It is by the exercise of these moral and intellectual qualities—by his steadfast desire to do right, that he has gained the admiration and the respect of his fellow-countrymen. Intimately connected, as he is known to be, with a very distinct party in the Church, the course he is presumed to take in her politics has led many, whose opinions on ecclesiastical matters differ from his, to regard him as entitled to the merit of only good intentions. We hope we have shown that he has a far higher claim to our regard, in that he has achieved what on all sides will be acknowledged as noble results.

JACQUES JASMIN.

To most of our readers the name of Jacques Jasmin, "the barber-poet of France," is probably not unknown, as he has been mentioned in the narratives of their rambles by various travellers in Guienne, and notices of his life have appeared in different English publications, among which we may mention the "English Cyclopædia" and "Eliza Cook's Journal." To both of these we are indebted for many interesting facts concerning him, but our memoir must have been brief, and deficient in the characteristic traits and local colouring which give life to a portrait, had we not access to an article upon our hero and his writings from the eloquent pen of his countryman, M. Saintebeuve, the author of "*Les Causeries du Lundi*" ["Chattings on a Monday"], a series of papers which appeared in the *Constitutionnel*. That published on Monday, July 7, 1851, is devoted to the consideration of Jasmin and his poems, and of it we shall make free use.

Agen, a place of great antiquity, built on the left bank of the noble Garonne, and chief town of the Department Lot-et-Garonne, a portion of the Province of Guienne, is the birthplace of several distinguished men. The erudite Julius Scaliger migrated from Verona in the reign of Francis I., and settled at Agen, where his no less learned son, Joseph Julius, was born. "Palissy the Potter," and Lacepède the naturalist, were natives of this town; and here, on March 6th, 1798, Jacques Jasmin first saw the light. His father, who was a tailor, was, we are told, a hunchback, and his mother a cripple. They were, besides,

miserably poor ; and their abode, at the time of Jacques' birth, was a ruinous building infested with rats. It so happened that his entry into the world was during a *charivari*, at which were shouted verses of his father's composition, who, though unable to read or write, was celebrated in his locality among the authors of the burlesque rhymes employed on these occasions. A *charivari*, be it known, originally signified the public expression of opinion with which old maids or widows who thought fit to marry were greeted by disapproving neighbours, and consisted in a serenade of the most discordant noises, accompanying words of no complimentary nature ; gradually, however, it obtained a more general application. When he was old enough to enjoy this frequent amusement among the lower classes of Agen and the neighbourhood, it pleased little Jacques mightily to accompany his father and add his quota of noise to the general din. But he loved still better to ramble in the woods and fields amid scenery which, charming on all sides, acquires on the south additional beauty from its majestic boundary, "the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees."

The islands in the Garonne were a favourite resort. Thither he and his companions betook themselves to collect fagots. "Naked-footed and naked-headed," he says, in an autobiographical poem, entitled "My Recollections," "I plunged among the green boughs. I wasn't alone ; sometimes there were twenty, sometimes thirty of us. Oh ! how my soul leapt, when we all set out together at mid-day, singing 'The Lamb whom Thou hast given' [a well-known carol in the South]. The very recollection to this day delights me. 'To the island ! to the island' shouted the boldest. . . . Then all made haste to

gather together his bundle of fagots. The bundle was made up an hour before nightfall; the rest of the time was spent in play. And then the return—so glorious it was! On thirty heads tripped along thirty fagot-bundles, and thirty voices sang, as at setting out, the same burthen."

In these woods he first dreamed of achieving greatness, inspired, he says, by a legend of the neighbourhood, that one celebrated author had already shed a lustre upon Agen by the poems he had composed amid the murmurings of her silvery Garonne. It was the elder Scaliger, the man of great classical learning and the famous critic, whom tradition had converted into a popular poet!

At length money was scraped together by his grandfather, who earned it by carrying parcels, to send little Jacques, much to his alarm, to school. But his terror was premature. Bread for the family was needed even more than schooling for Jacques, and the old man's savings were diverted from their purpose. Shortly afterwards the child met his grandfather as he was being carried along the street, in an old chair, by the porters belonging to the poorhouse. The lad, amazed, asked whither he was going, and why he wept? "My child," said the old man, "I am going to the poorhouse; it is there the Jasmins die." From that time Jacques knew that his family was very poor. In the poem already quoted he has described the intensity of their poverty:—

"The dwelling they inhabited, the same in which he had been born, was," he says, "a room open to the four winds of heaven; there were three beds stuffed with rags, and six old linen curtains, a few spoons, which were often in danger of being seized for debt, four or five riveted plates, a little pitcher, two larger ones cracked, a bench, a battered candlestick, a smoky looking-glass without a frame, fastened to the wall by three little nails, four broken chairs,

a wallet hung up, and a cupboard without a key. This was all the furniture for a family of nine persons!"

At length aid came, in the shape of a free admission to school for Jacques. In six months he had learnt to read; soon afterwards he was received into the church-choir, and distinguishing himself there, he was admitted *gratis* into the seminary conducted by priests. Here he won a somewhat unusual prize—a worn-out cassock; remodelled and retrimmed it was doubtless very acceptable, in his mother's eyes at least, for Jacques, it must be owned, did not relish appearing in so queer a garment. But a reverse was at hand. The lad indulged in some boyish pranks, which caused him to be expelled from the seminary, and running home, the news he brought spread consternation in the family. It was Shrove Tuesday, and probably to celebrate the last day appropriated to feasting before Lent, a morsel of meat had been prepared for dinner. The poor mother, however, thought of the bread which she had been accustomed to receive as a gift from the seminary, and feeling that Jacques' misconduct would deprive them of this important supply, she burst into tears. But suddenly she went out, bidding the children wait and hope, and soon returned with some bread. All but Jacques were content to eat without seeking to know whence the food came; he pondered the matter, until, glancing at his mother's hand, he saw her wedding ring was gone. She had sold it to purchase bread in the place of that lost through his misdeeds.

When about twelve years old, and the time being at hand for making his first communion—a Roman Catholic rite corresponding with confirmation in the Church of England—it so happened that he was shoeless. A messenger was wanted to carry a letter to a town at some dis-

tance, who would be paid four francs [3s. 2d.] for the errand—the price of a pair of shoes. Jacques joyfully undertook the journey. Shortly before he reached his destination he sat down on a bank to eat a crust of bread, and drink of the cool clear water that flowed from a rock close by. Thirty years afterwards, when the inhabitants of the same town gave him—then a celebrated poet—a brilliant reception, it was at this very spot that he encountered his entertainers who had come to meet him; need we say, that his first thought was of the day when he had sat by the roadside a barefooted lad?

When thirteen or fourteen years of age, his powers as a narrator had begun to develop themselves. Every evening he was to be seen the presiding genius among all the children of the neighbourhood. He related to them the stories he had read; or if his memory failed, which rarely happened, he continued the tale after his own fashion. On one evening in the week, however, Jacques was always missing, and his absence rousing suspicion, it was determined to lie in wait for and surprise the delinquent. In pursuance of this resolution, they followed him as he was hastening along a neighbouring street, and suddenly he found himself in the midst of the noisy troop, who seized him forthwith. But what was it they saw him in the moonlight slip under his coat? A morsel of bread! The whole troop was instantly silent. They knew at once that poverty and alms were the cause of the mystery. The truth was that every Friday the lad went, under shadow of night, to the door of two sisters who lived in that part of the town—their name, Martino, he has recorded—to receive the bread of charity.

We next hear of Jacques as an apprentice to a barber, a calling which he thenceforth pursued. He had begun

to read and to write poetry, but he never allowed literary pursuits to lessen his attention to business. Soon, he was able to open a shop of his own, choosing for his abode a house upon the *Graviers*, a promenade beneath a noble avenue, leading from the town to the river; and above his door a dangling brass basin, and a projecting board, inscribed, "*Jasmin, Perruquier, Coiffeur de Jeunes Gens*" [Wigmaker, and Youth's Hairdresser], served to announce the vocation of the owner. His poetic gift, however (exercised in the intervals of his regular occupation), began to bring in money, and not only did he, in a fit of enthusiasm, break up the old chair which had been used to convey his progenitors to the poor-house, but he soon purchased the house in which he dwelt, and was the first *Jasmin* who attained to the honour of being called upon by the collector of taxes. Meanwhile he had married a wife of his own rank. She is described by Miss Costello, who visited her husband, as a brisk little woman, and we hear also that she was a woman of sense and imagination; but we suspect that sense predominated, as she strongly opposed her husband's verse-making propensities, until she found that they put money in his purse. *Then* she became their warmest advocate, and would laughingly exclaim, as she handed the poet the best procurable pen and paper, "Take courage; every line is another tile for our roof!" No one, however, sympathised more warmly with him in his triumphs than she did.

Many of *Jasmin's* compositions first became known by his recitation of them in his barber's shop, where, while shaving his customers, he entertained them by repeating his poems. He soon, however, attained such celebrity that he gave his recitations in public; and

not in Agen alone, but in all the important towns in the South of France. Nature has eminently gifted him with the qualities necessary to success as a reciter.

Miss Costello, to whom, upon the occasion of her visiting him in his little shop (where she found him dressing a customer's hair), he read his touching poem, "Franconette," says, "He began in a rich, soft voice . . . ; his eyes swam in tears ; he became pale and red ; he trembled ; he recovered himself ; his face was now joyous, exulting, gay, jocose ; in fact, he was twenty actors in one ; he rang the changes from Rachel to Bouffé,* and he finished by delighting us, besides beguiling us of our tears, and overwhelming us with astonishment. He would have been a treasure on the stage ; for he is still, though his first youth is past, remarkably good-looking and striking, with black, sparkling eyes of intense expression, a fine ruddy complexion, a countenance of wondrous mobility, a good figure, and action full of fire and grace ; he has handsome hands, which he uses with

* Rachel Felix, born March, 1820, of very poor parents, gained a living in childhood by singing in the cafés of Paris. Her genius for acting was recognised, and careful training being bestowed upon her, she became, with the aid of her own indefatigable perseverance and industry, the greatest actress of her age—perhaps the greatest the world ever saw. She died of consumption in January, 1858. One of her enthusiastic admirers said, "There are three empresses and ten queens in Europe ; there was one Rachel, and now there is none!"—*English-woman's Journal*, May, 1858.

Bouffé, a French actor, still living, is distinguished by genius scarcely inferior to that of Rachel ; but while she was greatest in tragedy, he is more celebrated as a comic actor. He is remarkable for the variety of characters he can impersonate. We recollect to have seen him on the same evening perform the part of a *gamin*, as the mischievous street lads in Paris are called, and that of a man a hundred years old ; and both representations were perfect.

infinite effect ; and, on the whole, he is the best actor of the kind I ever saw."

Jasmin, however, never recites for his own pecuniary advantage. He declines to appear before an audience to exhibit for money (for his own use) the gifts with which Nature has endowed him ; he therefore appropriates to charitable objects the price paid for admission to hear him.

"The raptures of the New Yorkers or Bostonians with Jenny Lind are weak and cold compared with the ovations which Jasmin has received. At a late recitation at Auch (a city about twenty miles distant from his native place, Agen), the ladies present actually tore the flowers and feathers out of their bonnets, wove them into extempore garlands, and flung them in showers upon the panting minstrel. The last entertainment of the kind given by Jasmin, in one of the Pyrenean cities—I forget which—produced two thousand francs. Every *sou* of this went to the public charities."* But we are struck with his sterling good sense and self-control, even more than with his generosity. "After, perhaps, a brilliant tour through the South of France, delighting vast audiences in every city, and flinging many thousands of francs into every poor-box which he passes, the poet contentedly returns to his humble occupation, and to the little shop where he earns his bread by his daily toil, as a barber and hairdresser."† He has been repeatedly urged to settle in Paris, which he has once visited, and where he tasted the intoxicating draught of flattery and admiration. But he is true to the sentiments he has expressed in his poem, "Town and Country," composed in honour of an agricultural festival held near Agen, in September, 1849. In this he demonstrates the advantage of not deserting one's native soil

* 'Eliza Cook's Journal.' 1851.

† *Ibid.*

for all the glories and gratifications to ambition which life in a metropolis may afford, adding, "The country was my cradle, and she shall be my tomb; I have studied her nature, I have sounded her worth." Jasmin will neither give up the trade which his genius and character have dignified, nor abandon Agen, where he is esteemed by all his townfolk.

The language, called *Romance*, in which Jasmin composes is not pure French, nor is it simply a *patois*—the dialect of one district.

In the twelfth century, *Provençale*—the language of the South of France, the first which sprang from the union of the Latin with the barbaric tongues of the nations subdued by the Romans—had attained a classic elegance, by being the medium employed by the Troubadours for their graceful compositions. But the wars of the Albigenses—destructive to literature—and the removal of every political centre from that portion of the kingdom, deprived the Provençale tongue of its influence, and it soon sank into the humble position of a *patois*. It was further debased by losing its character of unity, and each district in the south gradually came to speak a *patois* of its own, *mongrelised*, however, by words grafted upon it from languages differing in genius and form from itself. Jasmin, commencing with the dialect of Agen, in itself pleasing, purified it from French innovations, and introduced from neighbouring districts, with prudence and taste, such forcible, picturesque, and expressive words and idioms as would harmonise with its structure. He is never so happy, it is said, as when he learns from the mouth of an artisan or peasant one of those racy, significant words which, as he expresses it, "are worth ten ordinary ones;" and he regards the language in which

Burns wrote—of which he has read in the works of Chateaubriand — as one of the few which possess the qualities demanded by the poet. By dint of great care and labour he has formed one no less appropriate to poetry. Enriched with all the beauties acquired by surrounding dialects from intercourse with Italy and Spain, he has rendered it intelligible, not only to the whole of the South of France, but even to the people dwelling on the Spanish slopes of the Pyrenees. We can imagine the grace with which so sweet a language must invest the incidents of his touching poem, “Mad Martha.” From his boyhood Jasmin had seen the poor maniac Martha in the streets of Agen, where she had lived for thirty years on public charity. No one knew her history, but he used to hear the neighbours say, “Martha must be hungry, for she has come out to-day;” and he had, with other mischievous urchins, joined in teasing the poor, harmless creature by shouting, “Martha, there’s a soldier!” because Martha, who was afraid of soldiers, would flee away at these words; but why she fled, he could not then tell. Later, he learnt her story and immortalised it.

Her lover, Jacques, had been drawn for the conscription. He came in tears to bid her adieu. He had neither father nor mother, and no one in the world to love him, save her. He departed, promising, if the war should spare him, to return and share his life with her.

The month of May arrives, and with it arrive the swallows. She mournfully recognises a pair round whose necks Jacques, the year before, had fastened a ribbon, in remembrance of her birthday, when the gentle creatures had fed from their joined hands. At length poor Martha falls ill—a slow fever devours her; she is dying,

and the good priest asks the prayers of his congregation in her behalf. But a kind-hearted uncle has guessed the cause of her malady, and he whispers beside her pillow that which recalls her to life and restores her to health. He sells his vineyard, and with the sum it produces, if Martha will get well and work hard, they shall soon have enough to purchase the soldier's discharge. Martha, roused by hope, is inspired with new life and power to labour. The uncle dies; still she is not discouraged. She sells her cottage, and, light of heart, she hastens to the clergyman, carrying with her the whole sum needed for Jacques' release. "Sir," said Martha, falling on her knees, "I have brought all I have; now you can write. You who are so good to me, you will procure his liberty. But do not say who has saved him. Oh! he will guess it easily enough. Do not mention me, and do not fear for me. I have strong arms—I will earn a livelihood. Oh, take pity upon me, sir, and restore him to me."

But it was not easy, during Napoleon's gigantic wars, to discover one of his private soldiers. The village priest understands his flock; he reads their hearts. If a sinner avoids him, he misses him, and goes to seek him. But how, in his quiet parsonage, is he to find out a soldier, a nameless member of a vast army, and who had not written for three years past? The good clergyman, however, will not fail to accomplish what he has undertaken. Meanwhile Martha, poor, but gaining confidence, and with it happiness, never ceases to work. She labours night and day to replace what she has already given away, and that she may be able to give more. Her loving deed becoming known in the country round, excites in the hearts of all sympathy and admiration; and serenades, garlands of flowers, and gifts, testify the universal approval.

Already Martha is looked upon almost as a bride, when one Sunday morning after mass the good priest approaches her with a paper in his hand. It is a letter from Jacques. He is found, he is free, and will arrive the following Sunday. Moreover, he has not guessed who is his benefactor, but has surmised—poor foundling that he was—that his mother might have made herself known, and effected his deliverance. A week elapses, and Sunday has returned. After mass the whole village is assembled, as if to receive a grand personage. Martha, with her pure maidenly countenance, is beside the old priest, and all stand with joyous faces at the end of the village, whence the white high road stretches away into the far distance.

“There is nothing in the middle, nothing at the end of that long silvery strip—nothing but the shade *torn in pieces by the sun.*” One must have seen the deep shadows and brilliant sunshine of a southern latitude fully to appreciate the force of this metaphor. All at once a black speck grows bigger. It moves. Two men—two soldiers—the tallest is he. How well he looks! How he has grown since he entered the army! Both are coming this way. Who can the other be? It looks like a woman. It is one, too, and a stranger. How pretty she is, how graceful; she is dressed like a *cantinière*.* A woman with Jacques! Where can she be going? Martha, pale as death, has her eyes riveted upon them; even the priest and the surrounding groups tremble. All are silent;

* Each regiment in the French army has its appointed *cantinière*, whose very becoming costume much resembles the uniform of her companions, being, however, of course, modified to suit her sex. The *cantinière* is employed in the victualling department, and also to supply medicine, &c., to the sick and wounded. She is generally the wife of one of the soldiers, and a woman of respectable character.

the two come nearer and nearer. They are now within twenty paces, smiling, and out of breath. But what has happened now? Jacques looks troubled. He has seen Martha. Trembling and ashamed, he stops. The priest no longer restrains himself; in his deep, full voice, which has so often struck terror into the sinner's heart, he asks, "Jacques, who is this woman?" And like a criminal, hanging down his head, he answers, "My wife, sir, mine; I am married." A shriek is heard; the priest turns to Martha. The poor girl, her eyes yet fixed lovingly on Jacques, had burst into a peal of laughter—convulsive laughter. Her mind was gone for ever!

Having formed almost a new tongue, Jasmin found that he must instruct his readers in the language he had created. One of his poems, "*Me cal mourì*" ["I fain would die"], a very pathetic composition, had produced a great sensation in the country round, but its fame was founded upon an oral edition alone. Shortly afterwards he recited another piece to some friends, which found its way into the Agen newspaper. What did the poet thereupon? Evening having fallen, he hovered about a neighbouring house where he knew the journal was taken in. Breathless, he creeps to the threshold, prepared to enjoy his triumph. But, to his intense disappointment, no sooner have the readers reached his poem than one of them exclaims, "It is in Latin!" Hearing the word, another of the company, more learned than the rest, jumps up, and, seizing the paper, declares it to be in an incomprehensible *patois*. The poet, who can no longer restrain himself, goes in (it is a watchmaker's shop) under pretext of inquiring the time. He is readily answered, and then questioned concerning the enigmatical verses. He does not wait to be further interrogated, and is soon dis-

covered to be the author. He reads the poem aloud, and at once interests his audience. "But," he says, "I had discovered the weak point in my structure—the difficulty of reading it. I found I must teach the public to read a *patois* which they had never before seen in print, and must begin by reading it myself intelligently, and with dramatic effect." That same evening he visited every eating-house and shop where he knew the journal would be found. Everywhere he went in with as plausible an excuse as that of asking the time, making some purchase at the shops, and at the public-houses calling for a glass of brandy, though he hated it. It was a ruinous evening for him, but he succeeded in making his poem universally understood. "And I did the same thing for five years," he says, "whenever the newspaper published any of my verses." Thus arose his practice of reciting. From the first he devoted the proceeds to charitable purposes, and soon he came to be regarded as the indispensable hero of every fête which could lay any claim to a national or public character. Did the town of Béziers erect a statue to Riquet, Jasmin must be there to sing in earnest and lofty strains him to whose genius France owes her great Southern canal. Did Albi raise a similar monument in memory of her gallant citizen, the ill-fated discoverer, La Peyrouse, Jasmin appeared there also to celebrate the bravery and enterprise of his countryman, with whom he divided the honours of the day. His audiences soon numbered three or four thousand persons, and he has had to deliver his recitation in the open air, because no room could be found large enough to contain the multitude who desired to hear him.

Jasmin's earliest publication was that of the "Charivari," in 1825, a burlesque poem, and probably, in part,

a reminiscence of what he had heard from his father. It is, however, prefaced by a fine ode, addressed to an advocate and brother poet of Agen. It was followed, in 1835, by "The Curl-Papers," as the honest hair-dresser entitled this collection of poems.

About this time he was elected a member of the Academies of Agen and Bordeaux, and a similar honour has since been bestowed upon him from many quarters; but it is one which the author holds in moderate esteem, entertaining as unfavourable an opinion of the effect of academies and literary societies upon literature as that expressed by Macaulay.* But, notwithstanding his academical laurels, Jasmin had not yet shown himself to be more than a graceful and tender versifier, and his fame scarcely extended beyond his own neighbourhood. At the end of 1836, however, he published the "Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé," a beautiful and most pathetic composition, even reminding the reader, says M. Saintebeuve, of the works of classic writers, especially those of Theocritus. The poem, which at once established his claim to the title of poet, has been admirably translated by Longfellow. To an event which occurred in 1834 may be attributed this development of Jasmin's powers.

A fire burst forth one night in Agen. A lad of humble rank, but gifted with fair talent and who had received some education, was present and witnessed a most distressing scene. When Jasmin and others reached the spot, the boy, still full of emotion, related what he had just beheld. "I shall never forget it!" said Jasmin. "He made us shudder—he made us weep! He was another Corneille! another Talma! I spoke of him the

* 'The Royal Society of Literature,' *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*.

following day to some of the leading people of Agen. They wished to see the lad, and sent for him to repeat his narrative : but the fever of emotion had died away ; he turned his phrases, was affected, and used exaggeration ; in short, he laboured to produce an effect, and he utterly failed. Then I was convinced that when speaking or acting under the impulse of excitement, we all, the eloquent and taciturn alike, are filled with enthusiasm and animation—true poets, in fact, *without thinking of it* ; and I was convinced, too, that our Muse may, by dint of patient labour, arrive at the same point *while she is thinking of it*.” It is by “patient labour” that our poet has produced the finished compositions of later years, so carefully elaborated, so conscientiously wrought out, that he has attained the highest excellence of an artist, the “art which conceals art ;” and thus the poems of Jasmin are no less admired for their perfect symmetry and polish than for their fire, their simplicity, and their truth to nature. As an illustration of the time he spends upon each composition, and also of his frank and yet courteous disposition, we cite the following passage :—

“During one of those tours which for the last sixteen years he has frequently made through the South of France, and which are one succession of recitations and of ovations, a poet, in the Department of L’Hérault—a poet who wrote in *patois* too—named Peyrottes, a potter by trade, and who had gained some reputation, though far below that of Jasmin, sent him, by letter, a challenge. Jasmin was then passing though Montpellier :—

“‘Sir,’ wrote Peyrottes, December 24th, 1847, ‘I venture in my rashness—which, indeed, borders upon impudence—to send you a challenge. Will you condescend to accept it? In the middle ages the Troubadours would not have disdained the defiance which I, in my hardihood, am offering to you.

“ I will come to Montpellier upon any day, at any hour, you will mention. We will appoint four persons acquainted with literature to assign us three subjects, upon which we will speak within twenty-four hours. We will both be shut up, and a sentinel shall guard the door. Victuals only shall be allowed to enter.

“ As a child of L'Hérault, I maintain the honour and glory of my birthplace.

“ In such a case as this charity must, of course, have her place. We will, therefore, have the three compositions printed, for the benefit of the Crèche at Montpellier.*

“ I would gladly enter the lists with you to recite, but a very marked defect in my speech forbids me.’

“ In a postscript to this defiant letter he adds :—

“ I give you notice, sir, that I shall immediately distribute at Montpellier copies of this letter.’

“ Here, then, was Jasmin peremptorily called upon—and as a point of honour—to improvise. Will he meet his antagonist? Let us listen to his charming response, and to the lesson which it contains for others besides the potter-poet.

“ Sir,—I received only the day before yesterday, on the eve of my departure, your *poetic challenge*; but I am bound to tell you that had it reached me at a more opportune time, I could not have accepted it.

“ Why, sir, you propose to my muse, who loves the open air and liberty so dearly, to shut herself up in a locked chamber, guarded by four sentinels, who shall let nothing pass but victuals, and there to compose upon three given subjects within twenty-four hours! Three subjects in twenty-four hours! Sir, you make me tremble. The peril with which you threaten my muse compels me to confess, in all humility, that she is simple enough to copy

* A *Crèche* (cradle) is a public nursery for the children of the labouring poor. They are numerous abroad, and have been opened of late years in Edinburgh and London.

the antique so far as to grant me only two or three lines in a day. My five poems, "The Blind Girl," "My Recollections," "Françoisette," "Mad Martha," and "The Two Twins," have cost me twelve years' labour, and yet all, put together, amount to but two thousand four hundred lines.

"Thus you see the chances would not be equal; our two muses would scarcely have been made prisoners before yours would well nigh have completed her triple task; while mine, poor little thing, would still have been waiting for the moment of inspiration.

"I dare not therefore enter the lists with you. The steed which with difficulty drags along his car, although he reaches the goal in course of time, cannot compete with the fiery engine on the railway. The skill which produces verses only line by line cannot enter into competition with the wholesale powers of machinery.

"Thus, my muse declares herself vanquished beforehand; and I authorise you to publish her declaration.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"JACQUES JASMIN.

"P.S. Now that you understand the muse, in two words you may understand the man also. I love glory; but the success of another never disturbs my slumbers."*

One of the most touching and characteristic episodes in the life of Jasmin was the successful effort he made in behalf of the Church of Vergt. The excellent incumbent of the parish, seeing his church in ruins, and the zeal of his flock flagging, in 1843 besought Jasmin to aid him, by making a tour of recitations, and devoting the money thus obtained to the restoration of the church. Jasmin yielded at once to the request.

"The church needed me," said he, in the address he delivered in aid of the desired fund, "and her priest has chosen me. . . . I well recollect how she found me naked, and clothed me, when I was little. Now that I am a man I find her naked, and it is my turn to cover her."

* Saintebeuve.

Jasmin, accompanied by the priest, went from town to town, and, five months after his first appeal for help, the church of Vergt was consecrated by six bishops, in the presence of three hundred priests and more than fifteen thousand persons of all ranks assembled to witness the ceremony. Jasmin was there ; and had prepared for the occasion a poem, breathing the noblest sentiments, entitled, "The Priest without a Church ;" in which he demonstrated the happy influence which a beautiful edifice, appropriated to the worship of God, exerts on the imaginative temperaments of the South.

The whole day had been occupied by religious services, and there was barely time for dinner. The Archbishop of Rheims, who had consecrated the restored church, addressing Jasmin, said, "Poet, I have been informed that you have written something in honour of this occasion. We shall be glad if you will entrust it this evening to some one before you go." "To some one, my lord!" answered Jasmin ; "do you think my muse has laboured a whole fortnight, night and day, only to take 'some one' into her confidence, when the festival has arrived? To-day has been devoted to the celebration of Religion at Vergt, and to the celebration of Poesy also, whom Religion inspires, and who loves her in return. The Church has six high priests here—Poesy has but one sub-deacon ; but he must chant his hymn officially, or carry it away unread and unheard." The Archbishop, who was a man of feeling, and understood the temperament of poets, promised that he would try to make an opening for the poem between cheese and coffee. "But," said he, "you will have a powerful rival in the coffee." "He will be vanquished, my lord," replied Jasmin.

Dessert was on the table. There was not a moment to

lose, for the two hundred and fifty guests were on the point of leaving. The Bishop of Tulle, M. Berteaud, who was to preach the consecration sermon, had already slipped away to prepare himself. He was called back. Jasmin began his recitation. One fact will suffice to prove his success. M. Berteaud, who had intended preaching upon the Infinity of God, after hearing the poet, changed his text; he announced, at the commencement of his sermon, that he should preach upon the "Priest without a Church," and enlarge upon the subject already so happily sketched by another.*

One more incident we must relate:—In 1840, Jasmin met at Toulouse a young lady, then in prosperity, who, as he expressed it, "had married her rich music to his poor songs." Three years later, misfortune overwhelmed her family, and filial piety led her to turn her talents to pecuniary account. Jasmin did for her what he had done for the priest of Vergt; he gave a course of recitations in her behalf, and the enthusiasm with which the poet seemed to rejoice in obtaining an opportunity for reciting his compositions, was but one more proof of his delicacy of feeling.

Regarded as essentially the Poet of the People, Jasmin has shown himself worthy of that distinction. In all his writings he has sought to soothe, to purify, and to elevate. He has never pandered to the passions of the mob, or flattered the prejudices of the ignorant. There is scarcely a town in the South of France which has not heard his voice raised in behalf of the poor; yet he has never uttered one word to set them at enmity with the rich. It has been his aim to encourage mutual benevolence and forbearance; and, amid the political storms

* Saintebeuve.

which have shaken France to her foundation, Jasmin's noble sentiments, breathing sympathy with the unfortunate, but justice towards all, were like oil upon the troubled waters. It has been well said by one of his countrymen, "If France possessed ten poets like Jasmin, ten poets with his influence, she would have no need to fear revolutions." As an example both of his language and the feeling which animated his writings, we will cite a few lines from the poem with which he acknowledged a prize of honour decreed to him by the French Academy. This specimen, especially in our translation made from the French, which is itself a translation, falls far short of the beauty of Jasmin's poetry generally; but we have been compelled to select it as the only passage in the original to which we have access. It is entitled, "The French Language, and the Gascon Language" (by the latter, he signifies that in which he writes), and treats prophetically of their happy union. Melted into one, he thus apostrophises them—

"Lengo del ciel, lengo aymado,
Toun triumphe es benezit !
Saoubo la terra empenado ;
Adretis l'amo et l'esprit."

"O heavenly tongue ! beloved speech !
Thy triumph is blessed ;
Save the earth that has gone astray ;
Set her right both in heart and spirit."

"Multiply," he continues, "new gifts, without destroying the old; teach us to navigate the air, to fly across the bosom of the waters; make the nations *neighbourly* by railroads; cure every woe; render the Cross supreme; allay the passions of men, and secure the happiness of all."

Jasmin's adherence to his original calling—that of

barber and hairdresser—proceeds from no mock-modesty, nor from undervaluing the splendid gifts with which God has endowed him ; indeed, in his out-spoken abhorrence of hypocritical self-depreciation, he has been heard to say that there are only four Frenchmen who are poets—Corneille, Lafontaine, Béranger, and Jasmin. Neither has it resulted from lack of public appreciation of his genius. Besides his periodical recitations, which are a series of triumphal progresses, and his elections to membership in many literary societies, Toulouse has sent him a golden laurel wreath ; the citizens of Auch a golden cup ; Pau a service of china. From Louis Philippe and the Duke and Duchess of Orleans he also received many presents. He was created by M. de Salvandy when Minister (himself a distinguished orator) a knight of the Legion of Honour—that order, admission to which, while open to the humblest man in France, is coveted no less by her sons of noble birth and highest distinction.

Jasmin, then, while he attracts our admiration by his powers as a poet, fixes it for ever by the still rarer quality of mind which teaches him that no honest labour, however humble, can degrade the labourer ; and that the man of lowly origin, who dignifies the class in which he was born, by sharing with it the honours he achieves, and thus raises it with himself, confers a greater benefit upon society than he who, soaring upwards, may dazzle the world by the brilliancy of his career, but abandons the ranks from which he sprang to their original obscurity.



Having thus completed our notice of the life of Jasmin, according to our plan as first contemplated, it occurred to us that information respecting this remark-

able man, up to the very date at which we wrote, would be interesting to our readers, and, resolved to procure it from the fountain-head, we wrote to the poet himself. A very courteous answer speedily arrived; not, however, from Jasmin, but from his nephew, a bookseller at Agen, who, in his letter, dated March 15th, 1860, says:—

“ I am the depositary of my uncle Jasmin’s works, and it consequently devolves upon me to reply to inquiries during his absence—a circumstance which often arises, owing to the frequent tours he undertakes in compliance with the numerous appeals of charity. I know that my uncle would have much pleasure in acceding to your gratifying request, and I have impatiently awaited his return; but I have just learnt that it will yet be three weeks before he reaches home from a tour in the departments of Gers and of Gironde.

“ I have, therefore, resolved to forward the information you desire, which I am equally able with himself to supply, as it possesses the authenticity of history in this neighbourhood.

“ I proceed to relate the most remarkable events which have occurred since 1851, in a life at once so dramatically and so poetically devoted to charity.

“ On the 20th August, 1852, the French Academy formally decreed, in public assembly, to his poems, the grand prize of honour—‘the extraordinary prize,’ as it was denominated, ‘of 5,000 francs’ (£200), and through its secretary, M. Villemain, declared him to be ‘The Moral and Popular Poet.’

“ In 1853, my uncle Jasmin thanked the French Academy in a poem—of course, in the Romance language.* He became quite the fashion in Paris, where he gave, in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy, eighty recitations, which were so many triumphs.

“ One of these recitations, my aunt Jasmin (who was present at all of them) desires me to inform you, took place at the house of Lady Elgin. The audience was entirely English, and among them was one of the ladies of honour of Her Majesty the Queen of England. The last of these recitations, which excited great attention, was delivered at St. Cloud, before their Majesties the Em-

* The poem from which we have quoted, p. 53.

peror and Empress, and their court. The Emperor exclaimed, wiping his eyes, as the whole audience were doing, 'Poet, make us laugh now; for really we have done nothing but use our handkerchiefs.' (See the newspapers of the day.)

"Upon the 1st January, 1854, the *Revue des deux Mondes* ['Review of Both Worlds:'] a review published fortnightly at Paris, and which occupies a similar position to that of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly* in England], published his portrait, with a sixth article upon his works; and the Academy of Floral Games at Toulouse accorded to him by acclamation the title of Master of the Floral Games.*

"The crowds who flocked to receive him as *Master* rendered this an ovation worthy of ancient times.

"In August, 1856, the Pope created him Knight of the Pontifical Order of Gregory the Great.

"On the 26th November, 1856, Agen, his native town, in full and solemn assembly, placed upon his head, by the hand of Monsieur Noubel, mayor and deputy, a crown of gold, which had been decreed to him by more than 6,000 voters of all ranks, but among whom the people predominated. This mark of honour, so justly granted and so well deserved, proved an exception to the proverb that 'No one is a prophet in his own country!'

"On the 16th May, 1857, the city of Bordeaux launched a fine clipper, named the 'Town of Agen;': its poop was adorned with a symbolic statue of my uncle Jasmin, twelve feet high, holding a lyre, and with the golden crown upon its head. In the front of the vessel were flying two pennons, inscribed, the one, 'Franconette,' the other, 'La Caritat,' the titles of two of Jasmin's poems.

"These incidents occur to me as the most noteworthy since 1851. If I attempted to enumerate all his successes and triumphs I should never finish. The total of the sums which he has, by the

* "This Academy, established at Toulouse, distributes prizes yearly to the author of the best poem submitted to its decision. It is the most ancient, as it is also one of the most celebrated of the literary institutions of Europe. It dates from the beginning of the 14th century, when it was founded at Toulouse under the name of the College of Entertaining Pursuits. About 1500 it was rendered permanent by the liberality of Clemence Isaure. Louis XIV. erected it into an Academy in 1694." —*Dictionnaire Nationale*.—ED.

exercise of his muse, been able to obtain for charitable purposes, amounts to 700,000 francs [£28,000]. I should, however, mention that, in order to complete the church of Vergt,* which bears his name inscribed upon the *façade*, because it is he who has almost entirely supplied the funds for rebuilding it, he, during the months of January, February, March, and April of last year (1859), made a tour through Dijon, Macon, St. Etienne, Bourg, Villefranche, and Lyons. The result was most successful, and the great and populous city of Lyons *fêted* him by acclamation. On the 15th of April, 1859, in compliance with the request of the patrons and patronesses of the Orphan Asylum of *Notre Dame des Arts*, and on behalf of that institution, he delivered a recitation, before a large audience, at the Hotel du Louvre. This was his first public recitation in Paris. All the metropolitan journals made known his triumph, and *L'Illustration* [a weekly publication, resembling our *Illustrated News*] of the 16th April, 1859, gave a woodcut representing the scene.

“And now a further triumph has just crowned all that have gone before. No popular edition of his works existed; M. Firmin Didot [an eminent French publisher] has undertaken one. The work is already begun, and within two months his poems, now in three large volumes, will appear compressed into one, handsomely printed, and with a literal French translation side by side with the original; the price will be four francs instead of eighteen.

“I suppose you have already mentioned that in 1840 Toulouse voted him a golden laurel crown, Auch a golden cup in 1841, and Villeveuve-sur-Lot a golden seal, sculptured by Froment Meurice.”

We turn to the number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* indicated by our correspondent, and find a portrait (a very rare incident in this Review, and a striking proof, therefore, of the interest excited by Jasmin), which accords well with the description of the personal appearance of the poet already given; together with an elaborate and careful criticism of his writings, as collected by M. Roumenille, in an edition of Provençale poetry, to which he

himself—a journeyman printer—is no mean contributor. The article contains, also, anecdotes of Jasmin's life, which, that chronological order in our biography may be preserved, we have inserted in their proper places. We conclude our notice of this gifted and estimable man in the words of the reviewer :—

“Having attained to a celebrity peculiar to himself by the exercise of extraordinary natural gifts, the first in France at the present day, among those who are recognised as interpreting for the people, in the language of the people, may he continue to find, as he has already done on so many occasions, his happiness in the favour eagerly accorded to both the man and the poet; at once honouring himself by this consecration of his life and his genius to the noblest purposes, and giving expression, in a form alike original and piquant, to the lively and impulsive characteristics of a southern land.”

JOHN BUNYAN.

WE have compiled this memoir from Southey's *Life of John Bunyan*, prefixed to his edition of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," London, Murray, 1830; and from Lord Macaulay's *Biographies* contributed to the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," Edinburgh, A. and C. Black, 1854. Both pieces are charming compositions, and we earnestly recommend them to our readers. They might be profitably studied for their matter, independently of their style, and for their style, independently of their matter. The different points of view from which the subject was regarded by these eminent writers produce diversities of opinion, which may be usefully compared.

John Bunyan, author of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," was born in the year 1628, at Elstow, near Bedford. Of his childhood little is known. His father was a tinker, and John himself says his family was of that rank that is "meanest and most despised." Nevertheless, the meanness of the father's rank did not prevent him from sending his son to school, where he was taught to read and write, "according to the rate of other poor men's children," in an age when the sons of working men rarely acquired those arts. Bunyan's father was not a travelling tinker, but lived in a settled home, and brought up his son to follow his own calling.

It has been the custom to consider Bunyan in his youth as a very wicked person—a "brand snatched from the burning." This has arisen from his own description of himself; not, however, of his crimes, for there is no reason to suppose he committed any, but because in the workings

of his mind during his search for religious truth, of which he has left a most vivid and interesting narrative, he continually speaks of himself as if he had been the greatest of reprobates.

Macaulay says, "The four chief sins of which he was guilty, were dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, playing at tip-cat, and reading the 'History of Sir Bevis of Southampton.'" "

One charge which he makes against himself is of a graver kind—a habit of profane swearing, commenced in childhood, though even then not indulged in without remorse; for he says, that when he was but nine or ten years old he had terrible dreams of devils, and spirits who tried to draw him away with them. The remorse and horror produced by these dreams, however, did not enable him to overcome the habit; it strengthened as he grew up to manhood—he indeed calls himself a "town-sinner," though there is no reason to suppose he deserved any such appellation. And even in what he considered his wickedest days, he does not deny that he was shocked by hypocrisy, feeling an especial aversion to those who, while professing to be governed by religious principles, would commit acts unworthy of a Christian.

Notwithstanding Bunyan's opinion of his own vicious conduct, a "Rector of the School of Laud," says Macaulay, "would have held such a young man up to the whole parish as a model. But Bunyan's notions of good and evil had been learned in a very different school, and he was made miserable by the conflict between his tastes and his scruples."

Had Bunyan left us details as minute of his material life, as he has of the history of his mind, his biography would have been complete indeed. Of the former, how-

ever, he speaks but little, and therefore the records we possess of his actions are very few.

As a youth he was a soldier in the Parliamentary army, and served, says Macaulay, "during the decisive campaign of 1645," though scarcely anything is known of his military career. He married before he was nineteen. Southey tells us that his wife brought him for her portion two books, which her father had left her at his death. "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven" was one, the other was the "Practice of Piety," "of which more than fifty editions were published in the course of a hundred years. These books Bunyan sometimes read with her; and though they did not, he says, reach his heart to awaken it, yet they did beget within him some desires to reform his vicious life, and made him fall in eagerly with the religion of the times, go to church twice a-day with the foremost, and there very devoutly say and sing as others did; yet, according to his own account, retaining his wicked life."

At the time of his marriage, Bunyan was a sound churchman—a Puritan churchman, that is. This sect arose very soon after the Reformation, and acquired the name of Puritan, from the objection its followers made to certain ceremonies in our church, as being too much like those in that of Rome. The name, supposed to have been first applied as a term of derision to men among the clergy who disapproved of clerical vestments, very soon spread to the laity. A small and feeble sect at first, the Puritans increased gradually in numbers and influence, until, about the year 1644, they rose to the zenith of their power. They had been able to pass an Act in the House of Commons, which prohibited the use of the Liturgy either in churches or families. "They

interdicted," says Macaulay, "under heavy penalties, the use of the Book of Common Prayer, not only in churches but even in private houses. It was a crime for a child to read by the bed-side of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians."* The prayers were left to the discretion of the minister of each church.

Bunyan was a great admirer of the Liturgical form of worship; "he could have laid down at the feet of a priest," he says, "and have been trampled on by them; their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch him."† Up to this time Bunyan had been in the habit of amusing himself with playing at games on Sundays; he afterwards accounted it one of his great sins. But playing on the Sunday was the common mode of passing that day, until the Puritans had gained sufficient power to force the people to submit to what *they* considered a proper observance of the day of rest. The strict manner in which it is now kept had no existence; and Bunyan had been probably brought up to consider amusing himself on a Sunday as much a thing of course as eating his dinner. However, "one day the minister preached against Sabbath-breaking, and Bunyan fell in conscience under that sermon, verily believing it was intended for him, and feeling what guilt was, which he could not remember that he had ever felt before. Home he went, with a great burthen on his spirit; but dinner removed that burthen; his animal spirits recovered from their depression; he shook the sermon out of his mind, and away he went, with great delight, to his old sports."‡ But only for a short time; his sense of guilt returned. "And now

* Macaulay's 'History of England,' vol. i., p. 160.

† Southey's Life.

‡ *Ibid.*

his mind—excitable by nature, very imperfectly disciplined by education, and exposed, without any protection, to the infectious virulence of the enthusiasm which was then epidemic in England—began to be fearfully disordered.”* This was the commencement of that dreadful mental struggle, so long and so terrible, that it is wonderful the sanity of his mind was not permanently injured.

His first fear was that his “Sabbath-breaking” had certainly deprived him of all hopes of salvation ; then he thought that he might be as wicked as he pleased, since he was inevitably damned. “This state lasted with him little more than a month ; it then happened that as he stood at a neighbour’s shop-window, ‘cursing and swearing, and playing the madman,’ after his wonted manner, the woman of the house heard him ; and though she was (Bunyan says) a very loose and ungodly wretch, she told him that he made her tremble to hear him ; ‘that he was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that ever she heard in all her life ; and that by thus doing he was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town if they came but in his company.’ The reproof came with more effect than if it had come from a better person : it silenced him, and put him to secret shame, and that, too, as he thought, ‘before the God of heaven ; wherefore,’ he says, ‘while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing ; for, thought I, I am so accustomed to it, that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation.’ From that hour, however, the reformation of this, the only actual sin to which he was addicted, began. Even to his own wonder it took

* Macaulay’s Biography.

place ; and he, who till then had not known how to speak unless he put an oath before and another behind, to make his words have authority, discovered that he could speak better and more pleasantly without such expletives than he had ever done before.”*

Soon after this he met with a man, whose conversation led him to study the Bible, in which he began to take great pleasure, especially in the historical parts. His behaviour seemed quite changed, and for a time his mind was at ease.

Bell-ringing had been a very favourite amusement of Bunyan's ; but now he began to think it wrong, and gave it up. Being, however, very fond of the exercise, he used sometimes to go to look at the ringers, not, however, quite easy in his conscience that it was becoming to the religious character which he now professed. “A fear came upon him that one of the bells might fall ; to secure himself against such an accident, he stood under a beam that lay athwart the steeple from side to side ; but his apprehensions being once awakened, he then considered that the bell might fall with a swing, hit the wall first, rebound, and so strike him in its descent. Upon this he retired to the steeple door, thinking himself safe enough there, for if the bell should fall, he could slip out. Further than the door he did not venture, nor did he long continue to think himself secure there ; for the next fancy which possessed him was that the steeple itself might fall ; and this so possessed him and so shook his mind, that he dared not stand at the door longer, but fled for fear the tower should come down upon him.”† The last amusement he gave up was dancing, but it was a year “before he could quite leave that.” In relinquishing these pleasures, and in doing anything he considered his duty, he

* Southey's Life.

† *Ibid.*

derived so much satisfaction that he thought "no man in England could please God better than he." Nevertheless, in after years he considered that at that time he was only deceiving himself in fancying he was righteous.

The next circumstance recorded is his reading some of the Ranters' books which fell into his hands, and perplexed without convincing him. "One day when he was tinkering in the streets of Bedford, he overheard three or four poor women who, as they sate at a door in the sunshine, were conversing about their own spiritual state. He was himself 'a brisk talker in the matter of religion,' but these persons were, in their discourse, 'far above his reach.' Their talk was about a new birth,—how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature,—how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus,—with what words and promises they had been refreshed and supported against the temptations of the Devil." *

Bunyan was delighted with their conversation, and when he turned from them to his employment again "their talk went with him, for he had heard enough to convince him that he 'wanted the true tokens of a true godly man,' and to convince him also of the blessed condition of him that was indeed one." The women to whom he had listened were members of a small Baptist congregation, and from this time Bunyan often sought their society, which led him again to read his Bible. This time, however, he paid especial attention to the Epistles. Now he was seized with a fear that he was not "elected," that the day of grace was passed—a text in Romans having excited these alarms. These fears tormented him for weeks, till he lighted upon one he had

* Southey's Life.

long sought, and at length found in the Apocrypha. By this his mind was relieved of the first doubt ; but, alas ! the second “awoke again in strength,” and brought back all his misery. Another text, however, is found which, for a time, calms him : alas ! only for a time. Other fears arose, and Bunyan was as wretched as ever. At length, a text he happened to hear in a sermon soothed him, and for a few days he was comforted, but only to be again assailed, and, this time, with a new fear. “Temptations of a different and even more distressful kind assailed him now,—blasphemies and suggestions of unbelief, which, when he recorded the history of his own soul, he might not and dared not utter, either by word or pen ; and no other shadow of consolation could he find against them than in the consciousness that there was something in him that gave no consent to the sin. He thought himself surely possessed by the Devil ; he was ‘bound in the wings of the temptation, and the wind would carry him away.’ When he heard others talk of the sin against the Holy Ghost, discoursing what it might be, ‘then would the Tempter,’ he says, ‘provoke me to desire to sin that sin, that I was as if I could not, must not, neither should be quiet until I had committed it ; no sin would serve but that. If it were to be committed by speaking of such a word, then I have been as if my mouth would have spoken that word whether I would or no. And in so strong a measure was this temptation upon me, that often I have been ready to clap my hands under my chin to hold my mouth from opening ; and to that end also I have had thoughts at other times to leap, with my head downward, into some muckhill-hole or other, to keep my mouth from speaking.’” * This miserable state lasted

* Southey's Life.

about a year, and he always felt "most distracted when attending the service of his meeting, or reading the Scriptures, or when in prayer. He imagined that at such times he felt the enemy behind him pulling his clothes; that he was continually at him to have done—'break off—make haste—you have prayed enough.' The more Bunyan strove to compose his mind and fix it upon God, the more did the Tempter labour to distract and confound it, 'by presenting,' says he, 'to my heart and fancy the form of a bush, a bull, a besom, or the like, as if I should pray to these. To these he would also (at some times, especially) so hold my mind that I was as if I could think of nothing else, or pray to nothing else but to these, or such as they.' " *

Again, however, comfort arrived. He found several texts which relieved his mind: among them, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" † "Because I live, ye shall live also." ‡ "These," Bunyan says, were "but hints, touches, and short visits; very sweet when present, only they lasted not." Yet after awhile he felt himself not only delivered from the guilt which these things laid upon his conscience, "but also from the very filth thereof;" the temptation was removed, and he thought himself "put into his right mind again."

But he was assailed once more. Now he fancied he was tempted to sell Christ for the things of this life. A voice appeared to sound in his ears, "Sell him, sell him, sell him." For a year was he haunted with this horrible fancy; and though he combated it with might and main, it seemed to him, one day, as if he had answered the voice by consenting to the sin. Then, alas! he thought himself lost indeed—he had, like Esau, sold his birthright; like

* Southey's Life.

† Romans viii. 31.

‡ John xiv. 19.

Peter, denied his Master ; or, worse than either, like Judas, had betrayed his Saviour. Now were his torments at their worst ; “he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.” Comfort, however, dawned upon him, but again departed, and he was tossed between hope and fear. At last, however, one day, when at meeting, the words for which he had longed, but which, he feared, could never apply to him, “ ‘broke in’ upon him, ‘My grace is sufficient for thee,’ ” repeated three times. “It sent him mourning home ; it broke his heart, and filled him with joy, and laid him low as the dust.” Now he ventured to examine those texts of Scripture which had before seemed to doom him to everlasting punishment. He found they did not bear that dreadful construction, and that he might truly repent, and hope for pardon. Then did his recovery begin in earnest ; and, after two years and a half “incessant agitation and wretchedness,” he gradually regained his peace of mind.

Perhaps Bunyan would have suffered less could he have explained his doubts to some person of sufficient education and mental training to clear them up, and thus remove the fancies which tormented him. But he had everything to do for himself, and only regained his composure after he had brought his own mind to reason on the horrible fears which assailed his imagination. And, perhaps, he owes the position which he reached to this period of suffering ; for the means he was forced to use to escape from his misery, gave him the education and training that he lacked.

He diligently studied the Bible. Foxe’s “Book of Martyrs” (which contains a thrilling narrative of the sufferings of the early reformers) was his next favourite.

Southey tells us that "Bunyan's own copy of this work is in existence, and valued, of course, as such a relic of such a man ought to be. In each volume he has written his name in a large, stout, print hand; and under some of the woodcuts he has inserted a few rhymes, which are undoubtedly of his own composition." Southey also says that although resembling verses in the "Pilgrim's Progress," they are "very much worse than the worst of those." But it is only just to Bunyan to show "from how gross and deplorable a state of ignorance that intellect which produced the 'Pilgrim's Progress' worked its way."

In 1655 the pastor of the little Baptist congregation to which Bunyan belonged died, and the next year a resolution was passed:—"That 'some of the brethren (one at a time), to whom the Lord may have given a gift, be called forth, and encouraged to speak a word in the church for mutual edification.' Bunyan was one of the persons so called upon." He began modestly, as he tells us, with "much weakness and infirmity." Gradually his ministration drew many hearers to the little Baptist Meeting, some to discover what it could be that had produced so great a change in the once swearing tinker. This, however, did not make him vain. He did not dare at first to "make use of his gift in a public way," but gradually exercised himself in his new calling, as opportunity offered. In time, he was "encouraged by the approbation with which others heard him" to preach more publicly, "not only to and amongst them that believed, but also to offer the Gospel to those who had not yet received the faith thereof." This is what Southey calls a "roving commission" to travel through the villages surrounding Bedford, addressing any who chose to listen; and he was so much occupied, that, on being "nomi-

nated" a deacon at Bedford, the congregation refused to elect him, on the ground that he had no time to fulfil the duties of the office.

Practice in preaching had now overcome Bunyan's diffidence, and he felt "a secret pricking forward" to the ministry; not, however, "for desire of vain-glory," for even now he was often unhappy about his own state, "but because the Scriptures encouraged him, by texts which ran continually in his mind, whereby 'I was made to see,' he says, 'that the Holy Ghost never intended that men who have gifts and abilities should bury them in the earth, but rather did command and stir up such to the exercise of their gift, and also did command those that were apt and ready so to do.'"* His gift must have been considerable; for it is said that hundreds flocked to hear him.

In Bunyan's early sermons, he tried to work on the fears of his audience. He preached, he says, "what he felt." "He went himself in chains to preach to them in chains;" but afterwards, when his own mind was in a happier frame, his teachings were more in accordance with that spirit of gentle persuasion which pervades the Gospel. During this part of his career, he earned his bread by working at his trade, also finding time to write a pamphlet, in which he attacked some of the doctrines held by the Quakers, at the same time vindicating his own, assailed by persons of that sect, who had attended Bunyan's meeting for this purpose. This his first literary effort was printed, with a letter prefixed to it by his pastor Burton, praising the performance, and "bidding the reader not to be offended, because the treasure of the Gospel was held forth to him in a poor earthen vessel by

one who had neither the greatness nor the wisdom of this world to commend him." His pamphlet produced a most violent reply, in which Bunyan was reproached with "making merchandise of souls," and "loving the wages of unrighteousness." He rejoined in a much calmer and more dignified manner. Against the accusation of making a merchandise of souls, he says, "For though I be poor and of no repute in the world as to outward things, yet this grace I have learned, by the example of the apostle, to preach the truth, and also to work with my hands, both for mine own living and for those that are with me, when I have opportunity. And I trust that the Lord Jesus, who hath helped me to reject the wages of unrighteousness hitherto, will also help me still, so that I shall distribute that which God hath given me freely, and not for filthy lucre's sake." Bunyan's opponent, however, only replied by reiterating his accusations in a second pamphlet, to which no answer was made; for, though "it pleased him much," as Bunyan tells us, "to 'contend with great earnestness for the word of faith, and the remission of sins by the death and sufferings of our Saviour,' he had no liking for controversy;" his work lay "in another channel;" he desired to awaken religious feeling among those who were "like the beasts that perish."

In the year 1657 an indictment was preferred against Bunyan for preaching at Luton, in Bedfordshire, we suppose, because he was an unordained minister; for though by law every religious denomination was at liberty to worship in the manner most accordant to their feelings, yet between the different sects there was no toleration, and, if it lay in their power so to do, they all persecuted each other. The prosecution, however, fell to

the ground, and Bunyan had nothing worse to bear than verbal abuse and hard names; if these did not interfere with his preaching, they probably gave him but little concern. A second indictment, after the restoration of Charles II., brought much more severe treatment. The country was unsettled, and the Government, by its harsh measures against Dissenters, instead of calming, only increased the discontent. "A warrant was issued against Bunyan, as if he had been a dangerous person, because he went about preaching. This office was deemed (and well it might be, thinks Mr. Southey) incompatible with his calling. He was known to be hostile to the restored Church, and probably it might be remembered that he had served in the Parliament's army."

He was arrested at a meeting in a private house, and though he knew of what was about to take place he did not absent himself, lest "such conduct on his part should make an 'ill savour in the country,' and because he was resolved 'to see the utmost of what they could say or do to him.'" He was taken before a justice of the peace, who required him to find sureties. These were forthcoming; but when Bunyan heard that they must forfeit their bonds if he preached again, he refused his liberty on these terms. "While his mittimus was making out, in consequence of this determination, one whom he calls an old enemy of the truth entered into discourse with him, and said he had read of one Alexander the coppersmith who troubled the apostles; 'aiming, 'tis like, at me,' says Bunyan, 'because I was a tinker;' to which I answered, that I also had read of priests and Pharisees that had their hands in the blood of our Lord. 'Aye,' was the rejoinder, 'and you are one of those Pharisees, for you make long prayers to devour widows' houses.' 'I an-

swered,' says Bunyan, 'that if he had got no more by preaching and praying than I had done, he would not be so rich as he now was.' '*

Bunyan chose to remain in prison rather than consent to desist from doing what he considered his duty ; and at the sessions, seven weeks after, was indicted as a person who "devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear divine service, and who was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom." Those were sad times, when a poor tinker was prosecuted for preaching in a chapel instead of going to a church. Bunyan defended himself by maintaining, that he was a frequenter of the Church of God, though not of the parish church, there being no injunction in the Scriptures requiring such attendance ; that he was ordered to pray, but not by the Common Prayer Book. "They that have a mind to use it," he said, "they have their liberty ;" we can pray to God without it. He was told by the Court that he ought not to preach. In reply, he offered to prove that it was lawful for him and such as him to preach, and quoted the apostle's words, "As every man hath received the gift, even so let him minister the same unto another." "Let me a little open that Scripture to you," said the magistrate. "'*As every man hath received his gift :*' that is, as every man hath received a trade, so let him follow it. If any man have received a gift of tinkering, as thou hast done, let him follow his tinkering ; and so other men their trades, and the divine his calling." Bunyan, however, maintained, and rightly so, that the gift of which the apostle spoke was a spiritual gift. The magistrate

* Southey's Life.

replied that men might exhort, if they pleased, in their families, but not otherwise. Bunyan rejoined, that if it were a good thing to exhort our families, it was good to exhort others ; and if it were held a sin for them to meet together and seek the face of God, and exhort one another to follow Christ, he would sin still. "You confess the indictment, then?" said the magistrate. John replied that he confessed to having had many meetings to exhort one another, and nothing more. "'Hear your judgment!' exclaimed the Court. 'You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following ; and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm. And if after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special license from the king, you must stretch by the neck for it: I tell you plainly.' Bunyan resolutely answered, 'that if he were out of prison to-day, he would preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God.' "* He was taken to prison. Doubtless the justices thought confinement the best way of inducing him to submit to their conditions. But so stout a man as Bunyan, imbued as he was with the spirit of the martyrs, whose lives he had studied in Foxe's book, would not quail before imprisonment, or even death itself. At the end of three months he was as firm as before, and refused to quit the prison, notwithstanding that he was told he "might exhort his neighbours in private discourse, if he did not call together an assembly of the people."

The coronation of Charles II. taking place soon afterwards, a proclamation was issued by which all accused per-

* Southey's Life.

sons were permitted to sue out a pardon within twelve months from that date. This put an end to any further proceedings against Bunyan, and at the next assizes held at Bedford his wife presented to the judges a petition, praying them to take his case into consideration.

“Sir Matthew Hale was one of these judges, and expressed a wish to serve her if he could, but a fear that he could do her no good; and being assured by one of the justices that Bunyan had been convicted, and was a hot-spirited fellow, he waived the matter. But the High Sheriff, however, encouraged the poor woman to make another effort for her husband before they left the town; and, accordingly, ‘with a bashed face, and a trembling heart,’ she entered the Swan Chamber, where the two judges and many magistrates and gentry of the country were in company together. Trembling, however, as she was, Elizabeth Bunyan had imbibed something of her husband’s spirit. She had been to London to petition the House of Lords in his behalf, and had been told by one whom she calls Lord Barkwood that they could do nothing, but that his releasement was committed to the judges at these next assizes. ‘And now, I am come to you,’ she said, ‘and you give neither releasement nor relief!’ And she complained to Hale that he was kept unlawfully in prison, ‘for the indictment was false, and he was clapped up before there were any proclamations against the meetings.’ One of the judges then said he had been lawfully convicted. ‘It is false,’ replied the woman; ‘for when they said to him, do you confess the indictment? he said only this, that he had been at several meetings, both when there was preaching the Word and prayer, and that they had God’s presence among them.’ ‘Will your husband leave preaching?’ said Judge Twis-

den ; ' if he will do so, then send for him.' ' My lord,' said she, ' he dares not leave preaching as long as he can speak.' " The judges were not induced to give Bunyan his liberty by this ; but Sir Matthew Hale " listened sadly when she told him that there were four small children by the former wife, one of them blind ; that they had nothing to live upon while their father was in prison, but the charity of good people ; and that she herself ' smayed ' at the news when her husband was apprehended, being but young and unaccustomed to such things, fell in labour, and continuing in it for eight days, was delivered of a dead child. ' Alas, poor woman ! ' said Hale. But Twisden said ' poverty was her cloak, for he understood her husband was better maintained by running up and down a-preaching, than by following his calling.' Sir Matthew asked what was his calling, and was told that he was a tinker. ' Yes,' observed the wife ; ' and because he is a tinker and a poor man, therefore he is despised, and cannot have justice.' The scene ended in Sir Matthew's mildly telling her he was sorry he could do her no good ; that what her husband had said was taken for a conviction, and that there was no other course for her than either to apply to the king, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error, which would be the cheapest. . . . Elizabeth Bunyan concludes her account by saying, ' This I remember, that though I was somewhat timorous at my first entrance into the chamber, yet before I went out I could not but break forth into tears ; not so much because they were so hard-hearted against me and my husband, but to think what a sad account such poor creatures will have to give at the coming of the Lord.' " *

Bunyan remained in prison, as it does not appear that

* Southey's Life.

any further steps were taken at that time to effect his release ; but his confinement was not severe. " For he had fortunately a friend in the jailor, and was somewhat like a prisoner at large, being allowed to go whither he would, and return when he thought proper." He was able to attend his own meeting—" was often out in the night ; and it is said, indeed, that many of the Baptist congregations in Bedfordshire owe their origin to his midnight preaching." He tells us " he followed his wonted course, taking all occasions to visit the people of God, exhorting them to be steadfast in the faith of Jesus Christ, and to take heed that they touched not the Common Prayer." Bunyan even went as far as London to see the " Christians " there, by which he meant the Baptists. But for this laxity the jailor nearly lost his place, and Bunyan was obliged, as he remarks, " not now to look out of the door." Southey considers that Bunyan's enforced quietude at this time, though hard to bear, was, in reality, an advantage to him. It removed him, " high-minded and hot-minded," from " a course of dangerous activity, in which he was as little likely to acquire a tolerant spirit as to impart it." In confinement " his understanding had leisure to ripen and to cool," which " was no less favourable for his moral and religious nature than it has ultimately proved to his usefulness and his fame."

Bunyan's admiration of the conduct of the martyrs, in Foxe's book, enabled him to take their spirit of endurance as his model, but this was not done without a struggle. In the early part of his imprisonment he had some reason to expect that he would be hanged, and he feared that he was not in a fit state to die—nor that he could suffer death, if it came, with courage ; dreading lest, " if I should make a scrambling shift to clamber up the

ladder, yet I should either with quaking, or other symptoms of fainting, give occasion to the enemy to reproach the way of God, and his people for their timorousness."

He says he was "so possessed with the thought of death," that he was oft as if on a ladder with a rope about his neck. His only "encouragement" was, that if obliged to die, he should have an opportunity of speaking his last words to the multitude who would come to see his execution; and that if only one soul were converted, he should not count his life as thrown away. But still the idea of what might become of him after death, was fearful; and he was tossed about for weeks by this dread, till at last comfort came in the consideration which "fell with weight upon me, that it was for the word and way of God that I was in this condition; wherefore, I was engaged not to flinch an hair's breadth from it." Nor would he have flinched if the hour of need had come upon him. Bunyan thought all these fears were temptations of the devil; they, however, only show that his was not the mere animal courage which dares danger or trial without reflection—he felt fear of death, but he conquered his fear by strong effort, because he knew that his duty required it of him. But it was not only fear of death with which he had to struggle, for he says, "The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from the bones; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them; especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all besides. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might go under, would

break my heart to pieces! Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten; must beg; suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee! But yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you. Oh, I saw, in this condition, I was a man who was pulling down his house upon the heads of his wife and children; yet, thought I, I must do it, I must do it! And now I thought on those two milch kine that were to carry the Ark of God into another country,* and to leave their calves behind them." †

These fears left him when he found no further proceedings taken against him. Still he must think how to support his little ones, now he could no longer follow his calling; and we find that he was allowed to learn the manufacture of thread laces, by the sale of which he managed to earn bread for his children during his imprisonment. He was never harshly treated; the jailor is said to have committed the other prisoners to Bunyan's care, and, during the last four years of his captivity, he regularly attended the meetings of his congregation, and in the eleventh year was chosen their pastor—the duties of which office he had sufficient liberty to fulfil.

After twelve years of imprisonment, "he owed his complete liberation to one of the worst acts of one of the worst governments that England has ever seen. In 1671, the Cabal was in power. Charles II. had concluded the treaty by which he bound himself to set up the Roman Catholic religion in England. The first step which he took towards that end was to annul, by an unconstitu-

* 1 Samuel vi. 10.

† Southey's Life.

tional exercise of his prerogative, all the penal statutes against the Roman Catholics, and in order to disguise his real design, he annulled at the same time the penal statutes against Protestant Nonconformists. Bunyan was, consequently, set at large.* The exact time and method of his release is not known. Southey thinks that some influence was used with the king to liberate him. "His character had by this time gained respect," and "his books had attracted notice; and Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, and other churchmen, are said to have pitied 'his hard and unreasonable sufferings, so as to stand very much his friend in procuring his enlargement.'" Owen, too, the great Nonconformist divine—who, made dean of Christ Church, at Oxford, by Oliver Cromwell, had been deprived of his office at the Restoration, and though offered church preferment by Clarendon, Charles II.'s Lord Chancellor, declined all favours that he could not accept without conforming to laws of which he did not approve—"greatly admired Bunyan's preaching;" and, it is said, on "being asked by Charles 'how a learned man, such as he, could sit and listen to an illiterate tinker,' replied, 'May it please your Majesty, could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning.'"

The sixteen years which elapsed between his release from prison and his death, passed smoothly, and were, doubtless, the happiest of Bunyan's life. He had, by his boldness in asserting his right, and his firmness in bearing the consequences of such assertion, acquired universal respect and admiration; and he was now at liberty to follow that occupation he loved best, and for which, by nature, he was well fitted.

* Macaulay's Biography.

Born and bred a tinker, he had, by his own unaided efforts, raised himself to be not only the pastor of the Bedford congregation, but a favourite preacher in London. Here the consciousness of well-deserved success, combined with more mature thought, and greater experience of life, had, in his later years, the effect of lessening the fire of his zeal, without diminishing his firmness. His opinions with regard to communion were very rigid. On infant baptism he differed from others of his own sect, and was attacked by them on this point. Some of his opponents, however orthodox their opinions, displayed but little Christian charity, when they twitted him with his low origin as a disgrace. "Throughout this controversy, Bunyan appears to great advantage, as a meek, good man, beyond the general spirit of his age in toleration, and far beyond that of his fellow-sectarians. His was, indeed, so catholic a spirit that, though circumstances had made him a sectarian, he liked not to be called by the denomination of his sect. 'I know none,' says he, 'to whom that title is so proper as to the disciples of John. And since you would know by what name I would be distinguished from others, I tell you I would be, and hope I am, a *Christian*, and choose, if God should count me worthy, to be called a *Christian*, a *Believer*, or other such name which is approved by the Holy Ghost. And as for those factious titles of Anabaptists, Independents, Presbyterians, or the like, I conclude that they come neither from Jerusalem, nor from Antioch, but rather from hell and Babylon; for they naturally tend to divisions. You may know them by their fruits.' " *

But little is known of Bunyan's later years. Some of his biographers think he did not escape persecution in the latter part of Charles II.'s reign. But Southey considers

* Southey's Life.

that this could hardly be so, or some account of his persecution would have been preserved. In Bedford, where he was well known, he most probably was treated with indulgence, but at other places "he would be exposed to the same risk as other nonconforming preachers; and there is a tradition among the Baptists at Reading that he sometimes went through that town, dressed like a carter, with a long whip in his hand, to avoid detection."

Macaulay considers that this tradition—but to which he gives more weight than to mere tradition—refers to the year 1685, when the Rebellion, headed by the Duke of Monmouth, "gave the Government [of James II.] a pretext for persecuting the Nonconformists."

James II. granted an indulgence to the Dissenters, which permitted them more liberty in their mode of worship than they had enjoyed during his brother Charles's reign; but many—among whom was Bunyan—suspected this was only done in order that, with their assistance, the king might lay prostrate the Church of England, and erect that of Rome in its stead; and that, after having duped them for his own purposes, he would treat them more harshly than before. "Bunyan laboured zealously with his congregation, 'to prevent their being imposed on in that kind; and when a great man, in those days, coming to Bedford, sent for him (as was supposed) to give him a place of public trust, he would by no means come at him, but sent his excuse.'"*

Bunyan's death was caused by a cold, caught in returning from Reading to London, where he had been to see a friend of his who resided there, and who had resolved to disinherit his son. "The young man requested Bunyan to interfere in his behalf; he did so

* Southey's Life.

with good success, and it was his last labour of love; for, returning to London on horseback, through heavy rain, a fever ensued, which, after ten days, proved fatal." He died on the 12th of August, 1688, aged sixty-nine, and was interred in Bunhill Fields burial-ground. "It is said many (Dissenters) have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited." *

Though Bunyan never became rich, he seems to have been enabled to support his family in respectability and comfort. "He was too wise and too religious a man to desire riches, either for himself or his children. When a wealthy London citizen offered to take one of his sons as an apprentice without a premium, he declined the friendly and advantageous offer, saying—'God did not send me to advance my family, but to preach the Gospel.' No doubt he saw something in the business itself, or in the way of life to which it led, unfavourable to the moral character." †

Bunyan left three children behind him—his blind daughter having died before her father. His son was a member of his father's congregation, and an occasional preacher. The last of his posterity about whom anything is recorded, is his great grand-daughter, Hannah Bunyan, who was buried in 1760, at the age of seventy-six. In person, Bunyan was tall, his complexion ruddy, with a high forehead, a well-set nose, and red hair: his habit was always "plain and modest."

Southey tells us that Mr. Whitbread, the father of the distinguished member of Parliament, "was so great an admirer of Bunyan, that he left, by will, five hundred pounds to the meeting at Bedford, expressly as a token of

* Southey's Life.

† *Ibid.*

respect for his memory—the interest to be distributed annually in bread to the poor of that meeting, between Michaelmas and Christmas.”

It would, we think, have been a better tribute to the memory of Bunyan to have left the money for a school, than to give it for a dole of bread, which, to say the least of it, has a tendency to pauperise the receivers.

When Bunyan's pulpit Bible was to be sold, Mr. Whitbread, the son, “gave a commission to bid as much for it as the bidder thought his father, had he been living, would have given for a relic which he would have valued so highly. It was bought accordingly for twenty guineas.”

Bunyan has left a considerable number of tracts, chiefly controversial. His writings were generally “mild, tolerant, and charitable.” The work which has made his name immortal is the “Pilgrim's Progress.” It was written during his imprisonment, and published soon after his release; but in what year is not exactly known.

“The history of that book is remarkable. The author was, as he tells us, writing a treatise, in which he had occasion to speak of the stages of the Christian progress. He compared that progress, as many others had compared it, to a pilgrimage. Soon his quick wit discovered innumerable points of similarity which had escaped his predecessors. Images came crowding on his mind faster than he could put them into words; quagmires and pits, steep hills, dark and horrible glens, soft vales, sunny pastures, a gloomy castle, of which the courtyard was strewn with the skulls and bones of murdered prisoners; a town, all bustle and splendour, like London on the Lord Mayor's day, and the narrow path, straight as a rule could make

it, running on, up hill and down hill, through city and through wilderness, to the Black River and the Shining Gate. He had found out, as most people would have said, by accident—as he would doubtless have said, by the guidance of Providence—where his powers lay. He had no suspicion, indeed, that he was producing a masterpiece. He could not guess what place his allegory would occupy in English literature; for of English literature he knew nothing. . . . The only work of fiction, in all probability, with which he could compare his ‘Pilgrim,’ was his old favourite, the legend of Sir Bevis of Southampton. He would have thought it a sin to borrow any time from the serious business of his life, from his expositions, his controversies, and his lace-tags, for the purpose of amusing himself with what he considered merely as a trifle. It was only, he assures us, at spare moments that he returned to the ‘house Beautiful,’ the ‘delectable mountains,’ and the ‘enchanted ground.’ He had no assistance. Nobody but himself saw a line, till the whole was complete. He then consulted his pious friends. Some were pleased. Others were much scandalised. It was a vain story, a mere romance about giants and lions, and goblins and warriors, sometimes fighting with monsters, and sometimes regaled by fair ladies in stately palaces. The loose, atheistical wits at Wills’ [coffee-house] might write such stuff to divert the painted Jezebels of the court; but did it become a minister of the Gospel to copy the evil fashions of the world? There had been a time when the cant of such fools would have made Bunyan miserable. But that time was passed, and his mind was now in a firm and healthy state. He saw that, in employing fiction to make truth clear and god-

ness attractive, he was only following the example which every Christian ought to propose to himself; and he determined to print.”* Ten editions appeared during the author’s life, and it was translated into several foreign languages; and the first part (Giant Pope being omitted) has been published in “Le Petit Bibliothèque Catholique” [“The Catholic Juvenile Library”]. When the work became very popular, much trash was printed by dishonest booksellers, to which Bunyan’s name was appended, but which he never wrote; and “envious scribblers” said it was impossible that the “Pilgrim’s Progress” could be the work of an ignorant tinker. Bunyan took the best way of confounding his enemies: he published the second part of the “Pilgrim’s Progress” in 1684. “It was soon followed by the ‘Holy War,’ which, if the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ did not exist, would be the best allegory that ever was written.”† Bunyan’s great work has been a popular book ever since it was published—now nearly two hundred years ago—and its popularity is likely to endure as long as English continues to be spoken. But though Bunyan achieved so great a reputation, and his work has been so eminently popular, it is only of late years that he has been appreciated by a class who, to use the language of Cowper, profess the reputation of “gentility.” Bunyan was a tinker and a Dissenter, therefore he could not be genteel; and in the following beautiful lines, addressed to him by that poet, his name is concealed, lest it “should move a sneer”:—

“ Oh! thou whom, borne on Fancy’s eager wing
 Back to the season of life’s happy Spring,
 I pleas’d remember, and while mem’ry yet
 Holds fast her office here, can ne’er forget;

* Macaulay’s Biography.

† *Ibid.*

Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
 Sweet truth and sweet fiction alike prevail;
 Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style
 May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
 Witty, and well employed, and, like thy Lord,
 Speaking in parables his slighted word,
 I name thee not, lest so despised a name
 Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame;
 Yet, e'en in transitory life's late day,
 That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
 Revere the man whose 'Pilgrim' marks the road,
 And guides the 'progress' of the soul to God."

In the seventy years which have elapsed since Cowper wrote these lines, a change has come over us, and we are beginning to acknowledge that no disgrace attaches to a man on account of his origin, however low or mean that may be. The higher he can raise himself above it, the more he is now felt to deserve our admiration and respect.

In testimony of this improvement, we will conclude our memoir of Bunyan with a further notice of him, by the lamented Macaulay, in the great work which, alas! he will never complete:—

"To the names of Baxter and Howe must be added the name of a man far below them in station and in acquired knowledge; but in virtue their equal, and in genius their superior—John Bunyan.
 Bunyan is, indeed, as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakespeare the first of dramatists. Other allegorists have shown equal ingenuity; but no allegorist has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love!"

THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

To some of our readers it may seem inappropriate that we should place among these memoirs that of a king, and a king, too, who peaceably inherited his throne. But we all know from experience that monarchs have it largely in their power to do either good or evil to their subjects, and we think the sequel will show that the present sovereign of Portugal has, though still a very young man, made extraordinary use of his opportunities for the benefit of his people.

If the great ones of the earth have an advantage over their humbler brethren in being supplied with tutors and books in profusion, whereby the paths of duty and true happiness are pointed out to them from their earliest years, yet it must be owned that they are also surrounded by temptations to indolence and self-indulgence, from which their inferiors in station are exempt. Nor must it be forgotten, that whatever course of life they may select, flatterers will not be absent to applaud and justify their choice. Therefore, although the lot of those who are born in indigence, and whose natural protectors and teachers are disqualified by ignorance, and the habits connected with it, from giving wholesome instruction to their offspring, either by precept or by example, may be still more adverse to the acquirement of the will and the power to perform deeds of benevolence, yet the education of a Court must, perhaps, ever be inferior to that which will be generally obtained in the ranks lying between the two extremes.

Don Pedro V., son of Donna Maria da Gloria, the late Queen of Portugal, became king on the death of his mother in 1853, but as he was still a minor he did not assume the government of his kingdom until 1855. Of his childhood we know little, but we believe he was brought up in a quiet and simple manner.

In September, 1857, the yellow fever broke out in his capital, and raged for three months, carrying off a large number of the inhabitants; in some quarters as many as two-thirds. The immediate cause of the fever is supposed to have been the arrival of a cargo of putrid cattle hides, brought from Brazil, which, it is said, caused instant death to some of the men employed in unloading the vessel in which they came. But whatever may have been its origin, the sewerage of Lisbon was in so bad a state as to promote inevitably the spread of the disease. The defects in the drainage were remedied, to a considerable extent, as soon as the fever abated.

Panic seized on the city; all who could quit the place of pestilence hurried away to the sea-side, or to the lovely hills of Cintra, thus described by Lord Byron:—

“Lo! Cintra’s glorious Eden intervenes,
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates,
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock’d Elysium’s gates!

“The horrid crags by toppling convent crown’d,
The cork trees hoar that climb the shaggy steep,
The mountain moss by scorching skies embrown’d,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,

The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto I.

Cintra was for a time the residence of our affluent and somewhat prodigal fellow-countryman, Beckford, the author of "Vathek" (an Eastern romance), who built a palace there, which long mouldered in ruins, but when we visited the spot in May, 1858, was about to be restored by an English merchant.

"There thou, too, Vathek ! England's wealthiest son,
 Once formed thy Paradise, as not aware
 When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
 Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

"Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan
 Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow ;
 But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou !

"Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
 To halls deserted, portals gaping wide :
 Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
 Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;
 Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide."

*Ibid, Canto I.**

To return to our narrative.

The king, who at the outbreak of the pestilence was only twenty years old, felt it to be his duty to remain at his capital, and do all he could towards mitigating the calamity. To effect this object he did not confine himself to presiding over councils or to discussing means of alleviation in his cabinet ; he went himself among the sick. We were told that he would continually visit the

* See, also, Beckford's 'Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.'

hospitals both by day and night, coming in a hired street carriage, with a single companion, that he might prevent any preparations for his reception, and ascertain for himself in what manner the patients were treated.

On one occasion, it is said, he found a medical man feeling the pulse of his patient with his glove on, hoping thereby to escape contagion. We may imagine the king's indignant reproof to the timorous doctor. At another time the spectacle was more gratifying. He was just entering a ward when he heard a physician trying to reassure a patient, who was in a drooping state, with kind and soothing words. Don Pedro remained outside until the doctor had ceased speaking, when he entered, extending his hand towards him. The physician, recognising his sovereign, attempted to go down upon his knee, and kiss the hand thus held out. "No," said the king; "you have behaved like a brother to that poor, sick man, and I am proud to shake hands with you."

The benefit the king conferred on the sick by his constant supervision of the hospitals must have been incalculable. But he did not confine his efforts to visiting these institutions. The fever was more fatal to persons in the prime of life than to children, and many families were suddenly left orphans. The king was indefatigable in establishing a refuge for these poor little creatures. It was recorded that a thousand children were deprived of their parents by the ravages of that terrible disease. The panic, which the dread of infection spread among the citizens, was all but universal. Don Pedro, hoping in some measure to allay the alarm of his subjects, and restore them to a calmer frame of mind, went frequently to the opera during the visitation. If it be considered that in a time of such distress, when people

were dying in great numbers every day, visits to the opera might be discontinued with great propriety, we must recollect that the singers, musicians, and all other persons employed in a theatre required their salaries for their support rather *more* than less at that particular time. Besides, persons under the influence of a terror such as we have described, could hardly be persuaded to do anything for the sick; and the king could, perhaps, have taken no better means for diverting their thoughts from the danger by which they were surrounded. His Majesty, it is said, prior to the epidemic, was not very popular; not that he was positively disliked, but his people regarded him with indifference. His courage and self-devotion have, however, won the love and respect of the Portuguese nation.

The king is a young man of honest mind and purpose, desiring to act uprightly, and do justice to all. Portuguese ministers have not been much accustomed to this spirit in their sovereigns. Let us hope that the confidence he has so well earned may enable the king to conduct his government with the integrity which accords with his character.

Don Pedro has several younger brothers and sisters. They all remained during the time of the fever at their palace, on an elevated spot in Lisbon, and not one of them took the disease. Whether they would have thus happily escaped had their residence been in the lower part of the city, it is impossible to say (Lisbon covers the hills which rise from the shores of the Tagus, and also their interesting valleys; and on the heights the fever was much less severe than below); but the king, who visited every part of his capital, encountered all risk.

His Majesty is a great lover of flowers, and in the

public gardens of his metropolis they grow in luxuriant profusion. There we saw, in the month of April, flowers in full blossom in the open air, which, in England, are generally preserved in greenhouses—some of the plants attaining to a gigantic size. In the South, spring-time is the season of floral beauty; the heats of summer, when it hardly ever rains, destroy it; but here the gardens flourish during the hottest weather, because the king has them most carefully watered. The public are at perfect liberty to frequent these delightful retreats; and though the flowers are not protected, no one thinks of plucking them. Even forest trees require to be watered in this climate, and consequently each is cinctured with a paved trough or gutter, connected by a channel with the troughs of the other trees.

Lord Byron tells us that it was by no means safe, when he visited the Portuguese metropolis, in 1809, to walk in its streets unarmed, even in daylight. Times are much improved since then. When we were there, we found the streets of Lisbon quite as safe as those of London. The city wore a very lively appearance during our sojourn. We were met at every turn by preparations for the reception of the king's bride, the Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern, who had been already married to him by proxy, in Berlin, and was then on her voyage to Lisbon. She passed through England, remaining a short time on a visit to our Queen, and won all hearts by the charm of her manners and conversation.

It is curious to remark, that Don Pedro heard of his marriage a quarter of an hour before it took place—at least, the telegram, announcing the completion of the ceremony, reached Lisbon a quarter of an hour earlier than the time of its date at Berlin. This paradox is

explained by the relative positions of these two cities on the globe—the former being twenty-five degrees westward of the latter; consequently, the same instant of time finds the sun at Berlin one hour and forty minutes in advance of its progress at Lisbon.

A mournfully brief interval separated the rejoicings which welcomed the arrival of this young and blooming princess and her lamented death. She was carried off by diphtheria, in June, 1859. Surely, the bereaved husband must command the sympathy for himself which he has shown to the misfortunes of others!

BRIDGET BURKE.

THE subject of our present memoir is of humble birth, and has worked for her livelihood in domestic service; yet she deserves a high place among our self-raised women. Possessing no means of her own but those earned by her labour, she has nevertheless, by her zeal and energy, rescued a large number of unhappy young women from the miserable condition into which they had sunk, either from their own weakness in yielding to temptation, or from the unprotected state in which loss of friends or other misfortunes had placed them.

Bridget Burke, whose maiden name was Meares, was born during the latter half of the last century at Athlone. Her parents were respectable members of the working class. From her earliest years she was remarkable for sincere and humble piety. Her disposition, naturally cheerful and kindly, led her to use the gentle art of persuasion, rather than reproach, in her endeavours to lead back the wandering into the paths of virtue.

Bridget was married early in life to a currier of her native town, with whom she lived in comfort and respectability till his death, which took place not many years after their marriage. As there was no provision for the widow, she was obliged to go to service to support herself and her child. She became cook in the family of Mrs. Colville, a Presbyterian lady in Dublin, with whom she lived for twenty-five years, and in whose house she brought up her daughter. After leaving this family she became a monthly nurse, an employment which she has only recently relinquished.

It was not till she had reached middle life that her attention was turned to the poor outcasts in whose reformation she was afterwards to take so active a part. Indeed, until she became particularly interested in them, she had always regarded such persons with an indefinable dread, and shrank with nervous timidity whenever she encountered one in the streets.

A poor family, to whom Bridget was much attached, had emigrated to America, leaving behind two young daughters, from want of sufficient money to pay their passage; their intention being to send for them as soon as they could spare enough to bring them out. Bridget was warmly attached to the girls, and watched over their welfare with tender care. As soon as they were old enough to work, she procured employment for them in one of the Dublin factories; and though the distance of her master's house from the quarter in which they were employed, and the duties of her situation, prevented her from seeing them very frequently, she did all that lay in her power to induce them to be industrious and well-conducted. In course of time the elder sister married; the younger continuing at the factory. At length Bridget was alarmed by reports of levity in the behaviour of the latter. She spoke on the subject to the married sister, but for some time could only elicit evasive answers. She insisted upon knowing the truth, and was then told, with a burst of tears, that the younger sister (Ellen by name) had left the factory, and was at that time staying in a house in Exchequer-street. The disclosure of the spot convinced Bridget of the girl's fallen condition, and notwithstanding her instinctive dread of the persons with whom Ellen was associating, she insisted on going at once with the sister to seek her.

Arrived at the house, however, all her fears returned, and she waited on the other side of the street while the sister went to find Ellen and bring her out. The sister, after speaking at the door to a young, pretty, delicate-looking girl, beckoned to Bridget to come over. When she had crossed the street, she was told by the girl that Ellen, who shared her apartment, was ill in bed; but that if she would go up to her, she might rely on seeing nothing which would annoy her. The good woman followed her guide up-stairs; but no sooner had she entered the room, than Ellen started up in a paroxysm of rage and shame, tearing her hair and striking the bed with frantic violence, accusing her sister of having betrayed her to the only person whose good opinion she valued. "Now that was destroyed, she would care for nothing, and never be virtuous again." Bridget, after allowing Ellen to exhaust her passion, sat down by her bed and besought her, in the kindest and most soothing manner, to leave that place, and to return to a virtuous life, promising her that the past should be forgotten. But her pleadings were of no avail; the unfortunate girl, maddened by exposure to the only person whom she respected, turned a deaf ear to all Bridget's persuasions. Her poor companion in misfortune burst into tears, crying—"Oh, Ellen! do go with your good friend, and your sister. If I had such an offer, how gladly I'd accept it. If I'd a home, I wouldn't be the miserable and degraded wretch I am now." When her tears had subsided, Bridget turned to her and asked if she was sincere in her wishes for amendment. "Oh, yes!" answered the penitent. "Then," said Bridget, "come to me this evening, and I will find you some way of leading a better life." And, having given her address, she

left the house, unable, for the time, to produce any effect on Ellen. But her efforts even there had not been in vain, for some time afterwards Ellen abandoned her vicious courses, and went to America with her sister and brother-in-law.

In the evening, Bridget's fellow-servant, the butler, came to tell her that a very wretched girl was asking for her at the door. Overjoyed that the desire to amend which the poor creature had expressed was sincere, she hardly knew how, at that moment, to receive her, some persons being in the kitchen whom she did not choose should be present at the interview. The butler, Robert Towson, seeing her difficulty, very good-naturedly offered to invite the girl into his pantry. This man was a Protestant, his fellow-servant a Catholic, but they could heartily sympathise with each other in their desire to do good; and Bridget speaks with great cordiality of his kindness to her.

The poor girl, Maria, came into the pantry, where the butler and Bridget questioned her, and believing, from her answers, that she was sincere, but without any money wherewith to procure a decent night's lodging, the kind-hearted Robert gave her a shilling, that she might not be obliged to return to the place she had left. Her clothing was so thin, and the night so bitterly cold, that Bridget wept at the thought of the poor creature's exposure, and says that never till then had she regretted the loss of her own home, in which she might have sheltered her from the elements. She was obliged to dismiss her, with the request that she would come again the next evening, by which time she would have provided a suitable lodging for her.

On the morrow Bridget found a home for Maria, with

a steady and truly pious woman, in the neighbourhood, and then consulted as to further steps with her confessor, who was curate to the excellent Archbishop Murray. He advised that her penitent should be placed under the care of certain Sisters of Charity. These ladies received her; and, after a sufficient probation in their convent, she was restored to her friends—persons of great respectability in the provinces. Maria had been brought up by her grandfather, and it was supposed that his weak indulgence had been one cause of her fall. Bridget received from this gentleman a most grateful letter, thanking her for her charity to his erring child.

At this time (1821) there were two Magdalen Asylums in Dublin, both founded by the exertions of Mr. Quarterman, an intimate friend of our worthy Bridget, and who was consulted by her in every emergency; for the knowledge of what she had done for Maria soon brought others of the same class to seek her fostering care. Together these good people collected, from friends and from the servants of the families with whom our heroine's master was intimate, and such others as she herself knew, funds just sufficient to keep the poor creatures from starving, until some provision could be made for them; and so careful was she of the money thus obtained, and so anxious to make it serve for as large a number as possible, that during the early period of her charitable labours she often herself carried home the bundles of straw she had purchased for the beds of her *protégées*.

One evening Mr. Quarterman called upon her, and told her it was time that they should try to obtain a house of their own for their penitents. Alarmed at the magnitude of this scheme, Bridget exclaimed, "But sure we have no money." "We will have confidence in God

and in the excellence of our object. Let us place it under the protection of the blessed Trinity." And so saying, he and Bridget knelt down and prayed devoutly for a few moments. On rising Mr. Quarterman said, "Here is my first instalment of a penny." We must explain that institutions are constantly supported and churches built, among the Roman Catholics of Ireland, by *penny* subscriptions, raised among the working classes. Bridget laid down a second penny. At that moment her young daughter entered the kitchen. "Have you your penny ready, Miss Anne?" said Mr. Quarterman. "No, sir," she replied, "I have but a halfpenny." Her mother said, "I will give you another;" and with this small beginning was their scheme set afloat. They zealously prosecuted their enterprise. Young men and women were enlisted as collectors, and their progress became so rapid that they soon considered the receipt of a pound per week as a small sum. Household servants were generous contributors, and if they were absent from Dublin with their employers, they either transmitted their subscriptions with exemplary punctuality, or, if this were impossible, hastened, on their return, to pay up their arrears. As soon as the two projectors had acquired a sufficient sum, they ventured on taking a house, at a rent of twenty pounds a-year. One of the first donations they received towards their furnishing was a set of forms from an old Presbyterian Chapel in course of re-erection. These were contributed by Mr. Doolin, a builder, well known for his kindly disposition and numerous charities, whose sympathies the promoters of the Institution had been fortunate enough to enlist. He remained their constant benefactor, and was in the daily habit of bringing vegetables from his garden for the poor penitents as he drove into Dublin.

Bridget and her coadjutors proceeded for some time very quietly with their new scheme. The Institution was, of course, under the guidance of the Roman Catholic clergy; but until it was fairly launched, and there were well-founded hopes of its being permanently successful, it was thought not wise to place it publicly under the patronage of the Archbishop, or any of the higher ecclesiastics. In due time, however, when success had followed the efforts of the promoters, this was done. A chaplain was appointed to watch over the Institution, with a matron for its superintendence; and the house then inhabited being found too small for the increasing number of inmates, a suitable dwelling was obtained in Mecklenburg Street, where the establishment remains to this day, containing thirty-three penitents employed in washing, by whose labour, we understand, it is rendered self-supporting—a conclusive proof of its excellence.

In the early days of the Institution, and before it had a chaplain, Bridget herself took her flock of penitents to church, and frequently had as many as twenty under her care.

Among the incidents which Bridget relates as occurring in the early part of her reformatory labours, there are some which strongly savour of romance; and that we are about to relate would almost be discarded as incredible, did not strong evidence exist of its truth. One evening the clerk of a neighbouring church came to Bridget begging her to accompany him to the vestry, where a poor young woman had just rushed in, demanding protection. Bridget immediately went, and on her arrival found a poor creature in a state of frenzy. She was about three-and-twenty, with beautiful

features, which, however, were much disfigured by the effects of her excitement. She was in a woful plight, her cap torn off her head and lying in fragments about the floor, and she was frantically trying to destroy every remnant of finery about her person. It was a long time before Bridget could make any progress towards calming the poor creature, who exclaimed that she was possessed with a devil; that she had sought for a sanctuary, in hopes that God would inspire his minister to give peace to her soul. Our heroine saw that remorse had excited her to madness, and did not consider her then in a fit state to meet a priest. Renewing her efforts to soothe the wretched girl, she succeeded at last in coaxing her away, and took her to the house of a worthy woman who had often received her penitents, ordered a comfortable meal and good bed for her, and left the poor creature in her friend's charge. The next morning, as Bridget returned from mass, she called to inquire about her *protegée*, and heard, to her great grief, that as soon as morning dawned she had eloped. That same evening, however, the clerk came to her to say that the mad woman was again at the vestry. Bridget hastened there, and found the poor creature quite as frantic as the night before. When asked why she had left the asylum provided for her, she said she "had gone to fetch her clothes, lest any of them [her late companions, we presume] should be tempted to wear them; their sight and touch drove her mad; her only chance was to burn them; and this she had done." Again Bridget succeeded in calming her down, and in taking her back to her first night's lodgings. She stayed while the poor creature drank her tea, when she left her in charge of her friend. Before she had time, the next morning, to go and see her, the

woman with whom she had placed her came to Bridget, and said that during the night the wretched girl had been so outrageous that she became frightened, and, sending for a constable, had had her conveyed to the station-house. There she had, frightful to relate, torn out both her eyes! Horror-stricken, Bridget inquired where the poor thing was. . "In the hospital," replied her friend. Thither our heroine hastened, and found the young creature just laid on a bed, prostrate under the results of her desperation, a piteous object, one eye hanging on her cheek, the other forced back into her head. She begged for a clergyman, whom Bridget at once summoned; and when he came the poor girl told him that she had committed the monstrous act because to the beauty of her eyes she attributed her fall. The good priest subdued her fearful excitement, and represented to her that the repentance of the heart would be alone acceptable to the Almighty. She made confession to him, and received the sacraments of her church, remaining in the kneeling posture she had assumed at his entrance until all rites were concluded. Her wounds were then dressed, and she was nursed with the greatest care and attention.

Many months, however, elapsed before she regained her health, and then only to be stone-blind for the rest of her days. As soon as she could leave the hospital she was removed to an asylum, where she lived for many years a model of Christian excellence, cheerful and even happy, her greatest delight being to attend on the matron, or on any one who required her care. She had been the victim of remorse, operating upon an excited and ill-regulated mind.

Bridget also mentions a young girl of fifteen, whom she found in the streets. A cruel profligate had seduced

her from her home, at Waterford, and then abandoned her in Dublin, without a farthing in her pocket or a friend to whom she could apply. Her benefactress sheltered her till her friends could be informed of her situation. One evening a young man knocked at the master's door, asking for Bridget. As soon as she saw him she knew by his strong likeness to her poor *protégée* that he must be her brother. He begged to see his sister, but it was too late that night; and the poor fellow was disconsolately thinking what he should do for a lodging, when the kind-hearted butler offered him half his bed. This was gratefully accepted by the brother, and as he knew his sister was safe, he could patiently wait till morning. The meeting between the two was most affecting; the brother cried like a child, and seemed unable to release his sister from his close embrace. A worthy priest gave them money to pay for the girl's return home on a car; the brother walked all the way by its side, for he told the good Bridget, before he took leave of her, that he had promised his father, on his knees, never to lose sight of his sister until he had brought her safe home again.

One day the superior of a convent at Dublin sent for Bridget to consult her on the best means of seeking for a young girl, an orphan, who had been placed in a school attached to the cloister, but who had absconded, and was supposed to be leading a dissolute life in the streets. A former pupil of the school had called to tell the superior of the condition of the runaway. Always ready to assist in any good work, Bridget hastened to this girl, but from her she could only learn that "Hannah Carney sometimes walked up and down Capel-street in a red gown." In the evening of the same day, her husband's cousin, James Burke, happened to call on Bridget,

and when he was taking his leave she said she would accompany him part of the way home. Arrived at the corner of Capel-street, she asked him to pass along it. As James was aware of his cousin's reformatory propensities, he hesitated, saying, "I hope you don't want to meet any of those poor creatures." "Yes," she replied, "I do; and what is more, I want you to speak to one of them for me." "I!" exclaimed her cousin, "I wouldn't do so for the world. What should I do if my wife were to hear of it? She would never forgive me." "Don't be afraid; when she knows that I am with you, it will be all right." Satisfied with this assurance, they proceeded, Bridget telling him that the only clue she possessed to the girl she desired to meet was the knowledge that she wore a red gown. It was not long before they met a girl wearing such a garment. "Are you Hannah Carney?" said James. "I am not," replied the girl. "Oh," said he, "don't try to deceive me; here is a friend who wants to speak to you." Bridget asked her if she were not Hannah? The girl repeated that she was not, but admitted that she knew Hannah very well, assuring our heroine, however, at the same time, that she would not see her there that night. "Where is she? Can you direct me where to find her?" "She is in Newgate." "For what?" "For breaking windows; but if you apply to-morrow at the prison you will be allowed to see her." Saying this, the girl left them, and Bridget and her cousin returned to their homes. The next day our heroine paid Hannah a visit in prison, and found her in great destitution, so ill clothed that she had been obliged to borrow a cloak to cover her while speaking to her benefactress. Bridget did her utmost to comfort the girl, and finding her heartily ashamed of her conduct, promised

her admission to the asylum. Hannah was to be discharged the next day, and Bridget asked her to appoint a place where she could meet her. The girl mentioned a house well-known as disreputable. This startled our heroine, and she objected to go to it. "Oh," said Hannah, "go for this once ; I have no other place open to me, and, in this wretched condition, I could not go to you." This appeal Bridget could not refuse, and the next day punctually kept her appointment. She was shown into a room where sat perhaps a dozen poor young creatures, who openly expressed their envy of Hannah for having so good a friend to rescue her from their wretched life. Bridget could, alas ! take but the one she came to seek, and left the house, grieved to the heart that she could not receive all.

After remaining many years in the asylum, Hannah was seized with illness, which ended in death. She had two sisters ; one, in spite of her sincere repentance, and Bridget's constant entreaties, could never be prevailed on to recognise her as a relative. The other, more charitable, took a lodging for her when illness obliged her to quit the asylum, and supplied her with everything which could alleviate her sufferings. Bridget tenderly watched over the poor sick woman, and was present when she breathed her last.

Bridget also tells a story of her being recognised by the mistress of a shop, where she went to make some purchases. This woman took her into a back room, and there, throwing herself into her arms, burst into tears, and told her that she was J—— P——, a young woman she had formerly rescued from a life of misery. J—— told our heroine that she had married the man who first led her astray ; they had both bitterly repented the past,

and determined to lead better lives for the future. They had made a good beginning by confessing their wrongdoing to the priest, who afterwards married them. He exhorted them to remember that trials borne with patient endurance would purify their nature, and finally obtain God's blessing on their efforts. She added that she and her husband had experienced the extremes of poverty. At one time, when they had left Dublin in order to seek for work, they had no shelter but a ditch, when her husband was suffering from severe illness ; and that she had been obliged to beg both for him and herself. By patient endurance they, however, struggled through this hard trial, and, by their own efforts, had raised themselves to a situation of comfort and respectability. J—— concluded by saying, "My heart was near bursting when I saw you again, to whom I owe everything."

One day, our heroine was met in the street by a very respectable-looking woman carrying a basket of vegetables, who suddenly threw it down without seeming to care what became of its contents, and, bursting into a fit of hysterical sobbing, threw her arms round Bridget's neck. The worthy woman, quite alarmed at this strange proceeding, asked her who she was. "Sure, don't you remember Madge Dogherty, that you had to bring back home from the asylum, because I was quite unmanageable ? But though I was so bad there, when I got home, I thought on all I had been taught, and I determined to mend my ways. And here I am, quite a different creature, and married to as good and fine a young man as you could wish to see." Bridget expressed her pleasure at the reformation she had never expected, and added—"But does your husband know of your former life ?" She was always anxious that no man should be deceived on this point. The

woman assured her that he did ; he had known her from childhood, and had always attributed her faults more to her very high spirits and want of proper training, than to any defect in her nature ; and she concluded—"When he saw how changed I was, after being even for so short a time in the asylum, he said he would take me in hand himself ; and you see he has finished the good work you began. My only regret is now, that I was not always what you and he have helped to make me." After this meeting, Bridget completely lost sight of the woman. She, however, heard of her again from a neighbour, as a person who was continually repeating how much she was attached to our heroine, and what an excellent friend she had been. On Bridget's sending her a message through the neighbour, she came to see her, and brought her two little children to show to her benefactress. She said that she and her husband had prospered well, and that, if possible, he was more kind to her than before. She should never forget Bridget's kindness, and she prayed for her every day.

A young man, named Pat Doyle, had a book for collecting subscriptions, properly certified by the chaplain of the institution. He possessed a friend, servant to one of the officers at a neighbouring barracks, and determined to solicit a contribution from him. His friend's master, however, was prone to suspicion, and no sooner did he see the collector with his book, than he took him for a spy or a political incendiary, and, without listening to poor Pat's explanation, kept him in custody while he sent to the chaplain to inquire if the certificate in the book were genuine. The reply, of course, cleared the young man from all suspicion, and, moreover, made the officer so ashamed of his injustice, that he became on the spot a

liberal subscriber to the institution, making Pat quite proud of the conversion he had wrought.

Bridget Burke is still alive, and, though nearly ninety years of age, is in full possession of her faculties, and is still active in her works of charity. Not long ago, we are assured that she sold the blanket off her own bed, in order to assist some poor destitute creatures, who either could not or would not seek refuge in an asylum. She lives with her daughter, happy in the retrospection of her long and useful life—a bright example of what may be effected by zeal and energy, united to true benevolence. After her success, let no woman, however low her station, however small her means, despair of being able to do some good, at least to those among her fellow-creatures worse off than herself.

In concluding our memoir of Bridget Burke, we are induced to give a slight notice of two or three women who, in the same rank, and with as few advantages as herself, have yet by their devotion and perseverance been enabled to confer considerable benefits on their fellow-creatures.

Nathalie Doignies, known as *Sœur*, or Sister Nathalie, was a peasant girl, born in the year 1778, at a village near Lille, in the north-east of France. She was the eldest of seven children, and losing her parents when she was but a young girl, was, in consequence, obliged to go to service, in order to provide not only for herself, but also for her little brothers and sisters, who, it appears, depended chiefly on her exertions. She lived as cook for many years in a respectable family in Lille, and there won the love and esteem of her employers, by her sympathy with

the sufferings of the poor, and by her active benevolence in relieving them as far as lay in her power.

When her brothers and sisters had all grown up, and no longer needed her assistance, she turned her attention more particularly to the forlorn condition of the very indigent; and this led her to think of trying to found an institution in which she might be able to relieve their necessities, both spiritual and temporal. Yet for a poor servant to effect such an object seemed almost impossible, so many and so great were the difficulties in her path. But none, however formidable, daunted her; and we are told that, after twenty years' patient perseverance, she succeeded in the great wish of her life, and, in the year 1826, established a religious order, of which she was the first superior, called *La Société de l'Enfant-Jésus* [Society of the Child-Jesus]. A convent was built for the sisters of this order, and in a few years it became a very flourishing establishment. The nuns, in accordance with the wish of their foundress, were employed in works of charity. Some took the management of a school attached to the convent, where one hundred and twenty orphan girls were entirely supported, until they were of an age to earn their own livelihood. Others superintended schools for the poor, established by Sister Nathalie, in which they not only taught reading and writing, but they also instructed their pupils in industrial occupations suitable to their sex. Others again tended the sick and infirm, or took care of the insane, or of the children in hospitals and asylums of different kinds. In Catholic countries it is customary for such institutions to be served by nuns of different religious orders.

The institution which Sister Nathalie was the means of founding is still, we believe, in a flourishing condition,

and continues to extend its charitable labours. Its meritorious foundress died in 1858, having attained her 80th year.*

Mrs. Jameson, in her "Communion of Labour," records a visit she paid, in Turin, the capital of Piedmont, to an institution established about a hundred years ago by a woman who had been a servant girl. The members are called *Rosines*, from the name of their foundress, Rosa Governo.

"Here I found, wonderful to tell, nearly 400 women of all ages, from fifteen and upwards, living together in a very extensive, clean, airy building, or rather assemblage of buildings, for they had added one house to another, maintaining themselves by their united labour, and carrying on a variety of occupations, as tailoring, embroidery (especially the embroidery of military accoutrements for the army), weaving, spinning, shirt-making, lace-making—everything, in short, in which female ingenuity could be employed. They have a large, well-kept garden; a school for the poor children of the neighbourhood; an infirmary, including a ward for those whose age had exempted them from work; a capital dispensary, with a small medical library. Here I found one of the women preparing some medicines, and another studying intently a French medical work.

"This female community is much respected in Turin, and has flourished for more than a century. It is entirely self-supported, and the yearly revenue averages between 70,000 and 80,000 francs [between £2,800 and £3,200 sterling]. The women are ruled by a superior, elected from among themselves, and in their work-rooms were divided into classes or groups, each under the direction of a monitress to keep order. The rules of admission and entrance and the interior regulations are strict. Any inmate may leave at once, whenever she pleases, but, as I understood, cannot be re-admitted. The costume, which is that worn by the lower classes in 1740,

* 'Annales de la Charité' for January, 1859, a French periodical, which gives an account of charitable societies, &c., in France.

when the community was founded, is unbecoming, but not very peculiar. All looked clean and cheerful."—"*The Communion of Labour*," pp. 104—106.

The Baron de Monthyon, a French nobleman, born in 1733, the heir to a large property which he employed in benevolent purposes, especially in the encouragement of literature, founded, in 1780, a reward of merit—a certain sum of money to be given to men or women who shall, for a long period, have persevered in a course of virtuous action. During the old French revolution, these rewards were abolished; but were re-founded by Monsieur Monthyon in 1816, when he returned to France after the restoration of Louis XVIII., he having followed the Bourbons into exile. He desired that his prizes should be distributed yearly by the Academy of France and the Academy of Sciences—the first a society established, more than 200 years ago, for the encouragement of French literature; the second for that of science. They are both parts of the Institute of France—a great association, or assemblage of different societies, for the encouragement of arts, science, and literature. The prizes are of different values. We believe £800 a-year is thus distributed, and they are called after the name of their founder. In 1859 one of these premiums was awarded to a poor woman, named Françoise Caysac, born at Lagniole, in the South of France. Her first occupation was that of tending sheep; she afterwards went into domestic service. While thus employed, she became deeply impressed with a desire to confer the benefits of education on poor girls like herself; and, by dint of patient industry, with scarcely any assistance, qualified herself for opening a school for little girls, where, during forty

years, she has instructed them, for the most part gratuitously, in the knowledge which she has herself so laboriously acquired.*

We close our list with a brief notice of Louisa Schepler, the faithful servant and friend of Oberlin, the good and famous pastor of the Ban de la Roche, a parish among the Vosges mountains, not far from Strasbourg and the Rhine. Roche means *stony*, and the place when Oberlin first arrived, about a hundred years ago, was a barren and stony district; its inhabitants were in a wretched condition. There was not even a road to Strasbourg. The good pastor lost no time in improving the state of his village. But at first he had much difficulty in persuading the inhabitants to do anything towards ameliorating their condition; and it was only by taking shovel in hand, and setting to work himself, that he could induce his parishioners to begin a road to the city, which Oberlin justly considered was the first step towards the improvement of the village. His efforts succeeded so well, that the stony district became in time a scene of beauty and prosperity. The inhabitants of the Ban de la Roche, who at first treated their pastor with indifference, came to regard him and all belonging to him with such reverence and affection, that, when his son returned home in a state of great suffering from severe illness, a band of his father's parishioners walked before the cart which conveyed the sick man along the uneven road leading to the village, in order to pick up every stone which could have given the least jolt to the invalid. Oberlin's wife, who had been his helpmate in all his schemes for benefiting his people, died rather suddenly,

* 'Annales de la Charité,' November, 1859.

leaving him with seven young children. Mrs. Oberlin had, some years before, taken Louisa Schepler into her house as a servant, and, on her mistress's death, she being about twenty-three years of age, became a second mother to the bereaved little ones.

In a letter written by Oberlin to his children, in the year 1811, he, thinking, though erroneously, that his death was at hand, thus speaks of Louisa :—

“My very dear Children,—In leaving you, I commend to your care the faithful nurse who has brought you up—the indefatigable Louisa. The services which she has performed for our family are innumerable. Your dear mamma took her under her care before she was fifteen, but even at that early age she made herself useful by her talents, her activity, and her industry. On the death of your beloved mother she became at once your faithful nurse and careful instructress. Her zeal for doing good extended beyond our own family. Like a devoted servant of the Lord, she visited all the surrounding villages, where I sent her to assemble the children together, instruct them in God's holy will, teach them to sing hymns, direct their attention to the wonderful works of nature, pray with them, and communicate to them all the knowledge she had derived from me and from your mamma. Bad roads and inclement weather were no obstacles to her; neither sleet, rain, wind, hail, or snow, detained her from her purpose; and when she returned in the evening, though exhausted, wet, and weary, she would set herself to attend to my children, and to our household affairs. In this manner she devoted not only her time, but her health and strength to my service, and to the service of God. For many years, indeed, her lungs have been injured, and her constitution seriously affected by over-fatigue, and by sudden transitions from heat to cold; having often, when warm with walking sunk into the snow to such a depth, as to be scarcely able to get out. Perhaps you will think she had a sufficient recompence in the handsome salary I paid her. No, my dear children, no! Since the death of your dear mother I have never been able to prevail upon her to accept the least reward for her services; she employed her own little property in doing good, and in the purchase

of her scanty wardrobe; and it was always as a favour from me that she received some slight articles of dress, &c. Judge, dear children, of the debt you have contracted from her services to me, and how far you will ever be from repaying it.

“In times of sickness and affliction how kindly she watched over you and me! Once more, I commend her to you. Be to her in your turn what she has been to you, as far as your means permit.

“Adieu, my very dear children, your Papa,

“J. F. OBERLIN.”

“So desirous were Oberlin’s children to fulfil his wishes, that they offered to share with Louisa the little property he had left. This, however, she refused, requesting only to continue to remain an inmate in the family, and to be allowed to assume the name of Oberlin.”

In 1829, Louisa, quite unexpectedly, received a Monthyon prize of 5000 francs [£200]. She was much gratified by the honour, and delighted with the power it gave her of assisting the necessitous in her neighbourhood. She helped one poor widow, who had lost her crop of potatoes, and consequently could neither pay her rent, or put up a new chimney, which the authorities required her to have built. Another aged widow, who was ill, with only a wretched bed, and no fire, received a share of Louisa’s well-merited reward. She persevered in active benevolence as long as her strength permitted; the schools, which for fifty-eight years she had superintended, occupied her time and thoughts almost to the last. She died in July, 1837, respected and beloved by all who knew her, and tenderly cherished by the children of her revered master.*

* ‘Lives of Good Servants,’ by the Author of ‘Mary Powell.’

CHRISTOPHER THOMSON.

CHRISTOPHER THOMSON was born at Hull, on Christmas-day, 1799. His father was a sailor. He received his education at the Free School of Sculcoates, a village near Hull, in which the clergyman of the parish took great interest, and often tested the progress of the boys by examining them, himself. He particularly turned his attention to their knowledge of spelling; and Thomson, in his very interesting book,* draws a lively picture of one of these examinations.

“The first class were all ordered to stand up, and the clergyman put the question: ‘Can any boy in the class spell *transubstantiation*?’ An awful pause followed the question, each boy looking askant [askance] at his fellow, then on the ground, anon casting a shy look at the clergyman; the silence continued, and returned the significant answer, ‘No!’ The second class was next called up—the same question put—and there, too, all were silent. The master rose up, his face crimson with rage; pointing directly to me, he exclaimed, ‘Cannot you, sir, spell that word?’ And the answer was ‘Yes, sir.’ The reverend gentleman then said, ‘If you can spell the word the first time, without blundering or turning back, I will reward you with this golden watch-key,’ holding up the key that was suspended to his watch. I began, ‘Transub-stan-ti-a-tion,’ and, with a ‘Good boy,’ I received the promised reward, and was sent up to the first class. The watch-key was always looked upon by me with pride, and

* ‘Autobiography of an Artisan,’ by Christopher Thomson. Published by Chapman, 121, Newgate-street, London, 1847.

during thirteen years frequently exhibited as a trophy ; it was lost during a voyage to Greenland."

In 1810 Thomson's father resolved to give up his seafaring life and open a public-house. During his year of residence at the "Ship," Christopher was witness to many scenes of drunkenness and uproar among the sailors who resorted to it ; but fortunately, perhaps, for the moral character of his son, the elder Thomson was obliged to give up the business after a series of losses, and seek other occupation for himself, while Christopher was taken as errand-boy by a friendly linendraper. This situation, however, he retained only for a short time, as his manners were considered to be too uncouth to give him any prospect of success in the shop, and he therefore was discharged. Thomson was now without employment. One day he amused himself by observing some men at work in a brick-yard. "As I watched the process, I thought the art of brickmaking so simple, that I was already master of it. Venturing this opinion to the brickmaker, adding that I wanted a place, and was sure I could soon do it, he jocosely said, 'I was a sharp lad, and should have a try.' The trial, however, proved me a 'poor tassel' ; and amidst the jeers and laughter of the men and boys gathered round, I had to desist, and brook the mortification of being told I was good for nothing. I still lingered about the ground, until about eight o'clock in the evening, when the men were preparing for home ; then the person before accosted told me to go home. I again asked him if he could not give me a place, to help the other boys to carry away the bricks ? He answered, he was pleased with my perseverance, and I must come on the morrow to try my hand, and if I promised well, he would employ me."

Thomson was much pleased at this proposal, and was hastening home with the good news, when he met his father, who, irritated by his son's dismissal from the linendraper's, and angry at finding him away from home so late in the evening, lost all command of his temper, and cruelly beat him with a clothes' line ; however, when he heard that Thomson had obtained an offer of work, his anger was appeased. The boy went to bed full of hope ; and "scarcely had the grey of the morning welcomed the June day, before I was up and anxious to be off. Whether my first essay was anything better than that of other boys, I do not remember ; it was sufficient for me to be accepted. After my first whole week's work I marched into the house, and tendered to my mother half-a-crown, the amount of my wages, adding, 'There, mother, we shall soon have another public-house if I keep at work in the brick-yard.' "

From the brick-yard he went to higher employment at a pottery. But a further advancement was in store for him. In 1813 he was bound to Messrs. Barnes, Dykes, and King, ship builders, under the Cogan's Charity of Hull, which furnishes money for placing out poor boys as apprentices to various trades. The firm, in this instance, would not receive the premium for themselves, but generously presented the money to the apprentice. By this Charity an evening school was provided for the boys, which Christopher gladly attended. The school-master—who had embraced the opinions of the Methodists—gained so great an influence over the mind of Christopher as to induce him to join the same congregation. He evinced so much fervour in his religious observances, that an offer was made to him of accompanying some missionaries to the East. He would gladly have

accepted it, but he was not yet out of his time, and, consequently, was obliged to relinquish the plan.

A circumstance occurred shortly afterwards which effectually broke off all intercourse with the Methodists. The elder Thomson subscribed to a circulating library for his son. The latter took out, one Saturday evening, a novel, whose title promised him great interest, It happened to be "Splendid Misery." He was so entranced with the book, that he remained at home to read it instead of going to chapel, at which the class-leaders were greatly displeased, and told him that, if he did not renounce those books at once and for ever, he must quit the Connexion. He chose the latter alternative, and continued his visits to the library; thus making acquaintance with the works of Milton, Shakespeare, Sterne, Johnson, and several other authors, besides reading many volumes of prose fiction.

When about seventeen, Thomson paid his first visit to the theatre, and saw "King John" performed. He was so deeply interested, that he took no note of time; he forgot the actors in their characters, and awoke, at the end, as from a dream. To act himself was now his sole desire; and, collecting a few companions, he performed, with their assistance, the first act of the tragedy of "Mahomet," in robes borrowed by a secondary player from the theatrical wardrobe. They were just in the full fire of their performance, when the manager entered to claim his property, threatening, moreover, to carry off all the actors to prison for their presumption in possessing themselves of his dresses without his knowledge. At their earnest entreaty, he relented so far as to relinquish his threat of imprisonment; but he despoiled them of their robes, and they were obliged to finish the

tragedy in white trousers and whitey-brown shirt-sleeves, as the best substitute for a Turkish costume that could be found at hand.

Thomson had never liked the trade to which his father had bound him, and therefore, when his term of apprenticeship had expired, he quitted the yard with little or no regret, except at parting with his kind masters. Being thus "out of his time," he was engaged as carpenter's mate in a whaling vessel, and made a voyage to the Greenland seas. This was the only voyage Thomson ever took; for though he had intended to engage himself again in a ship's company, circumstances occurred which prevented him from doing so.

In the beginning of 1821 Thomson was married to Miss Leaf, the daughter of a veneer sawyer, under whom he took employment. Unfortunately for his prospects, machinery was just then beginning to supplant manual labour, and, consequently, the distress of the veneer sawyers was very great; and their indignation was raised against those who, they blindly thought, were reducing hundreds of men, with their families, to starvation, in order to forward their own selfish ends. This feeling was not shared by Thomson, whose mind was discerning enough to foresee the benefits arising to mankind by the adoption of machinery, and whose generous heart could cheerfully bear his own private distress, necessary, as he felt it, for the public good. "Is the fact," he asks, "of hundreds being thrown out of employment by the introduction of machinery a sufficient argument against its use? I would answer, No! I believe that great, important, as are its results already, that it is yet in its infancy, and that the most comprehensive mind can but dimly shadow forth its benevolent mission. . . . Is ma-

chinery, then, to go on reducing labour, and our population to starve? No! Then how long is the present system of the labourers working, and the machinery reducing their rewards, to continue? Just so long as the artisans will allow it, but no longer! They are the machine makers—they are its workers; they may be its owners, and be themselves benefited by its vast productive powers; and this they will be, as soon as they are determined to be MEN. Sheridan has said, that 'All are not men who bear the human form;' and, until those 'who bear the human form' will make themselves *men* by education and thought, they will remain poverty-stricken serfs, instead of comfortable mechanics and independent citizens. The thinking man knows that, although he may lack a bread loaf, he shall not procure one by burning a farmer's corn-stack. . . . Until education shall teach a majority of the toiling artisans of England to become calm, sober, thinking, and self-dependent men, uniting themselves into a deliberative league for the emancipation of labour, they will continue to be at the mercy of the mammon lovers, who thrive by their ignorance and division. All the clap-trap cries of 'charters,' votes, or sects yet raised, will be useless—will be rent in twain by the machinations of political partisans and well-paid demagogues, unless the workmen themselves concrete their dependence with universal brotherhood—make their elevation a deep spirituality, instead of merely canting about wrongs which they never raise a serious voice to remove. When the religion of doing 'unto other men as we would that other men should do unto us,' is understood—is felt, instead of being merely talked about on Sundays—then will the capital, which has been too long a task-master, become an universal help-mate.

. . . . Then will capital take its share in the school-room, throwing the soul-creating wings of education over the artisan's children, nurturing and preparing them for the discharge of the important duties of a Christian, world-adorned, and a citizen. Then, instead of hastening the squalid, half-reared child to the black night-day of a coal-pit, or the body-warping toil of the factory, or to the mind-stultifying of the farmstead, because the degraded parents cannot spare out of their ill-requited labour a sum sufficient for its food and schooling, until it shall be matured in mind and muscle—then, instead of these blighting miseries, the mission of machinery will be understood; they will, in their declining years, joy over the manliness of their offspring, instead of looking down as thousands now look down upon their half-humanised children seeking bread by crime, or, by what is equally dreaded, the insulting mockery of a work-house.”

From a manuscript continuation of his memoirs, with which Mr. Thomson has favoured us for this work, we learn that he has abandoned, or greatly modified, his jealousy of capital; and we have obtained his concurrence in the following remarks on that part of the foregoing passage which has a tendency towards Socialistic opinions. Capital, although its application to any particular purpose may produce partial suffering, is, in the end, favourable to all parties—to the capitalist, to the working man, and to the customer. Take the example of railways: coach proprietors, inn-keepers, and the many persons dependent on them for wages, were sufferers by the overwhelming competition of railways, and many who had lived in comfort were brought to ruin. But, on the other hand, the number of industrious operatives

to whom railways give remunerative employment, is far greater than those whose bread was interfered with. Moreover, the working men thus benefited are not confined to such as are directly engaged by railway companies, but comprise all artisans throughout the country. The augmentation in the quantity of goods carried by railways, as compared with those formerly transported by canals, wagons, and coaches, is so enormous, as to show that production throughout the country has greatly increased, from dearness of carriage having given way to that extraordinary cheapness which belongs to railway conveyance. And what is true of artisans is also, though, perhaps, in a less degree, true of agricultural labourers. In the reign of Edward I.—nearly six hundred years ago—the price of wheat was four times greater in Herefordshire than in London; now, the difference between the price in one part of the island and another is practically none at all. In those days there was no motive to employ labourers to cultivate the land beyond the wants of the immediate neighbourhood, since it would not pay to carry produce to a distant market. Thus the poor labourer in Herefordshire would have scanty employment, while his fellow-toiler in London paid a high price for his food. Every improvement in the making of roads by an outlay of capital, and every canal that was cut in later times, diminished the cost of production, and enlarged the circle of profitable transport. But, until the age of steam-boats and railways, much, very much, remained to be done. Perhaps the best illustration of their power may be found in considering the article fish. When salmon were brought from Scotland by sailing-vessels, one cargo in three was totally spoiled from the voyage being protracted by adverse winds. This circum-

stance compelled the fishmonger to charge as much for two fish as he now does for three; and, consumption being checked by high prices, in many of the salmon rivers in Scotland no fisheries were established, so that vast quantities of delicious food were lost. But the illustration gains in force, if we add another improvement to those produced by the application of steam to transport. We speak of the telegraph. Many parts of the coast of our island are now and then visited by immense shoals of fish of various kinds. At Rye, for instance, on the southern coast, not more than fifty-five miles from London, the mackerel is caught on occasion in such multitudes that no means of transport existing before the opening of the railway were sufficient to carry them off, but they remained on the shore poisoning the air with their stench until carted away for manure; and even now, without the aid of the telegraph to give notice to the great fishmongers in London to prepare for the distribution of large cargoes throughout the metropolis, and by communication with their correspondents in the country to divide the surplus among the great provincial towns, the difficulty could not be overcome; for, without the double assistance of rail and telegraph, it would be impossible to dispose of the glut before the mackerel could be delivered at the door of the consumer in a state of freshness.

The boon to our inland population of a supply of fish from the sea—a wholesome luxury almost unknown to their ancestors—need not be dwelt upon.

The experiment of the “Rochdale Pioneers,” which has been in operation from the year 1844, fosters the hope that the time may not be far distant when the *élite* of our operatives, male and female, may establish and conduct factories and manufactories for themselves,

furnishing the capital from their savings, and thus dividing among them the profits of capital and of management, in addition to the wages of labour. But this will ever be an arduous undertaking, and ages may elapse before it can become general. The working classes, estimable as they are, are deficient in the attainments which are essential to harmonious co-operation. They are suspicious of each other, jealous of priority, however well deserved, impatient of losses, and too often unobservant of the rules of forbearance and courtesy. Yet, as the number of partners must necessarily be large, the difficulties of harmonious action in a co-operative establishment will be far greater than in one conducted on ordinary principles, where the number of partners is very limited. All honour, then, to those working men and women who have overcome these various difficulties, and who offer so bright an example to the classes from which they spring!

But, even as matters now are, it is by no means true that the introduction of machinery has any tendency towards a permanent diminution of wages. This great fact has at length become too manifest to be denied even by the leaders of strikes, who now say—not that they are not benefited by machinery—but that they have not a fair share of that benefit. This view, though nearer to the truth, will, in its turn, become a dissolving view, and it will be found that the only feasible plan for procuring a larger share is to follow the example set at Rochdale; but then the aspirants to Rochdale earnings must clothe themselves with Rochdale qualifications. We would refer our readers to an article by Mr. Percy Greg, in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1860, entitled "The Rochdale Pioneers." Its truth and accuracy we have verified by our own investigations made on the spot.

Leaving his employment as a veneer-sawyer, Thomson again became an actor ; yet being wounded in the thigh while rehearsing a duel, he would have gone back to his trade, but that he found his injury had incapacitated him for that occupation. He therefore joined a company of strolling players.

Their first representation was to have been in a large room in York, but they were prevented through the jealousy of the managers of the Theatre Royal in that city, who informed the strollers that they must not act "legitimate" drama anywhere off their boards, and would not allow them to perform in the theatre itself.

Many were the hardships and trials which Thomson and his wife underwent during their ten years of strolling life. He was sometimes the manager of the company, and sometimes one of the actors. Often they had to trudge wearily from one town to another, carrying their children on their backs, and arriving at the resting place only just in time to perform their parts in that evening's play before a small audience, and, consequently, earning but a miserable pittance. Sometimes there would be an absolute standstill when they could not get a "house," *i. e.*, an audience ; and then Thomson was obliged to turn his hand to "painting transparent window-blinds, making painted glass boxes, chimney ornaments, and such like nick-nackeries," to keep starvation from his door. There was no great sale for these articles in the small villages through which they travelled.

At one time Thomson tried a school in the village of Tickhills, Yorkshire. His numbers dwindled to nothing on account of the prejudice his profession excited, and the various absurd charges which were brought against him, and which we shall give in his own words. These were :

“ That I refused to *beat* the boys because they could not ‘ say their spelling,’ and that, with such mildness, the boys would be saucy, and overbearing ; that those who did read under me, read their books more like reading a play, than the Bible ; that by teaching them to read ‘ poetry and stuff,’ the boys would, at some future time, all run away from their masters or parents, and turn players.’ His school having failed, he resumed his strolling life, and gained a little more money than usual at Shardlow.

This prosperity did not, however, last ; and while at Kimberley the actors mostly fed on bread, and some butter-milk kindly given to them by their landlady. Once, during their stay, they were able to purchase meat, and Thomson, accompanied by Mr. Younge, one of the players, went to the butcher’s to buy a quarter of a pound of mutton. The butcher cut off the required quantity, with taunts on its smallness ; and when they were gone a few yards from the shop called them back to have a laugh at their expense with some stocking-weavers, who were standing about. “ I say,” said he, “ are both you lean fellows going to dine off that *lot* ? ” “ Yes, Mr. Butcher,” Thomson coolly replied, “ two lean fellows are going to dine off that lot, and four other persons besides ; ” and walked away, hearing the jeers of his auditors behind him.

The sneers of the stockingers—an ill-requited body of working men—show that even the poor are not always kind to their fellow-sufferers from poverty, although their general charity and friendliness towards their equals cannot be doubted by those who are conversant with their habits and manners. Harsh reflections on the poor by the rich, or on the rich by the poor, are as deficient in justice as in a spirit of candour and toleration.

By the kind present of a person named Oscroft of some stencilling patterns, Thomson was enabled to gain a little money, which was spent in providing a plentiful meal. The following extract is a most valuable testimony both to his cheerful and hopeful disposition, and his indomitable honesty. Few would have passed through extremities of hunger such as he describes, and exposed to such powerful temptations, without yielding :—

“ To estimate the amount of joy that results from being able to pay your liabilities, and partake of one meal—potatoes and salt, if you like—you must first be without a meal for several days together, and have to exist in a room where the incense from roasted beef and savory viands [Thomson speaks here from actual experience] steam up to your nostrils two or three times a-day ; to have your sitting room hung over with pictures [fine specimens of the thing itself] of salted bacon, with conscience whispering to you, if you cut a single rasher off those flitches you will be guilty of felony, and if you wish they were yours, you covet your landlord’s goods. When you have experienced so exciting a situation, and are suddenly ordered to eat of the good things before you, and to pay your debts out of the cash in your pocket, then you will taste of real bliss.

“ It has been my lot, through life, to always observe the sun, even through the storm-clouds. . . . I may have been too sanguine ; but if I have occasionally lost the substance while grasping at the shadow, it has taught me a not less useful lesson. Let the morbid ones tell us this is a life of misery, they will find it tough work to induce me to preach, much less to practice their creed. God’s world is fair and pleasant. Mammon may warp it, and hypocrisy try to veil its beauties ; let them—undaunted, I shall still hold on my way, despising alike their evil teaching ; and as I struggle onward through life, my battle cry shall be—‘ TRY AGAIN ! ’ ”

At Arnold, one night, Thomson and his companions had great difficulty in procuring a lodging. At last a place was found, but it was beyond their means to pay

for the whole troupe. Two brother actors, Younge and Manuel, gave up all the money they had, three half-pence each, to Thomson, because he had a family, and they were single men. Having reason to hope for a gratuitous bed at Blidworth, they walked back to that village, a distance of eight miles, over dreary heaths. "How would the nightly revellers in down—the despisers of the 'vagabond players'—act under similar circumstances? Would they go and do likewise? Who but the poor would make such a self-sacrifice—to turn out, under the dark-hooded night, with bleeding feet, penniless and supperless? Who but the poor, to serve the poor?" We think that the late revolt in India has proved that the rich are likewise ready to perform such sacrifices for their fellow-creatures.

About the year 1828, Thomson found himself able to begin business at Edwinstowe, in Nottinghamshire, as house-painter. This fact will operate as an encouragement to such of our readers as may have been so unfortunate as not to have acquired a sufficient skill in early life to follow some permanently gainful occupation. But it must not be forgotten that Mr. Thomson had cultivated both his mental and manual powers by a great variety of applications of them, and that he was far from being in the sad plight of one who has permitted his faculties to lie dormant. During his wanderings he had stencilled a good deal with the patterns which were so kindly given him. Early in life he had received some lessons in painting from a friendly artist, and latterly he had sometimes employed the hours of his enforced idleness by watching painters at their work, particularly when graining or performing any difficult part of their art. Thus he had already gained some experience in this trade. Though adopting his new occu-

pation, he did not finally relinquish his theatrical pursuits until four years afterwards, when he felt that he had acquired such an amount of skill as to entitle him to become a master painter. The course of study which he pursued was, as he says, "to diligently improve, by close application, the little knowledge I had already acquired; secondly, to study the best books on the subject which I could procure; and, lastly, in my imitations of woods, or marbles, to go directly home to Nature, whenever that was practicable. With such means I set to work, determined to make the best use of them.

"It was my privilege, soon after settling in this village, to make the acquaintance of two or three right-thinking men—the men who were anxiously looking for better days—my companions; and thus early we pledged ourselves mutually to endeavour to banish crime from the village, and if possible, restore it to virtue and freedom.* From that time we have worked diligently together, full of hope that somebody would be benefited by our labour of love. Squatting down here, penniless, without a table or three-legged stool to furnish a cottage with, it may easily be imagined that I had tough work of it. My great want was books; I was too poor to purchase expensive ones, and the 'cheap literature' was not then, as now, to be found in every out-o'-the-way nooking. However, Knight had unfurled his paper banners of free trade in letters. The *Penny Magazine* was published. I borrowed the first volume, and determined to make an effort to possess myself of the second. Accordingly, with January, 1833, I determined to discontinue the use of sugar in my tea, hoping that my family would not then feel the sacrifice necessary to buy the book."

* From its proximity to the old Sherwood Forest, poaching and petty theft were carried on to a considerable extent.

A branch of the Nottingham Society of Odd-Fellows had been established in Edwinstowe some time, when in 1833 Thomson was solicited to join it. On first learning of its existence he had felt great suspicion of what would be the effect of the society on the villagers, but as he heard more of its proceedings, the conviction was forced upon his mind that its members were seriously endeavouring to better their social condition. He joined the society, which has been of great use in gradually educating the minds of its associates to think on higher subjects, and take more extended views of men and things than they had hitherto done ; and sin and crime, which were to the full as rife in Edwinstowe as any other village, have been greatly lessened by its good influences.

In 1838, with the assistance of several friends, he established the Edwinstowe Artisans' Library, to which the subscription was one penny per week, with an entrance fee of one shilling. It was open to both sexes. The library was commenced with several periodicals and a few novels of Scott and Cooper.

At first affairs seemed to prosper. But the number of subscribers, which had been considerable, fell off. In order to remedy this defection, Thomson proposed that the villagers generally should be invited to a ball, which was to take place on the anniversary of the opening. Many persons were doubtful of the expediency of dancing, but nothing daunted by the objections raised, Thomson kept to his determination. On the appointed evening, after tea, the report of the society was read, and addresses delivered upon the importance of education and the necessity of keeping up the library. Then came the dancing, which the guests very much enjoyed, and all went off exceedingly well ; the financial appeal was responded to

with liberality, and after all expenses were paid there was a considerable surplus in aid of the library. Even the happy results of this evening did not entirely dispel the doubts which had been entertained concerning the dancing, nor until it had been repeated again and again, with entire absence of evil consequences, did they quite disappear. But by the majority of the villagers the annual ball was looked forward to with delight.

To the library were added several classes for instruction, which were well attended by both male and female pupils; and lectures were also given, attracting sometimes as many as two hundred auditors.

In November, 1841, was held the first gathering in honour of the "Sherwood Forest Worthies"—those worthies who, by the pen, pencil, or otherwise, had celebrated that beloved locality, in the heart of which Edwinstowe is situated. A dinner was given, at which Thomson took the chair, and many speeches were made advocating education; and instances adduced of persons who had raised themselves by their own exertions to a position commanding the respect and admiration of their fellow-men. This meeting excited much attention among the neighbouring counties, and was followed by a second in Sherwood Forest itself, which was also very successful.

It had been intended that these two festivals should only be the commencement of a long series of entertainments; but the directors—all of them working men—were unable to spare sufficient time for necessary arrangements, and they were discontinued. The Library and the Society of Odd-Fellows, however, still flourished.

Chiefly by Thomson's benevolent exertions, an "Association of Self-Help" was formed among the artisans in

1847. Its object is "to accomplish, by all legitimate and moral means, support in sickness, decent interment, competence in old age, support of the widows and orphans, and the comfort of its members by association, labour, leisure, and education." It was intended to benefit such as were unable conscientiously to subscribe to the ceremonies and observances of the Odd-Fellows.

Here we close Mr. Thomson's published Autobiography, and resort to the manuscript continuation to which reference has already been made.

"Sheffield, 1860.

"Although in the years 1847-8 I was in the possession of almost every comfort an artisan could reasonably hope to enjoy, I was not without occasional misgivings that it was too good to last. My family had now increased to seven—three boys and four girls, alive. They were all children of promise, possessing talents above the common average of children around them. This was great comfort to myself and wife; still, the future was not unclouded. My trade depended mainly upon the improvements then making in Rufford Abbey, Notts, by the Earl of Scarborough. Although I had other customers, they were insufficient in number, wealth, and taste, to find me remunerative employment as a decorative painter. The income-tax had been imposed, and rumour stated that the Earl had resolved to reduce his expenses, particularly those spent upon improving his abbey, in proportion to the demands made upon him for income-tax. Then, again, although the present job was likely to last some years, it must come to an end,—nay, it might be stopped suddenly, and so reduce, if not entirely cut off, that prop of my livelihood. These rather gloomy prospects were the subject of frequent conversations betwixt me and my

eldest son, Thomas, who was of weak constitution, frequently suffering from aggravated attacks of the painter's cholic. His suffering, and the growing conviction that our trade at Edwinstowe would not keep a large family, induced us to consider how, and in what way, our resources might be increased. My frequent intercourse with the people of Nottingham and Sheffield had created in me a desire to enjoy more fully the many advantages of social and educational pleasure which, it appeared to me, the dwellers in those large towns possessed over the villagers. Besides, there was room enough for embarking in some other business, or profession, which might eke out the now failing one at Edwinstowe.

“Having a taste for literary pursuits, I concluded upon trying a small stationery and newspaper business, as one which I, my sons, or daughters, might each attend to in turn — relieving each other between town and country life—as circumstances might render desirable. In my enthusiasm for books and book-readers, I had entirely lost sight of the difference which arose from the enjoyment of perusing the inside of books and the drudgery of merely retailing them over a counter; or of running to deliver newspapers in all weathers, as compared with comfortably reading the leader over your coffee; or of all the angry contentions of rival traders and angry customers, who were each impatient for the last number to come to them by the first train. I only saw at that time the sunny side of the business, and at once resolved to bask in it.

“The choice of situation lay between Nottingham and Sheffield. The former place seemed at first to offer the greatest chance of success. My old friends, the Odd-Fellows, had their head-quarters there. I had often been

employed as their representative in the large towns of the kingdom, and I thought I might reasonably hope to have their 'sweet voices,' and continue their delegate. Vain hope! If ever the necessity arises for you to have to tell large bodies of ignorant men that they are working upon false principles, you must expect to make more enemies than friends. Their ignorance flatters them; they believe themselves to be the only Solons living, and they need not officious advice. I had just learned through the newspapers and other public sources—particularly the publication of a pamphlet on Friendly Societies by Mr. Neison, the actuary—the unstable position of most of the Odd-Fellows' societies, which I had been labouring for years to create and build up, and I became painfully alive to the responsibility I had drawn upon myself. I found the members of these societies were financially bankrupt; that being without the pale of the law, we were a prey to designing, selfish men; that the high-sounding promises of weekly support to the widows and orphans, which I was daily pouring out on behalf of the Nottingham Odd-Fellows, were the immature imaginings of sanguine day-dreamers, that, in reality, were as baseless as the dreams of Queen Mab. No sooner was I aware of our unsound and defenceless position, than I set about a remedy. I named those things to my fellows, but they pooh-poohed it off. I was told to wait, and all would come right in time. But my patience was soon exhausted; and as the high officers and grand dignitaries would not stir, I determined to break the ice, by putting a paragraph in the columns of the *Nottingham Review*. I was suspected by the Grand Masters to be the officious fellow, and, instead of calmly discussing the views contained in the paragraph, they rewarded its author with long tirades of

personal abuse in letters to the press, and in correspondence with the various lodges. I was accused of arrogance, of selfishness, of everything save a desire to better the condition of our societies and our fellow-men. So, instead of finding a haven at Nottingham, I had started a hornet's nest. For awhile the buzz was terrific; the stinging was never very severe, for it only made the ink flow more freely, and, by the aid of the Nottingham and Sheffield press, the insects were soon bereft of their stings, and, in a brief space, reform, both legal and financial, was the result.

"In February, 1849, I took a house in Orchard-street, Sheffield, and put out a sign-board, 'C. Thomson, Stationer and News Agent. A Circulating Library and Refreshment and Reading Rooms.' I was not troubled with much business in the book way; and the visitors to the news-room were few and far between,—in fact, I had made a bad choice of situation. The street was merely a thoroughfare; it was narrow, dark, and unhealthy, and was about as inviting a place to live in as a railway tunnel. I did not, however, despair; I was a good hopper. I had been but little used to town life since I was a boy. I had heard that Time was a great rectifier of new businesses, so I hoped that at some not far distant day he would call upon me and interpose in my behalf. Alas! he had too many new businesses to direct, I suppose, for he never called at 36, Orchard-street; although a long-liver, he had too much value for his health to trust himself in that gloomy lane.

"Soon after my establishment in Sheffield I became a member of the Mechanics' Institute there; and shortly after my association with them I was appointed manager of the Mechanics' Institution, with a salary of 15s. per

week, for it was necessary to have one of my daughters in attendance in the library very frequently, say an average of three nights per week. This was my own choice, to allow me time to be present in the class-room occasionally, and in the lecture-room. This situation I held until May, 1853. In 1853 I was induced to leave the Sheffield Mechanics', and undertake the management of a similar institution, called the Hallamshire Mechanics' Institution, where, during the first twelve months, I received one pound per week. Afterwards my connection with it was entirely gratuitous. This situation I held until the summer of 1855. At that time I met with a serious accident while painting the proscenium of a theatre; I fell from the ceiling, and seriously injured my left eye, so badly, indeed, that it was for some time doubtful whether I should recover its use. I was then, by my medical adviser, desired not to resume my educational labours, but to have as much mental rest as possible. I was likewise cautioned against painting or following any employment which required the aid of ladders or scaffolds, for, being subject to the overflow of blood to the head, such situations were fraught with danger to me.

“My acquaintance with the working men of Sheffield tended to strengthen my political bias. On principle, I had long been a radical reformer, holding the political faith of the Chartists without joining in membership with their societies; indeed, the physical force creed, held so prominently in 1848-9 by these politicians, was alone sufficient to deter me from any official companionship with them. Holding those extreme political views, and being already well known to the Odd-Fellows—a numerous body here—and mingling largely with the youth of

the town in their educational institutes, I was not a solitary. Acting in all political gatherings with the extreme radical section here, who at this period (1850-1) rejoiced in the distinguishing cognomen of 'dems' (*i. e.*, democrats), I was soon recognised as one to be put forward. Nature had done her share: she, kind mother, had furnished me, if not with eloquence, at least with sufficient declamatory power to play the stump orator; and for the 'dems' to have a leader who could talk a bit was no mean attainment. With a little ambition, and thorough earnestness and honesty of purpose, I was weak enough to allow the municipal voters of Ecclesall Ward—commonly called the Waterloo Ward, being the largest and most radical in Sheffield—in November, 1851, to send me as one of their representatives to the Town Council.

“Well, instead of being a frequent spouter in the Town Council, I became, comparatively, a silent member. I found there was a surplus of talkers in that august body already, indeed, I thought, more than enow; so I declined to swell their numbers, but contented myself with being constantly in my place, and voting as I thought the justice of the case required. To the 'dems' such conduct seemed very strange, and all sorts of surmises were used to arrive at the cause. By some I was getting too proud, others averred I had been bought up by the Mayor's dinner parties; but the more general opinion was that I was only a 'dem' in disguise. At the end of three years I made my bow, and retired; for, as I had assured myself that the gentleman whom I was especially to watch was as radical as myself, and as politically honest as man could be, I did not trouble the patriots of Waterloo, or any other ward, with a petition for re-election. If,

however, the town at large did not profit by 'my disinterested services,' the labour was not all lost upon myself. I had learned some painful lessons in the secret conclaves of the 'dems.' I found a fraction of them intelligent, and I believe honest. The great bulk were extremely ignorant, and guided, it may be, by an innate desire for freedom, but altogether too vain and too indolent to inform themselves of the several sides of a question; hence all their decisions were guided by passion and faction. A few, I found, and these always taking a very prominent part in their public movements, to be the most debased of men. These were the tricksey-men; their patriotism consisted in getting into the houses of voters, and filling up the voters' papers with the names of their pet candidate; of sitting up during the night to pull down or deface the placards of the opposing candidate; of causing to be written and printed scurrilous attacks upon the private character of the opposition candidate, or of his friends; indeed, of doing anything that would serve their purpose, no matter how vile the means. I could, I did respect the honest intentions of even the ignorant, but naturally independent class, albeit they often carried their independence to a tyrannical extreme. But with the more objectionable class it was impossible for me to hold communion. I was not Jesuit enough to understand how the end would justify the means. Such men have made me thoroughly indifferent about universal suffrage. My political principles have undergone no change, at least no retrograde change, but I am alarmed at placing great power in the hands of troops of ignorant men. It is the knowledge of the existence of this wide-spread ignorance that makes me labour so hard in the work of adult education, at an advanced period of life, when I might enjoy rest; and more particularly

now, that I have adopted a profession that demands constant study and close application.

“I still hold the abstract right of all good citizens to political power. I know great and good men dispute that ‘right.’ Still, for all practical purposes I cannot believe that in the present uneducated state of the masses, society would be benefited by universal suffrage. Nor do I sneer, as many do, at that which has lately been called a ‘fancy suffrage.’ I think intellectual fitness a more justifiable standard than real property or cottage rental; and I have a vague notion that some such standard will force itself upon the attention of the Government, be it Liberal or Tory.

“I was never a successful tradesman in the stationery department. I was far too liberal in giving credit, and my losses were frequent and often serious. Then I devoted a larger portion of my time to the public than, as it eventually seemed to me, I could financially afford to do. And every year I found that I was poorer than I was when I came to Sheffield. It may easily be imagined that these frequent losses and occasional inconveniences were sources of great trouble to me. Fortunately for my peace of mind and personal comfort, I have a most kind, indulgent, and industrious wife, and to her I owe my happiness.

“In 1854 I began gradually to take less interest in my trading concerns, and to turn my attention to landscape art. From youth upwards, I had always been fond of drawing, had been a scene-painter in middle life, had ever been an intense admirer of the beautiful in nature, had often dabbled with the pigments, but never made art a profession. My longings had been in that direction for several years, but other pursuits prevented me from devoting the time and study required for the profession of a

painter. I foresaw formidable difficulties strewed across my path. The meridian of my life was passed; good artists, already established, were struggling for fame, and were bowed down with disappointment. Public taste was at a low ebb, for except the few who enjoyed the privileges of education, competence, and leisure for the study of art esthetically, all were guided by the capricious law of mere like and dislike, without the training necessary to enable them to judge by a pictorial standard. In Sheffield, very few possessed a refined artistic taste; for the student there were neither public galleries nor ready access to good pictures in private collections. The working classes here were generally in the receipt of good wages, but few, very few, aspired to the enjoyment of anything beyond eating and drinking, 'dressing like gentlemen,' or taking a railway excursion;—all very good things as far as they go, but not of much benefit to a local artist. So, all things considered, the temptation to follow art had to be sought in other fields than those of selfish gratification. I paused at the blank prospect,—

'Letting I dare not wait upon I would.'

I halted, but could not long stand still. I thought I ought to seek a more lucrative profession. Yet art haunted me day and night—sleeping or waking the ever present question was, Can I become a painter? So day by day I drifted into painting. My 'appetite grew by what it fed upon,' until at last, I believe, I could have preferred suicide to the assurance that I could not succeed as an artist. My philosophy admits, I fear, of no defence; I attempt none; for weal or for woe, I resigned myself to growing desire; and now, artist or no artist, my whole thoughts are centred in painting. So in 1855 I assumed

the profession of landscape-painter. At that time, as it now appears to me, I had little to recommend me, but good relative size [an eye for proportion], and *light and dark* [the management of light and shade—*chiar-oscuro*, as painters call it]; colour I had none; I was generally cold, and seldom transparent. However, I did not despair. I had read that our great poets, painters, and musicians might be divided into two classes. One class that had died early, and produced their best works at an early period of life, as Raphael, Byron, &c. Others who began their profession late in life, who lived to an advanced age, and whose best works were produced at very advanced periods of life, as Titian, Michael Angelo, &c. Titian's great work of 'Peter the Martyr,' is said to have been completed when the painter was over eighty years of age. I argued with myself, 'I am but fifty-five, of robust constitution, of sober and temperate habits, and I may live to be eighty, and still possess a moderate mental and physical vigour; and so I must begin, and, if possible, make up by untiring assiduity and diligent study the leeway of past life.' 'I, too,' would 'be a painter,' and I could conjure up arguments sufficiently flattering to counterbalance my occasional misgivings. My industry will be best understood by quoting from a register I keep of my pictures, entering them in my book on the day they are considered finished. By finished, I here mean, when I think I can carry on the work no further. Nevertheless, I have often found myself at work upon them after their entry in my table. My register commences on the 4th day of November, 1856, with a picture, Win Hill, Derbyshire; size, $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the progressive number is 45. It ends with the 21st day of March, 1860, with a picture called the

Bracken Gatherer of Sherwood Forest (a forest view in Edwinstowe). The progressive number is 375 ; size 30 inches by 25 inches. So between these dates, a period of three years and four months, I have painted 330 pictures in oil, measuring in size from 6 inches to 5 feet in length, with the usual corresponding depth or breadth ; nine-tenths of these pictures being actual studies from nature.

“The largest sum I ever received for one picture was fifteen guineas. Thrice I have received that amount, for special views and large pictures. But my average price has fluctuated between one and five guineas, for landscapes varying in size from 12 inches by 8 inches, to 36 inches by 24 inches ; and my average sale has been of small cabinet pictures, about 16 inches by 12 inches, at two guineas. And often in my poverty I have been forced to accept any abatement my hard-handed customers have been pleased to offer. But were I to tell of all the humiliations, bitterness, feverish excitement, *tears*, laughter, happiness, and heartache of my brief artistic career in detail, it would require a diary as specific as that of circumstantial Pepys. I have hard enough work of it ; but with me the terrible alternative is to paint, or to jump to troubles that I know not of.

“In addition to these pictures named, I have taken, at least, one hundred sketches from nature within the same dates, viz., three years. Those sketches are in lead pencil, chalk, crayons, water colours, and a few in oil, carefully studied on the spot, and often the hard work of a day. For instance, I have walked from Sheffield to the neighbourhood of Ashopton, in Derbyshire, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, where I have arrived about noon ; I have remained until sunset, and afterwards walked back to Sheffield, often with only a crust of bread in my

knapsack, and my beverage taken from the delicious mountain spring. But, although I have often felt, on nearing home, a little fatigue, sometimes foot-sore, I have never tired in the literal sense. And often I have had the company of my ever kind and watchful wife. For the last two years my pocket, thanks to my friends, has enabled me to take longer journeys, by taking advantage of the frequent railway excursions to the Lakes and places of picturesque beauty. If I am to trust the opinion of persons competent to judge of art, although I have yet much to do to command rank amongst the men who have won a reputation as great painters in their several walks, I have, notwithstanding, made much progress. From my first dark, cold, hard, matter-of-fact productions, I have travelled on towards colour, breadth, and better poetic treatment. At present I am painting upon a very high key, perhaps erring on the side of light. My intense love of light may perhaps require to be reined in. I am told by those who profess to be truthful with me, that in almost every work I make a marked advance toward pictorial requirements. I am earnestly wishful to do well, and have no vain desire to deceive myself.

“I cannot conclude these rambling incidents in my battle of life without informing you that, with all the pinchings that a painter’s life has now and then subjected me to, I have also made friends worth knowing, and to whom I shall ever feel deeply grateful. Amongst a few I have found a fast friend in Mr. John Guest, of Rotherham—a principal in the manufacturing firm of Guest and Chrimes, of Rotherham. John Guest, Esq., may be properly called a self-made man, and, in his locality, a public benefactor—being foremost in every social and benevolent movement that takes place in that neighbour-

hood. He is an energetic member of the Rotherham Mechanics' Institution. He was the first to introduce building societies into that town. He is a leading member of the Total Abstinence Society, a man of refined manners, of good literary taste, and, in his earlier years, was a frequent contributor, both in poetry and prose, to the local literature of this part of the country. He is an energetic sanitary reformer. Mr. G. possesses an extensive library, and a large gallery of good modern pictures by many of the best modern masters, including Reynolds, Gainsborough, Collins, Uwins, and the best men of the transition period. Through the kindness of this gentleman I have had, and continue to have, ready access to study his pictures and books. For three years past, by his generosity, I have visited the Royal Academies and other metropolitan exhibitions. Mr. G. has assisted me in every beneficial way to make known and dispose of my pictures; and I believe that, without his aid and generous friendship, I must have failed in my object, and sunk, broken-hearted, into the grave. Mr. G.'s wife is happily a fit companion for a man of his taste and accomplishments; and many a cottage inmate in Rotherham and its vicinity may be heard to bless her name. She is a true sister of charity, benevolent and unostentatious. Without this couple Rotherham would be a wilderness.

"To Mr. J. C. Crawshaw, of Sheffield, I owe deep obligation. He is a first-class connoisseur, the best judge of a picture it has been my happiness to know. This gentleman was, in early life, an animal painter; he relinquished his profession for a public one, less precarious than the profession of art, and I believe, to him, more lucrative. He has always aided me with

kind advice and instruction, and remains my firm friend. To Mr. M. Beal—a prosperous tradesman and an untiring promoter of all social and political progress in Sheffield—I owe much for his benevolent aid and sympathy with my struggle. I have many other friends and well-wishers, I doubt not; but those gentlemen whom I personally name have been ever steady and valuable patrons.”

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, whose names, as the successful publishers of cheap and good books for the people, are known wherever the English language is read, were born at Peebles, in the south of Scotland, William in 1800, and Robert in 1802.

Their parents were in respectable circumstances and in the middle class—their father a man of much cultivation of mind, and their mother a lady-like and remarkably handsome person. The youths received a good education, Robert making considerable proficiency in the classics, and being intended for the Church. Their home, though otherwise of the simplest character, was one in which books of thought and of taste, philosophical instruments and discussions, occupied a prominent place. It was the only one in the town in which a copy of the “Encyclopædia Britannica” existed. The principal poets and novelists of the last century were familiar as household words. Through these means the boys acquired an amount of mental culture such as is even yet uncommon in their rank of life. But unmerited misfortunes came to blight this fair scene, and the two youths were thrown upon their own energies.

William was apprenticed to a bookseller in Edinburgh, whither the family had removed; and Robert, necessarily relinquishing all higher aspirations, entered, on a very small scale, into the same business on his own account, being then scarcely sixteen. His ruling idea at that time was to restore the family to the respectable position it had originally occupied.

William, after serving his time, entered into business;

and both he and his brother had to struggle through many difficulties in the early years of their progress. They have been eminently the architects of their own fortunes. They started with the intention of relying solely on themselves, and this intention they have made the principle of their lives. One of them has been heard to confess that he afterwards felt as if he had carried self-reliance in those days to an unamiable extreme, and yet he could say that at no time, not in the saddest or the gloomiest, was he ever without a sense of duty towards the many who were worse off than himself, with perhaps less power of overcoming their misfortunes. The independent spirit of the young men was the more creditable, because they had relations in affluent circumstances, who might have been expected to assist them, if asked to do so. It is believed that, in point of fact, they were never indebted to any one, related or otherwise, for the slightest aid. It may also be remarked, that, in their career, as publishers, they have never courted any coterie, party, sect, or individual—never sought to cultivate any interest but that of the public, to which, in the broadest sense, they always addressed themselves.

They conducted separate concerns until 1832, when, together, they established their celebrated "Journal." Prior to this date, however, they had both appeared before the world as authors, and the younger brother, for some years, had conducted a newspaper. Robert's "attention to the antiquities of Edinburgh had early gained him the notice of Sir Walter Scott (who, in his diary, terms him 'a clever young fellow, but who hurts himself by too much haste'), Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and other eminent natives."*

* 'English Cyclopædia, Biography.'

The Journal soon became very successful, and, in 1834, had reached a sale of 50,000 copies. The brothers now gave up their separate concerns, and established their present publishing and printing house, which has become one of the most celebrated in the world. The success of the Journal induced them to put forth other cheap and popular works. "Information for the People," "Popular Library," "Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," were among the number. Some of these had an extraordinary sale, that of "Information for the People" and the "Miscellany" averaging, the first 130,000, and the second from 150,000 to 200,000 copies. The popularity of these books shows that their publishers understood the wants they were endeavouring to supply.

During their earlier years as publishers, Messrs. Chambers were, to a great extent, their own authors and editors. In about twelve years Mr. Robert had written for the Journal alone nearly four hundred articles, or essays, humorous and conversational, pathetic, philosophical, &c., involving an immense amount of reading, and of observation of life and manners. He had also prepared many volumes for a valuable series of books which he and his brother have published under the name of an "Educational Course." Mr. William, besides producing many meritorious writings, had organised a printing and publishing establishment, in which nearly two hundred persons and ten printing machines were employed in preparing and issuing the brothers' productions alone. In the later part of their career they have been enabled to obtain much valuable assistance, but still have never slackened their own marvellous activity.

During these years, also, Messrs. Chambers have pub-

lished several books not connected with their Journal. Among those written by Mr. William Chambers is a volume of Travels in America, to which was added another on the Slavery Question. He has also written one on the "Improvement of the Dwellings of the Humbler and other Classes in Cities," "suggested, it is said, by his experiments during the last few years in improving the dwellings of his tenantry on an estate he purchased near Peebles, the cultivation and improvement of which has formed a pleasant occupation of his well-earned leisure."* Besides interesting himself in endeavours to improve the dwellings of the poor, Mr. William Chambers has presented a literary institution and a library to his native town.

Science has attracted the attention of Mr. Robert Chambers, and he has given to the world a work on geology, called "Ancient Sea Margins, as Illustrative of Changes of the Relative Level of Sea and Land." His taste, however, leads him chiefly to historical research, particularly with regard to the romantic portions of Scottish story. Several volumes of this kind from his pen, in particular one detailing the Rebellion of 1745, appeared in "Constable's Miscellany" upwards of thirty years ago; and he has lately published a very laborious work in two volumes, entitled "Domestic Annals of Scotland," which has met with great success.

The most remarkable circumstance in the career of the Messrs. Chambers as publishers is this, that they carried on their large business in entire independence of the common system of credit. They paid ready money for their materials, and never put their names as acceptors to a bill of exchange in their whole united career!—a fact,

* 'English Cyclopædia.'

perhaps, unique. No doubt, in order to lessen difficulties, they were obliged to practise the strictest economy, and only to increase their business by very gradual steps ; but being gradual, these steps were safe. There was no slipping back ; every point gained was a sure advance towards that commercial eminence which they have so justly earned.

By this course the Messrs. Chambers have set their fellows an example which they will do well to follow. If persons beginning business would determine to rely on themselves and keep out of debt, which, the proverb tells us, is keeping out of danger, we should not so frequently hear of failures, which cause not only the loss of comfort to the bankrupt and his family, but too often tempt him, when inconvenienced for money, to commit acts that his conscience tells him are, if not dishonest, at least dishonourable.

JOSEPH TUCKERMAN, D.D.

JOSEPH TUCKERMAN was born at Boston, U.S., January 18th, 1778. His father, a baker, must have had a large business, being able to employ 300 men. His mother early instilled into his mind the precepts of religion, and he often spoke of his enjoyment in standing, when a child, at her knee reading the New Testament to her while she sewed. He devoted himself to the Unitarian ministry from his youth, and, having duly prepared for his profession, received an invitation to succeed Dr. Payson as pastor of a congregation at Chelsea, then an obscure village in the vicinity of Boston.

His life at Chelsea was passed in the earnest and loving performance of every duty. He looked upon his flock as his family, and was to them all, their tender father, their kind benefactor, and their sympathising friend. He considered no toil too laborious, or no service uncalled for, which could in any way promote their moral or physical improvement.

His sermons were never at any time distinguished for commanding power or eloquence, but they always filled his hearers with the conviction of his sincerity, and of the unison of his precepts with his conduct; and engendered so much respect for the preacher, that words from his lips carried ten-fold more weight than from those of another, however gifted, who had not the same testimony of his life to bear them out. His addresses were often *extempore*, and these were generally preferred to his written compositions. His daughter says that she has frequently

given him a text when entering the church, upon which he would preach in his fullest and best manner.

In his services to the sick, his character appeared to great advantage. Finding that there was no medical man in Chelsea, he procured the most essential drugs, and distributed them free of charge to the poor who were in need of them ; and having obtained a little knowledge of medicine himself, he was often able to give valuable assistance to his people. "Frequently have I known him, when I have accompanied him on his visits to the sick," says one of the deacons of his church, "slip a piece of paper into the hands of those upon whom he called as he parted, which would afterwards be found to contain a substantial proof of his charity." Thus passed the twenty-five years of Dr. Tuckerman's life in Chelsea.

He resigned his pastorate there in 1826, and removed to Boston, where he immediately commenced his ministrations. These were not confined to one particular district, but were extended to any person needing them, wherever he might live.

Dr. Tuckerman was not absolutely the founder of the "Ministry at Large," or Domestic Mission, as he has sometimes been called ; but as he was the first to recognise its true aim and importance, and to arouse public attention to the necessity of such a mission, he may be regarded as its greatest benefactor.

The course which he pursued was, first thoroughly to study the character, habits, and disposition of the person whom he wished to reclaim, and his faults of education ; then, never despairing of his reform, however long the evil might have existed, Dr. Tuckerman sought to influence him in the manner most likely to call forth

his own powers of self-regeneration ; meeting him, not with a pharisaical superiority, but as man to man, always endeavouring to preserve and increase the self-respect which still clung to him. Wherever there was a child, he found it comparatively easy, he says, to commence his ministry, as parents were always favourably disposed towards those who took kindly notice of their little ones. Dr. Tuckerman did not confine his efforts to the poor alone ; he felt that the call for sympathy and assistance to their indigent neighbours would benefit the rich, and therefore endeavoured to unite all classes in a bond of common friendship. Happily these benevolent efforts met with marked success among the inhabitants of Boston.

He also entered heartily into the movement just then commenced for affording to children a religious service, that, especially adapted to their capacity, should interest them, and, at the same time, instil into their minds those precepts of Christianity which are essential to their welfare. In this work he was ably supported by other ministers, and some young men, his assistants.

His labours for the suppression of intemperance were incessant, convinced as he was that in that vice lay the chief cause of poverty and crime. He himself relinquished the use of intoxicating liquors. We cannot refrain from giving one example of his method of persuasion in his own words :—

“One morning, I entered a room that I might make some inquiry respecting a family. Everything in this room was in confusion. The floor, the furniture, the dress of the woman whom I saw there, were alike filthy ; and a man was lying upon the bed in the deep sleep of thorough intoxication. I had never before been in that room, but it was a matter of course that I should at once

learn what I could of this family; and I soon learned from the wife that her husband was a journeyman mechanic, and abundantly able to provide for his family, if he would but give up the use of strong drink. It was my practice on Sunday to visit certain families, in which the husband and father was seldom to be found at home on other days, except at meal-times. I, therefore, told this woman that I would see her again on Sunday, when I hoped to be able to speak to her husband. She expressed a wish that I would, and I left her. At nine o'clock on the following Sunday morning, I was there again. I knocked at the door, and entered. The man whom I had seen upon the bed on the preceding Friday now stood before me. I said to his wife, 'You have mentioned my intention to call here this morning?' 'No, sir,' she replied. Her husband was obviously much surprised at seeing me enter his room. I, therefore, immediately offered him my hand, which he accepted; and I said to him, 'I was here on Friday morning, and saw you upon the bed, and have taken the liberty to call upon you.' We were all soon seated. I did not say to this man, 'I saw you *drunk* upon your bed.' He well knew what was the condition in which I had seen him. At once, however, we entered upon the subject upon which I wished to communicate with him. I addressed him with the respect due to a man, and the interest due to a brother. He was touched, affected, and within half an hour threw open his whole heart to me. He assured me that he would not taste any intoxicating drink till he should see me on the next Sunday. At that time, I was with him again, and had the testimony of his wife that he had been faithful to his promise. I passed another half-hour with him. We were already friends. Again he engaged to go through the week without tasting anything which could produce intoxication. Again, and again, and again, he renewed his pledge to me, and was faithful to it. After six or eight weeks, I found him on Sunday morning in a new suit of clothes, the fruits of his own earnings; soon a new cooking-stove was provided; the dress of his wife also was clean and comfortable; and never shall I forget the bright and happy expression with which she one morning said to me, 'I have now been married twenty years, and in all those years I have not been so happy as I have been during the last three months.' Had I treated this man otherwise than with respect and sympathy, how would he have

received me, and how would he have treated my endeavours to reclaim him from intemperance?"*

Dr. Tuckerman felt that to improve the homes of the poor was to diminish intemperance; he knew that working men are often and often induced to seek the dram-shop by the wretched condition of their dwellings, and he earnestly endeavoured to impress this conviction upon their wives.

In 1833 Dr. Tuckerman was attacked by a severe illness, which prevented him for some time from continuing his ministry. He never again recovered sufficient strength to resume any active labour, which he felt to be a great privation; but he had the consolation to know that his successors in his office were able supporters of his views.

Prior to a visit to England, in the same year, Dr. Tuckerman had not paid much attention to the question of slavery, and he even "acknowledged to his English friends that he had felt an indefinable natural repugnance to associating with them [coloured persons], and that he could not but regard them as an inferior race." This feeling, however, had not at all prevented his performing his pastoral duty to a coloured family at Chelsea, to whom he had been very kind. But while in England, he conversed much on the subject, and was convinced, that, whatever inequality may exist between the two races, it would disappear when equal advantages of intellectual culture were offered to the negro with those now enjoyed by the white race. He so far conquered his repugnance, that, on his return to Boston, he opened a sewing school for coloured women, to which he gave much personal superintendence, and speaks of it as "a great pet" with him.

* 'Ministry at Large,' pp. 107—109.

He employed his leisure in the compilation of his book, "The Ministry at Large," in which he set down the results of his experience in the mission he instituted. These results are, as he says in a letter to a friend, "the great check given to mendicity, and the generally improved condition of the poor, which are felt and acknowledged here by those who take note of moral causes and effects." This work he was able to finish before his death, which occurred April 20th, 1840. He was buried in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, Boston, where a monument was raised to his memory, to which many of the poor contributed subscriptions. "It is a testimony of grateful remembrance from the churches, of devoted Christian philanthropy and high Christian worth; but his noblest monument is the Ministry, with which his name must ever be associated."

FATHER MATHEW.

IN the year 1810 the population of the United States amounted to 7,239,903 persons, while the quantity of spirits annually consumed was 33,365,559 gallons, a proportion of more than four and a half gallons to each man, woman, and child! Drunkenness, long rampant in the land, had reached a climax. A remedy was needed to save the nation from destruction, and Temperance Societies were devised to avert the impending ruin. For a time the evil was stayed; and the apparent success of the remedy in America led to its adoption, several years later, in this country. First in Ireland, then in Scotland, and eventually in England these societies sprang up.

But the obligation of "temperance" forbade the use of ardent spirits only, and did not prohibit beer and wine; and although this partial abstinence was productive of good, especially when the reform was first introduced, it was soon discovered, alike in America and the United Kingdom, to afford a very insufficient protection against drunkenness. The necessity for more stringent rules was acknowledged, and in 1832 an association was formed at Paisley, the members of which pledged themselves "to abstain from all liquors containing any quantity of alcohol," except when taken medicinally. Later in the same year, Mr. Joseph Livesey inaugurated a similar society at Preston. There the new doctrine found earnest supporters, among whom should be mentioned Mr. James Teare. Before the end of the year six hundred members had entered the society, and the moral and physical improvement apparent in the town, and attributable to its

influence, called forth special remark in the annual report of the chaplain of Preston gaol—the venerated John Clay. The movement had already obtained its distinctive title from Richard Turner, a reclaimed drunkard, who, intending doubtless to render the word more emphatic, urged *tee-total* abstinence upon his hearers. Under the energetic advocacy of Mr. Livesey, these principles were adopted by the friends of temperance in the metropolis, and were gradually recognised in all parts of the country. News of this further step in a reform which had originated in the United States reached America, and there, also, the total abstinence pledge came to be incorporated with the promise previously made by the members of Temperance Societies.*

In Ireland, meanwhile, the attention of social reformers had been directed to the course by which alone she could be rescued from her national vice—drunkenness. Intemperance had there reached such a head that Irishman and drunkard were regarded all the world over as synonymous terms. Temperance Societies, in their strength and in their weakness, both by their partial success in diminishing drunkenness, and their too frequent failure in reclaiming drunkards, had demonstrated that the pledge of abstinence from alcoholic liquors was indispensable; but that that abstinence must be total. William Martin, a member of the Society of Friends, at Cork, was one of the first persons in Ireland who practically recognised this necessity. His example was followed by others of his sect in that city; and gradually he made converts from different religious parties. These had formed themselves into a Total Abstinence Society, and in spite of indifference or derision, they laboured to spread their principles.

* Temperance Movement, 'Chambers' Miscellany,' vol. iii., 1845.

Their influence, however, was limited, and they made but little way, until they resolved to enlist under their banner him with whom thenceforth their cause was identified—**THEOBALD MATHEW**. They already knew him to be friendly to total abstinence principles; but to account for their confidence in success if *he* could be induced to raise their standard, we must recur to his previous history.

The pedigree of Theobald Mathew is traced to a distinguished Welsh family, from a member of which, who settled in Ireland in the reign of James I. of England, was descended Francis Mathew raised to the peerage as Earl of Llandaff. James Mathew, the nephew of the earl, married a Miss Whyte, and both dying early, they left Theobald—born at Thomastown near Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, on the 10th of October, 1790—and seven other children, all distinguished for personal beauty and energy of character. Theobald was placed by his grand aunt, Lady Elizabeth Mathew, who adopted him, under the tuition of a Roman Catholic clergyman, at Tallagh, County Waterford, and at thirteen years of age was sent to the lay academy of Kilkenny, where he was a special favourite with the able president, the Rev. Patrick Magrath. Having remained there for seven years, and desiring to enter the Church, he proceeded to Maynooth to pursue his theological studies. After some time, stimulated by the example of two old Capuchin Friars of Kilkenny to embrace their order, he repaired to that city, where he dwelt until his appointment to a mission in Cork. The Franciscans (founded by St. Francis d'Assisi) are one of four orders of mendicant or begging friars, and are also called Capuchins, from the capuchin, or hood, which originally formed a part of their dress.

On Easter Sunday, 1814, being then in his twenty-

fourth year, Mr. Mathew was ordained at Dublin by Dr. Murray, the late excellent Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland. After ministering at Kilkenny for a brief period, he was transferred to the Franciscan Friary at Cork. He eventually became Provincial Superior of this branch of his order, a rank which conferred upon him the title of Very Reverend. The friary, situated in Blackamoor-lane, a very poor and neglected neighbourhood, consisted of a few rooms, and a chapel built by the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, a distinguished Franciscan, eminent for the talents and learning with which he advocated civil and religious liberty, a blessing of which Irish Roman Catholics were in his day unrighteously deprived. When the young Capuchin arrived he knew no one at Cork, save his fellow-friar, Father Donovan, an elderly man. They occupied two garrets at the end of the friary, that allotted to Father Mathew serving him for kitchen, refectory, and dormitory. His companion had invitations enough to dine where he pleased in the neighbourhood, but the new comer, being a stranger, had to provide for himself, and for some time upon a very scanty allowance. The zeal and eloquence which his preaching revealed, however, were not long in attracting a large congregation, and the pecuniary resources of the two friars improved sufficiently to enable them to rent a house and live in comfort. Father Mathew proposed that they should do so, but the old friar preferred to remain in his garret; and a mutual affection and esteem having grown up between them, Father Mathew yielded to his wishes, and they continued to inhabit their respective attics until the death of Father Donovan five years afterwards.

The appearance and bearing of Father Mathew when he arrived at Cork has been thus described, and the

charming picture presented to us may be received as a faithful portrait of the philanthropist, making allowance for the alterations in the outward man which years, sickness, and overwhelming cares inevitably wrought :—

“In appearance, as well as reality, he was very youthful, and he was strikingly handsome. About the middle stature, active and well-formed in his body, with a comely and ingratiating presence, his countenance, in which natural courtesy and religious feeling strove for predominance, was the index of his disposition. He had a manly complexion, [blue] eyes, large, bright, and sweet in expression, a slightly-curved nose, and rounded cheeks, with black hair. In the words of Massinger—

‘The fair outside
Was but the cover of a fairer mind.’

To great suavity of manners, which was a prominent characteristic in his deportment, he joined dignity of carriage, and a composed serenity of mind. A steady self-control presided over all his acts and emotions. A cordial politeness and unvarying affability distinguished him. To the higher classes he was exceedingly respectful, and was always considered by them as one of their order; to the poor he was so gentle in his bearing, and so patient of their little requests and petitions, so earnest in pleading their cause, and what was better than kind words or noble speeches, so practically useful and humane, that they also (the more Christian compliment) regarded him as one of themselves. . . . To the ease of his address, his early intimacy with persons distinguished for manner may have contributed; but, after all, politeness, with Mr. Mathew, was a dictate of his heart, and attention to his solemn duties was never weakened by the discharge of the trivial homages which the artificiality of society exacts from all its members. If he never shocked the social prejudices of the higher classes, neither did he ever cringe to them, nor dally with their vices, nor preach in glozing style doctrines palatable to their ears. On the other hand, in his intercourse with the humble poor, he did not inflame their feelings of wrong to exasperation, or, by bitter speeches, add fuel to their animosities. Yet it would be difficult to say with which extreme of society he was most popular. . . . In a few years his friary became the fashionable

resort. . . . Mr. Mathew himself was always at the door to receive the visitors to his place of worship. But while his notice was eagerly sought by the rich and gay, no confessionnal was besieged by the poor with the same ardour as that where 'our own Father Mathew' sat to rebuke vice, to assuage grief, and console misery."*

"Anecdotes of his early days," writes a near connection of Father Mathew, "describe him as not having the tastes for amusement which characterise that period of life. What he delighted in was inquiring into the condition of the indigent poor in his neighbourhood, and looking forward with glee to the moment when he could gather such contributions as would enable him to astonish poor suffering humanity with unexpected relief: in this pursuit he spent all his leisure moments. As he grew up, he extended his attention to the assistance of persons under pecuniary embarrassment, and often succeeded in saving them from ruin. In this most difficult branch of charity, it is scarcely credible how much he was able to achieve. Cases are numerous in which respectable families were rescued from what seemed inevitable destruction. As his influence with all classes increased, his intervention and untiring energy were almost invariably successful. Harsh creditors were mollified, severe landlords brought to relent, and litigations stopped. One instance may be narrated, as the parties are all dead. Three elderly ladies were involved in a lawsuit concerning certain property, and against no less formidable a person than the great O'Connell himself, who claimed to be the rightful owner. They applied to Father Mathew, who waited upon Mr. O'Connell, and, having ascertained that the suit would be a most expensive one, assured him that his opponents would be provided with means to carry it on. Mr. O'Connell asked if he had any proposal to make. 'Yes,' said Father Mathew; 'the old ladies have not long to live; they will give you the property at once, and as they are your own cousins, you won't object to settling on them respectively £100 a-year each for life?' The three sisters had this £300 a-year, on which they lived happily for many years; and it was a standing joke against O'Connell, that he had been outwitted by a simple friar."

He was sought by hundreds, who had no other friend,

* 'Ireland and its Rulers since 1829,' by Owen Madden.

as trustee and executor of wills. Many a father has committed a bereft family to his care; many a widowed mother has died tranquil and resigned in the assurance that the good Father Mathew would be the guardian of her orphans.

With his money he was no less liberal than with his time and labour. It was *habitual* with him to give sums of fifty pounds, and even a hundred pounds, to struggling respectable traders, or to young folks about to start in business. Many families, now in easy, or, indeed, opulent circumstances, owe their rise to his timely and munificent yet scrupulously-secret generosity.

A pious and devout Roman Catholic, Father Mathew in the discharge of the duties of his profession was exemplary. He was in daily attendance at his friary, from six in the morning until noon; on Saturdays and Sundays nearly the whole day. When that humble building became too small for his labours, he converted large storehouses into school-rooms, where religious and secular instruction was imparted to thousands of the rising generation. His chapel affording insufficient accommodation to his increasing flock, he commenced the building of a noble church, the funds for which were chiefly supplied from his own resources. Great inconvenience was felt by the poor of the city from high burial fees. To remedy the evil, Father Mathew purchased a beautiful piece of ground near Cork, which he converted into a cemetery, devoting a large portion to the gratuitous use of the poor.

He founded the "Josephian Society," enrolling under that title a band of Protestant and Catholic ladies and gentlemen, who were thus associated for the purpose of visiting and relieving the poor in their own homes. This

society, which has latterly been superseded by that of St. Vincent de Paul and others, worked well for many years and obtained the warm approbation of the Poor Law Commissioners, who visited Ireland in 1834.

In the year 1832 the visitation of Asiatic cholera, which committed such ravages throughout Europe, raged with fearful violence at Cork. The active benevolence of Father Mathew shone forth conspicuous. Night and morning he was to be seen penetrating the miserable lanes of the most miserable parish in Cork—that in which his friary stood. In the most wretched abodes he sought for sufferers, whom he transferred to the shelter of the hospital, or, if that were not possible, administered to them, in their pestilence-stricken homes, physical relief and spiritual consolation. During this dreadful time his residence was constantly besieged by claimants on his bounty. None had ever to complain of leaving it unanswered or unaided; his only happiness was in giving. On one occasion his secretary said to him, “Sir, this is the last shilling we have.” The characteristic reply was, “Give it, and let us trust to God.”

Respected by the rich, adored by the poor, loving and beloved by every sect, for his universal benevolence had won him the esteem of all parties and creeds; belonging by birth and education to the upper classes, but, by long experience, thoroughly acquainted with the habits and needs of his humbler brethren; eminently gifted, intellectually and personally, with the qualities which win popular favour, but guarded by his singleness of purpose and entire devotion to the welfare of his fellow-beings from the temptation to abuse that popularity—such was the man to whom the little band of abstainers turned for aid in the mighty enterprise they contemplated.

Already had Father Mathew pondered the principles they supported, and he had recently arrived at the conviction that total abstinence alone could be relied upon to effect a permanent victory over the drunken habits of his countrymen. His tastes had always been convivial, so far as a strict regard to temperance permitted, but, having given the question of total abstinence careful consideration, he determined to take the pledge. It was about this time that the small society founded by William Martin resolved to send two of its members to Mr. Mathew, to solicit his adoption of its views.

One of the deputation was Mr. Olden, a Protestant. "You, Mr. Mathew," he said, "have the mission; do not reject it." His companion was James McKenna, a pensioner who had seen much service in the army, and an enthusiastic teetotaler. The following passage from a voluminous MS. collection of papers left by him describes what took place when Father Mathew joined the cause of teetotalism:—

"Father Mathew said he would consider the subject, and told the deputation to see him in a few days. The reverend gentleman, on the second visit, cheerfully acceded to the ardent wishes of the society, and requested a meeting of the friends and advocates of temperance, on the following Monday evening, in the small room adjacent to the little chapel in Blackamoor-lane. It was on the 10th of April, 1838, this committee meeting was held. The Very Rev. Mr. Mathew, addressing the members, said, 'Gentlemen, I hope you will give me such information as may be necessary for the formation of the New Total Abstinence Society,' and in the most emphatic manner said, if only one poor soul was rescued from intemperance and destruction it would be doing a noble act, and adding to the glory of God. On taking the pen into his hand he uttered these remarkable words, 'Here goes in the name of the Lord,' and then wrote down his name—the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew, C.C. [Catholic Clergyman], Cove-street, No. 1."

He was then elected president of the society, M'Kenna being appointed secretary. The first public meeting was held at the old school-room in Blackamoor-lane. On the following day large placards posted through the city announced the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew as president of the society. For one person who gave credit to this news respecting Father Mathew, hundreds laughed, sneered, and disbelieved. Interest in the movement, however, increased. "Three hundred and thirty members were enrolled at the second meeting. The old dilapidated school-room was soon found too small, as well as dangerous to the lives of the people, who were flocking in thousands from all parts of the city, some to satisfy and convince themselves, others to laugh and smile at what they called the Utopian scheme of sobriety."* Father Mathew obtained the use of a building known as the horse bazaar, capable of holding 4,000 persons, and well-suited, therefore, to the crowds who now came to receive the pledge. The news had spread through all the towns and villages of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, and hundreds of persons every day—even thousands on Sundays after divine service—were pledged, a dozen writers being occupied in registering their names. From the 10th of April to the 14th of June, 1838, 25,000 persons of all denominations took the pledge from the Rev. Mr. Mathew. By December of that year 156,000 were registered as having received the pledge from him at Cork.

The pledge involves no oath or vow. It is simply a promise which is binding upon the promiser only so long as he remains a member of the Total Abstinence Society, membership being, of course, purely voluntary. The words are as follows:—"I promise, with the Divine

* 'Dublin University Magazine,' 1849.

assistance, as long as I shall continue a member of the Teetotal Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks,* except for medicinal or sacramental purposes; and to prevent, as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others." Father Mathew's predecessors, in the cause of temperance, used to obtain the signature of those who took the pledge, but he soon perceived that so slow a process would not suit the crowds with whom he had to deal. In place of signing, he substituted repeating the pledge, after he had recited it, a method which enabled him to administer it to large numbers simultaneously. In his clear, melodious voice, which could be heard distinctly over a vast multitude, he slowly enunciated it, laying peculiar stress upon the word *drunkenness*, the syllables of which he pronounced separately, and with a tone of voice and expression of countenance indicative of his execration of the vice. Then, extending his hand, he added, "May God bless you, and grant you strength and grace to keep your promise," sometimes adding, "and make you good citizens, subjects, sons, and husbands." After a time the people sought a more personal intercourse with the good Father, and he used to shake hands with them and wish them success when the ceremony was over. But as the numbers increased from hundreds to thousands he was compelled to employ a speedier method of complying with their wishes, and adopted that of signing the cross upon their foreheads. The pledge-takers knelt to receive it, an arrangement made by Father Mathew, in the first instance, for convenience' sake, that they might be distinguished from those who were already members of the

* Subsequently, to prevent evasion or mistake, Father Mathew added the words, "cordials, cider, and fruit liquors."

society, and other spectators ; and afterwards preserved as conducing to order and serious attention. But sometimes, when the ground where the postulants had assembled was wet and dirty, he administered the pledge to them standing. Frequently the only building available was a chapel, and he then preferred administering it in the open air, unless the weather made shelter indispensable. "I wish to remark," he said at Kells, "that necessity alone compels me to occupy a building which might give the least tinge of sectarianism to our proceedings. My motives, however, are well known, and the presence of so many persons differing from me in religious opinions is a sufficient approval of them. I have for another reason a strong objection to administer the pledge in a house of religious worship, and it is this, that it always induces, or is the cause of some irreverences, and, to a certain extent, a desecration of the house of God."

Admission to the "Teetotal Temperance Society," which had been gained by taking the pledge, was ratified by the registration of the recipient's name, and by his reception of a medal. This, should he subsequently desire to leave the society, he could return, when his name would be erased from the lists. If able to do so, the new member paid a shilling for his medal, but to thousands who had not the means Father Mathew supplied them gratuitously, and sometimes also the expenses incurred in travelling to meet him ; so unfounded was the charge brought against the society of imposing a heavy cost upon membership.

It has been alleged, also, that it was a superstitious feeling towards Father Mathew, encouraged by him, attributing miraculous powers of healing to his touch, which attracted a large proportion of the multitudes who

flocked to receive the pledge from him rather than from others who were willing to administer it. That such a belief, on the part of his more ignorant admirers, existed, cannot be doubted. It is said to have originated in the fact that a certain printer, who became a total abstainer, recovered not only health and steadiness, but *a fine head of hair*, after receiving the pledge from Father Mathew ; and doubtless it was confirmed by the striking improvement in the physical as well as moral health which frequently followed the relinquishment of all liquors by those long accustomed to drink them in excess.

But that Father Mathew not only did not foster credence in his possession of supernatural powers, but steadily discouraged such credulity, we have abundant reason to believe. It would be uncandid not to state that many of Father Mathew's associates were of opinion that he did take advantage of the superstitious veneration with which he was, by some classes, regarded, to promote the reform he had at heart ; but there is not only the strong testimony to the contrary of others equally intimate with him, but his own emphatic declaration, addressed to thousands of hearers, that he was gifted with no miraculous power. His reverence for truth, moreover—which led him upon one occasion somewhat sharply to rebuke a zealous partisan who, in the exuberance of Irish oratory, had over-stated the results obtained by the promoters of temperance, and to remind him that no good cause could be served by exaggeration—is in itself a forcible argument against the supposition that Father Mathew encouraged this delusion. It is admitted that he did not refuse to receive applicants for his touch ; he was of too kindly a nature to do so, but he amply explained his inability to be of use to them, and this he did

at one of his most remarkable meetings, held at Dublin, in April, 1840, when the attention of the whole country was fixed upon him.

The event which gave to the advance of total abstinence principles the character of a national movement was his visit to Limerick in December, 1839. He had journeyed thither, at the invitation of the Roman Catholic Bishop, to preach a charity sermon in that city. He appears to have frequently received such invitations, a fact easily accounted for by the large contributions he obtained. On his arrival he was met by a congratulatory letter from the Mayor, testifying to the great benefits he had already wrought in promoting total abstinence.

It was not supposed by his friends in Limerick that he could have much to do there in administering the pledge, great numbers from that city having already enrolled themselves members of his society. To their joy the event proved that they had greatly miscalculated. No sooner was his coming made known in the surrounding counties than thousands rushed to meet him. The extraordinary scenes his visit presented have been thus graphically described :—

“ We are in the city of Limerick. It is the 2nd of December, 1839. As we entered the city we were astonished at the dense crowds extending for two miles along the road, and now we find the streets absolutely impassable from the masses which throng them. We are told that accommodation for the night cannot be obtained at any cost, that the public buildings have all been thrown open, and that with every effort more than 5,000 persons must lie in the street. We endeavour to obtain refreshment, and find that a penny loaf has risen in price to threepence, and that we cannot purchase a quart of milk for less than sixpence. At last, weary and footsore, we are compelled to be content to pay two shillings each for liberty to stand in a crowded cellar, so as to escape the inclemency of the December night. Our amazement

is redoubled when, in answer to our inquiries, we learn that this ingathering of all the tribes arises simply from the fact that Father Mathew is expected to visit Limerick on the morrow, for the purpose of administering the temperance pledge to the people. We remember the little room in Cork, and we stand abashed at the recognition of the fact, that the despised fanaticism has become a national regeneration. The grain of mustard-seed has grown into a mighty tree.

“It is the 7th December, and we cannot leave the city. The crowds pouring in prevent egress. We are carried with the pressure along one of the streets; and over the heads of the people we are able to distinguish on the steps of a house a simple priest, the cause of all this excitement. After four days’ incessant exertion his voice is gone, but he is administering the pledge to the enthusiastic multitude. What a sight! Twenty thousand persons simultaneously kneel, and with tears and sobs declare themselves resolved to abandon the tempting drink, and lead amended lives. We are lifted from our feet, and as we are helplessly borne along we see mounted soldiers, in attendance to preserve order, in like manner carried away. At last, having succeeded in extricating ourselves, we hear that the pressure has been so great as to break down the iron railings and precipitate the crowd into the Shannon, happily without serious results; and we further ascertain that, while we have been in Limerick, at least 150,000 persons have taken the pledge.”*

It was these days of toil and exposure for hour after hour to every variety of weather—(it was his custom not to wear his hat when administering the pledge, that he might encourage the poor people by being bareheaded like themselves)—that first injured the robust health of Father Mathew. Thackeray, who visited Ireland about this time, took him for much younger than his real age. He says:—

“On the day we arrived in Cork, and as the passengers descended from the drag, a stout, handsome, honest-looking man,

* ‘Meliora,’ April, 1860.

of some two-and-forty years, was passing by, and received a number of bows from the crowd around. It was Theobald Mathew, with whose face a thousand little print-shop windows had already rendered me familiar. He shook hands with the master of the carriage very cordially, and just as cordially with the master's coachman, a disciple of temperance, as at least half Ireland is at present. . . . His knowledge of the people is prodigious, and their confidence in him as great; and what a touching attachment those poor fellows show to any one who has their cause at heart!"*

After Limerick, one of the most striking manifestations of the popular veneration for Father Mathew, and the enthusiasm of the new converts to temperance, was exhibited on his visit to Parsonstown, which has been described by his friend and biographer, the Rev. James Birmingham. The multitude assembled in a large, open space, upon which stands the beautiful Roman Catholic chapel. "In front of the chapel was stationed a large body of police, presenting a very fine and well-disciplined force. Outside these were the rifles, on bended knee, with bayonets fixed and pointed, forming a barrier to oppose the rushing multitudes; whilst within and without this barrier, to keep the passages clear, the cavalry, 'in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' with flags waving to the winds, moved up and down in slow and measured pace. Beyond, and as far along the streets as the eye could reach, were the congregated masses swaying to and fro with every new impulse, and, by their united voices, producing a deep, indistinct sound, like the murmur of the ruffled waters of the sea. Within the vicarial residence, and in strong contrast to the stirring scene without, sat the mild, unassuming, but extraordinary man, round whom had collected this display of martial pomp and numerical force. He seemed perfectly unconscious of the

* 'Irish Sketch-Book.'

excitement he had produced, and spoke and acted as if he regarded himself as the least remarkable man of the age. . . . He has a fund of good humour and patience, that seems to increase in proportion as he draws upon it. Frequently is he addressed by a score of persons at a time, he is teased and hauled, yet his temper is never ruffled, his suavity and self-possession never leave him. . . . After spending many hours in receiving almost countless groups of postulants, he will stop on his way, to induct three, two, or even one, into the Temperance Society; or he will rise from the table where he is swallowing a mouthful of refreshment to administer the pledge, should he discover that there is another stray sheep to be brought back to the fold.”*

The same biographer records an incident which occurred during the good Father's visit to Borrisokane, where crowds of both sexes and all ages and parties rushed to receive the pledge at his hands. “Paddy Hayes had been almost proverbially intemperate; his sober moments were far more few than his moments of drunkenness. Still, on that memorable day, Shrove-Tuesday, 1840, he presented himself as a postulant, though reeling on the very confines of intoxication. I intimated this man's approach to Mr. Mathew. In a moment the advocate of temperance ordered a passage to be cleared, and Paddy Hayes to be admitted. With a smile, in which benignity and confidence were mingled, he extended his hand to the penitent drunkard, saying, ‘Come forward, my poor fellow; you were worth waiting for.’ The postulant cast himself upon his knees, with a ‘Heaven bless you, Father Mathew,’ took the pledge, and

* ‘Memoir of the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew,’ by the Rev. James Birmingham. Dublin, 1840.

received the blessing. This man is now an industrious and exemplary character ; and he often speaks with pride of the honour done him by the Apostle of Temperance.”*

Father Mathew was now incessantly occupied in attending vast meetings in all parts of the country. Some special cause for a visit would arise—generally it was an invitation to deliver a charity sermon—and, his coming being publicly announced, every town, village, and hamlet, for miles around, poured forth its crowds of aspirants to the pledge. At Maynooth, after preaching in aid of a newly consecrated church, a sermon, in which, while intelligently explaining the symbolic forms of Roman Catholic worship, he spoke in a spirit of perfect tolerance of other creeds, and acknowledged, in warm and graceful terms, the contributions received from Protestants towards defraying the cost of the building, he found a vast crowd assembled to receive the pledge. In his address to them he expressed the gratification a letter from a Protestant Dissenting lady had given him, who had told him of her sympathy in his labours, and her prayers to God that the grace of humility might not be taken from him in his great success. He exhorted his hearers to abstain, not only from ordinary intoxicating drinks, but from liquors also, which, he explains elsewhere, cannot be manufactured, if intended for future use, without the admixture of a certain quantity of alcohol ; and told them that the most pleasing feature of the day to him was to see such overwhelming numbers congregated together, and not one affected with any intoxicating liquor.†

Before Father Mathew left Maynooth he had pledged 20,000 to observe total abstinence, among whom were

* Birmingham's 'Memoir.'

† 'Catholic Luminary.'

five professors and 150 students of the college. At other important towns, equal or greater triumphs awaited him, while the congratulatory addresses, illuminations, pealing of bells, and every form of enthusiastic welcome which greeted him wherever he went, rendered his progress through the country one continued ovation. At Athlone, he administered the pledge to the enormous number of 100,000, and at Dublin the recipients amounted to 140,000, which, with those pledged previously by other priests and by himself at a subsequent visit, included two-thirds of the population of the metropolis. Here, too, while preaching a charity sermon, he delivered a noble protest against bigotry leading to a rage for proselytism :—

“The Gospel by its influence tempers the fierce heart of man : it softens the roughness of its spirit, and unites all mankind in one strong and compact band of fellow charity and affection under ‘one Lord and one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all ;’ and, as our Saviour again says in another place, ‘By these shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you love one another.’ Oh, what motives to charity, union, and brotherly love ! We are all engaged in the same pursuit. Heaven is our glorious immortality, and we are instructed in the same Gospel. Wise and beautiful are its maxims—sublime and full of wisdom are its precepts, commanding us not alone to do works of charity for the God of heaven, but those founded on the broad basis of natural equity—‘That we should do to all men what we in return would expect they would do to us’—to render that subjection and obedience which we owe the State for the protection of life and property, or, in the words of the sacred writer, to ‘render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and to God the things that are God’s.’ Allow me to draw your attention to one instance of the fruits of not following its counsel to ‘love one another,’ and from what I have said, my illustration will appear still clearer to your understandings :—It is with respect to that system of proselytism which is so opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, and had recourse to by the enemies of the peace and happiness of the community.

This system is not injurious alone by the arguments which are offered in support of each particular doctrine, but it tends to darken the prospects of futurity, to deprive the mind of receiving the high and holy impulses of universal charity, and to throw out temptations to induce men to offer violence to their own consciences. I myself called on a gentleman, who differed from me in belief, to assist in the completion of an edifice for Catholic worship, in which I was engaged, who immediately handed me five pounds for that purpose, adding, 'As it is utterly impossible for me to convert your people to Protestantism, do you then go, in the name of God, and make them good Roman Catholics.'*

While in Dublin Father Mathew was entertained at a temperance tea-party in Trinity College, when nine of the students were admitted into his society. Their admission was peculiarly gratifying to him. He commented upon the excellent example which, by joining the Total Abstinence Association, persons of their station and talent afforded, and told them that he should, as a mark of his esteem and respect, present them with silver medals.†

At Galway, where, within two days, he admitted 100,000 members, he met Daniel O'Connell; but the popularity of the "Liberator" was surpassed by that of the "Apostle of Temperance," as Father Mathew was now universally called.

By November, 1844, Father Mathew "had registered in Ireland 5,640,000 adherents of total abstinence principles. Of these it is computed that there are 1,000,000 children. It is ascertained that not more than one in 500, on an average, has violated the pledge; and of this number the majority avail themselves of the first opportunity to be once more admitted as members."‡ The pledged comprised persons of both sexes, and of all ranks

* 'Catholic Luminary.'

† Birmingham's 'Memoir.'

‡ 'The Temperance Movement.'

and sects. Among the number were many hundred ministers of religion, including eight Roman Catholic bishops.

For the results of this great movement we turn to the pages of "Meliora":—

"Our eye is caught by a statement in a Waterford newspaper of 1839, which informs us that only five prisoners were on the assize calendar for that year, although in the previous year's list there had been 159. Turning over the newspapers still further, we gather that, in 1839, 3,202 persons were confined in Richmond Bridewell, in Dublin, while, in 1840, they numbered 2,108, and, in 1841, only 1,604. The same source affords the information that, in 1838, the Dublin Savings' Bank numbered 7,264 depositors, but increased to 9,585 in 1841. Turning to the criminal and assize reports, which forms so large a proportion of the news of journals, we read words spoken by Justice Burton at Down Assizes, in 1842, and corroborated by Baron Pennefather, at Meath, congratulating the grand jury on the absence of crime, 'evidently the effect of temperance.' And we are not surprised that the judges should congratulate the magistracy, when we learn that at Cork, during the eight months intervening between the autumn assizes of 1844 and the spring of 1845, only one prisoner had been committed for trial. . . . Returns moved for [in the House of Commons] by Sir R. Ferguson, tell us that, in 1838, the consumption of whisky in Ireland was $12\frac{1}{4}$ millions of gallons, while, in 1841, it was only $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions; and that, within two years, there had been a decrease in the revenue from spirits of at least half a million pounds sterling."*

Two hundred and thirty-seven public-houses were closed in Dublin during 1840;† and—a significant fact—on the 19th November of the same year, Smithfield Penitentiary was also closed—the citizens of Dublin being thus relieved from the entire expense of one prison. "The benefits conferred on the working classes by this movement was well illustrated at the Knockmahon Mines, in

* 'Meliora.'

† 'Temperance Movement.'

the vicinity of Waterford, employing about 1,000 persons. The average earnings of the men, previously to the introduction of Teetotalism, was £1,900 per month, of which sum £500 was spent in drink; in 1840, the monthly earnings of the same persons, at the same work, reached £2,300, of which very little was spent in drink.”*

Of statistics, these will suffice. We now give the result of the personal observation of individuals wholly unbiassed, and raised above the influences which create a feeling of partisanship. The following letter is from the Marquis of Lansdowne to Father Mathew:—

“Cork, 15th Sept., 1840.

“REV. SIR,—I am near the conclusion of a journey through a considerable portion of the south of Ireland, in the course of which I have myself had, everywhere, repeated occasion to observe a most remarkable change for the better in the appearance of the population, and to be assured by others on whom I could rely of an equally manifest improvement in their character and conduct, produced by the extraordinary success of your unremitting endeavour to introduce amongst them confirmed habits of temperance and self-control.

“I had hoped to have had an opportunity, at this place, of expressing to you personally the deep sense I entertain, both as an Irish proprietor and a public servant, of the value of your exertions, obviously conducive, as they must prove under all circumstances, to the maintenance of peace and order, and to a greater development than could by any other means be attained, of every social virtue.

“Your temporary absence from home has alone prevented my doing so, and I trust I may be permitted to take the only method in my power of recording these sentiments in a mode that may not be disagreeable to you, by inclosing a draft for £100, and requesting the favour of you to apply it to the use of any one of the institutions for the benefit of your poorer countrymen in which

* ‘Temperance Cyclopædia,’ London, 1851.

you take an interest, and which, in your judgment, stands most in need of pecuniary assistance.

“ I am, Rev. Sir, with sincere respect,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ Rev. T. Mathew.”*

“ LANSDOWNE.”

A few months subsequent to the date of this letter, it was our privilege to make the personal acquaintance of Maria Edgeworth. During a morning spent in her society, and of which a record made at the time enables us to repeat with accuracy what fell from her lips, much that she said related to Father Mathew and the reformation he had wrought in the habits of the Irish people. She spoke of him with deep respect and admiration, and gave her testimony against the imputation that he fostered the belief of his ignorant countrymen in his possession of supernatural power, assuring us that he sought at all times to impress upon them that he was endowed with no influence beyond that which attached to his character and position. In aid of the movement, she had promoted the establishment of coffee-shops, to supersede public-houses, in her own neighbourhood in Ireland; and she told us that she had weaned a gardener, in her employment, from intemperance by giving him a cup of hot coffee in the morning before he went to his daily work. The effects of total abstinence she has elsewhere described:—

“ In our village of Edgeworthstown, the whisky-selling has diminished since the ‘pledge’ has been taken, within the last two years, so as to leave the public-houses empty, and to oblige the landlord to lower house-rent considerably. This we know to our pecuniary loss—I need not add to our moral satisfaction. The appearance of the people, their quiet demeanour at markets and fairs, has wonderfully improved in general, and to the knowledge of this family, many notorious drinkers, and some, as it was thought,

* ‘Catholic Luminary.’

confirmed drunkards, have been completely reformed by taking the pledge. They have become able and willing to work, and take care of their business; are decently clothed, and healthy, and happy, and now make their wives and children healthy and happy, instead of, as before the reformation, miserable and heart-broken. Very few, scarcely any instances of breaking the pledge have as yet come to our knowledge; but some have occurred. The culprits have been completely shunned and disgraced, so that they are awful warnings to others. . . . Beyond all calculations, beyond all precedents, and all examples from the past, and all analogy, this wonderful crusade against the bad habits of nations, the bad habits and sensual tastes of individuals, has succeeded and lasted for about two years.”*

Mrs. S. C. Hall, too, than whom no one perhaps is more intimately acquainted with the people of Ireland and their previous condition, writes: “We have witnessed the prodigious effects of temperance in improving the character and bettering the condition of the Irish peasantry.”

Dr. Channing, the distinguished American Unitarian, concludes his still more emphatic testimony in these words: “History records no revolution like this; it is the grand event of the present day; Father Mathew, the leader in this moral revolution, ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the times. However, as Protestants, we may question the claims of departed saints, here is a living minister, if he may be judged from one work, who deserves to be canonised, and whose name should be placed in the calendar, not far below apostles.”†

The disinterestedness of Father Mathew in his crusade against intemperance—a crusade preached with such persuasive fervour that Cardinal Wiseman compared its author with Peter the Hermit‡—gave a moral force to his

* ‘Chambers’ Journal,’ January, 1857.

† ‘Dublin University Magazine.’ ‡ ‘Catholic Luminary.’

denunciations of the liquor traffic, which influenced even the vendors themselves, and it was not unusual for the public-houses to be decorated during a temperance procession, or to furnish the benches and tables for an extemporaneous platform.*

“His private resources, not very large, chiefly consisting of legacies from relations, he cheerfully expended in the temperance cause. He was left a distillery at Castle Lake, in Tipperary, with a good deal of money. He broke it up at a vast loss to himself, and refused a large rent for it, when it was offered to be taken by parties in a distillery. He had one brother embarked in distilling; one of his sisters was married to an eminent distiller; and another brother was married to a lady whose family were extensively engaged in the manufacture of whisky. But regardless of the commercial injury his own friends and kindred must suffer from the cause of temperance, regardless of his own pecuniary losses, he entered on his course of exertion and never slackened his toil.”†

“There is no public good,” he said at Kells, “effected without some individual injury being occasioned; the introduction of steam-engines, for example, put, necessarily, many hands out of employment; the railroad conveyances have seriously affected stage-coach proprietors, and those who had hack-coaches and cars to let out for hire; but the public is confessedly benefited by such improvements. In the making and vending of spirits and other deleterious drinks, many have previously made a livelihood, and some a fortune, whilst not a few of them have been sufferers to a considerable extent. I am, however, happy to say that numbers of them have nobly come forward and joined our society. To be sure, in every change, be they ever so pregnant with blessings for the community, some interested persons will be always found to stand up and oppose their progress; and so it is with us. Some concerned in the manufacturing and retailing of deleterious drinks cry out incessantly against our society. They forcibly remind me of the conduct of the people of Ephesus to St. Paul, when he came among them to preach the Gospel, and diffuse the blessings of Christianity. Many of them were silversmiths, whose principal emolument arose from

* ‘Meliora.’

† ‘Dublin University Magazine.’

the making of statues of the goddess Diana (the idol then worshipped at Ephesus), and their constant cry then was, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' Thus it is always with many in this country engaged in the spirit trade, who are heard to cry out incessantly, 'Great is Whisky! Potent is Ale! Great is Whisky! Potent is Ale!' But I say to you, 'Greater, far greater still, is Temperance—greater, far greater still, is Teetotalism.'”*

Among the earliest of the congratulatory addresses which, as his mission advanced, poured in upon Father Mathew from all sides, was one from an English Total Abstinence Society, of which the Earl of Stanhope was president, inviting him to be present at their anniversary festival, on the 14th May, 1840. It was not, however, until three years later that Father Mathew came to England, though in August, 1842, he went to Glasgow, and there administered the pledge to many thousands. In the following July he attended the annual meeting of a Temperance Association at York, where, as at the many large towns and cities of England that he visited, including the metropolis, he was most enthusiastically received.

Dr. F. R. Lees, who was instrumental in obtaining Father Mathew's presence at this Conference, and who spent a week with him at York, says:—

“I found the secret of his power to be an utter unselfishness, a generous outflowing of sympathy for human suffering—a perfect passion of benevolence. . . . His memory of *faces* was something wonderful. I recollect at Leeds being singled out by the Father from a multitude of some 10,000, in the very midst of which I had got, being called to the platform, and receiving the apostolic embrace! . . . The good Father had nothing of the spirit of the 'priest' about him. He would read, expound the Scriptures, and pray with Protestants in the most apostolic fashion; or, after the reading, express himself happy in the silent devotions of the Friends.”

* 'Catholic Luminary.'

In a report of his reception at Leeds, Father Mathew's style of oratory is thus described:—

“Hitherto his least-recognised excellence by Englishmen has been as a public speaker; but his addresses at Leeds, York, and other parts of England, prove that in this capacity his merits have not been duly understood or appreciated. . . . His speeches in general are as simple as his attire; they are always short, pointed, and harmonious, often clothed in interesting similes, drawn from surrounding or familiar objects, and invariably appropriate and well-selected. His addresses, however, are never distinguished by the gaudy ornaments of rhetoric; their elegance and force are more consistent with the language natural to an enlarged, fervid, and virtuous heart, than with studied nicety of arrangement, or a lofty, figurative style. Many public speakers are more eloquent—most more tedious; yet few are more sincere, pleasing, effective, and fewer in all things more charitable.”*

During his visit to London Father Mathew received marked attention from those most distinguished for rank and influence, among whom may be mentioned Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. When he left England he had administered the pledge to a quarter of a million of her population, including several members of the aristocracy.

A proof of the high estimation in which he was held by the Roman Catholic clergy of the diocese of Cork, was afforded by their sending, in 1847, his name with two others to Rome, for selection to fill the bishopric then vacant. The Pope's choice fell upon Dr. Delaney, but about the same time Father Mathew received a pressing invitation to Rome from the head of his Church. To have accepted it would have gratified the dearest wish of his heart, but famine and pestilence were ravaging Ireland, and he resolved not to abandon his unhappy country.

* ‘Leeds Mercury.’

“Disease, starvation, death, stalked abroad in the daylight, and the road-sides were scattered with the corpses of the perishing people. In Cork, a city of the plague, Father Mathew was found at his old post, distributing alms, organising committees of relief, and bringing the whole force of his experience to the business of charity.” Not even “the interests of his darling object, the temperance movement, could draw him from his post of duty. Faithfully he devoted himself to the alleviation of the distress and sufferings of his poor flock. His name was largely instrumental in procuring some of the timely relief which all Christian nations hastened to afford to his unhappy country.”*

During this terrific visitation every penny he could command was expended in relief of the sufferers. His small private fortune had long since melted away, before the incessant demands upon it of the total abstinence movement. A pension of £300 a-year, granted to him by the Queen at the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, as well as large subscriptions raised for him throughout the United Kingdom, as soon as it was known he was in want of money—he was once, at Dublin, even arrested for debt—were similarly swallowed up. Further sums would promptly have been placed at his disposal, but he would not himself permit it. Mr. Rathbone, of Liverpool, and Mr. Haughton, of Dublin, had been foremost on a long list of munificent supporters, and it is well known that if Father Mathew had given either of these gentlemen timely intimation of the state of his pecuniary affairs, he would have been saved the embarrassments which embittered his latter days, and hastened his death. Mr. Dowden Richard, one of the earliest labourers in the

* ‘Meliora.’

cause of total abstinence in Ireland, and who knew Father Mathew intimately, speaks of him as naturally a prudent man. A member of a wealthy family, however, and under the almost certain expectation of inheriting a legacy which would more than cover his benevolent expenditure, he felt it no duty to resist the temptation to spend money largely in support of a cause to which he was devoting every other gift with which his Maker had endowed him; and when the expected fortune did not come he was irretrievably involved in debt. No one acquainted with the cost incident to the working of any social reform, still more of a movement of such vast proportions as that of which Father Mathew was the leader, will be surprised that its demands left him worse than penniless. For example, in the county and city of Cork alone there were upwards of forty temperance societies. Founded often upon an impulse of the moment, and in localities where they interfered with each other's success, they not unfrequently got into debt, when Mr. Mathew, who was a subscriber to every one of them, had to contribute to their relief. Again, a still more painful source of expenditure often arose. The smaller publicans were driven out of their trade in hundreds; drink being no longer bought, the drink-sellers were reduced to ruin. Their wives and children used to seek help from Father Mathew, and though he expended large sums in their relief, it was only by using the utmost care and economy that he could make even these suffice to save from starvation all who applied to him. His example in this matter should never be forgotten; and in labouring to inculcate the doctrine of temperance, it may be that among the many means employed to secure success none will be found more legitimate, as approving itself to our sense of justice, than

that of providing the drink-sellers, who, it must be remembered, may have pursued their calling unconscious of offence, with the means of escape from that destitution which the destruction of their trade involves.

Another occasion for expense arose in the bands of music, and other provision for innocent recreation, which Father Mathew was careful to substitute for the grosser indulgences he called upon his followers to abandon. Indeed, to have seen Father Mathew in his glory, he must have been beheld at a temperance tea-party, surrounded by two or three hundred men, women, and children, all in high enjoyment, stacks of bread-and-butter, and cups of tea, large and full, before them, their animal spirits in a glow, and their happiness overflowing in harmless mirth. Innocent pleasure he justly regarded as a potent ally of virtuous self-control. Mechanics' institutions, reading-rooms, temperance festivals with attendant music, were established in all directions ; and in his tours through Ireland it seems to have been a matter of course for him to present sums of 10*l.* or 20*l.* to their funds.

It is true that Father Mathew may have been too profuse in his donations. Money, we are told, he could not keep ; and often he was seen in England passing crowns into the hands of his poor countrymen, even while he was bidding them in a half-scolding tone to go and not to beg. As his heart was loving his hand was open. He valued money only as the means of assisting others, and the man who was one of the wonders of the age, and a benefactor to all who needed his assistance, died himself a dependent, and not possessed of a shilling he could term his own.*

* 'Chambers' Journal.'

To have spent, in however meritorious a manner, money not absolutely his, and to have yielded to the importunate demands of beggars whose claims he had not the means to investigate, were errors on the part of Father Mathew, as his warmest admirers must admit. But they were errors incident to his generous nature, and our eyes are too much dazzled by the lustre of his virtues to rest upon these spots on the sun.

The health of Father Mathew was now fast failing. His enormous physical exertions, and carelessness of personal comfort, had undermined his vigorous constitution, while pecuniary embarrassments contributed to harass his mind; but the misery encompassing him on every side during the awful years of 1847 and 1848, together with the relapse from temperance which latterly he had the anguish to behold, immeasurably aggravated his sufferings. They resulted in the malady—paralysis—to which eventually he sank a victim.

The partial, though unhappily extensive return to intemperance which constitutes a fact deeply humiliating to the native country of Father Mathew, is, however, not without extenuating circumstances. The very enthusiasm which induced the Irish by millions to yield to his exhortations, and even led them to believe—notwithstanding his earnest protest to the contrary—in his miraculous powers, was, in its essential evanescence, an element of failure. O'Connell's agitation for Repeal, when, like an *ignis fatuus*, his delusive promises of a fictitious and impossible advantage led the Irish to disregard the solid benefits bestowed upon them by Father Mathew, and the excitement in which the "agitator's" monster meetings and inflammatory language involved them, revived their stifled, but not vanquished, passion for strong drink.

Then followed famine and pestilence, and in that crisis of physical exhaustion, of agony, and of despair, who can wonder that the wretched people had recourse to what, until a few years previously, had been the national refuge from every evil, and which, though really it aggravated their misery, did for the moment assuage their sufferings?

It seems to us that no stronger argument can be adduced in support of the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic drinks than the experience of Father Mathew. He emancipated the most drunken people on the face of the earth from this their national vice. Blessings from every lip testified their gratitude for the boon he had bestowed, and their appreciation of its value. The pledge which restored to them their freedom from the most enslaving of tyrants, they observed long enough to taste the sweets of liberty; and yet when temptation crossed their path, they had not resolution to resist the fiend from whom their good angel had released them. Had a Maine law followed the national adoption of the pledge, while the Irish were yet exulting in their redemption, how different would now have been the social condition of their country! "With rapture," wrote Father Mathew early in 1853, "I hail the formation of the United Kingdom Alliance [for the total prohibition of the liquor traffic]. I laboured for the suppression of intemperance until I sacrificed my health and little property in the glorious cause. The efforts of individuals, however zealous, were not equal to the mighty task. The United Kingdom Alliance strikes at the very root of the evil. I trust in God that the associated efforts of many good and benevolent men will effectually crush a monster gorged with human gore."*

* 'The Other Side;' by the Rev. Dawson Burns, Manchester, 1860.

During the whole of his career the utmost admiration for Father Mathew had been evinced in America, and many pressing invitations had reached him to visit his countrymen, numbered by millions, in the United States. Notwithstanding his broken health, in 1849 he crossed the Atlantic, accompanied by his valued and able friend and secretary, Mr. David O'Meara. He was received with acclamation, not only by his compatriots, but by the whole American people, who treated him as the nation's guest.

The labour and excitement he underwent overstrained his enfeebled frame, and brought on two attacks of his disease—paralysis. To recover from their effects, he was advised to try the medicinal springs in the backwoods of Arkansas, and spent a month in that remote locality in a log-hut.

On the day of his departure from America for Ireland, November 8th, 1851, his farewell address appeared in the New York papers. In touching language he thanked the Americans and his own countrymen for their cordial reception and the kindnesses showered upon him through the length and breadth of the land. He expressed his gratification in having become personally acquainted with some of her most eminent citizens; and, exhorting the Irish to render themselves, by industry, sobriety, and self-respect, worthy of the position open to them in their adopted country, he concluded with an eloquent tribute to the political and social blessings enjoyed by the American people.

Justly estimating, as we trust we do, all that is enlightened and noble in the United States, still we cannot, alas! echo Father Mathew's panegyric. His warm Irish heart, fervent with gratitude for the sympathy and

hospitality he had everywhere received, his thoughts absorbed by the one topic which constituted his mission on earth, he forgot, when he lauded, "that broad and comprehensive spirit of patriotism which makes every inhabitant of this mighty republic—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to California—glory in the title of an American citizen"—when he characterised America as "extending the hand of succour to the helpless exile, affording an asylum to the persecuted, and a home to the oppressed," that she held in the chains of slavery millions of inhabitants whom she had iniquitously deprived of citizenship; that her unrighteous conduct had driven crowds of "helpless exiles" beyond her boundaries; and that her sons were persecutors of the "persecuted," her land a prison and a scaffold for the "oppressed." Dark as was the stain which Father Mathew strove to expunge from the annals of humanity, it was as nothing beside the black turpitude of American slavery! May the day be not far distant when the efforts of that gallant band among her children, who, disregarding every personal interest, sacrifice all hope of advancement in fortune and worldly honour, and risk even life itself in the sacred cause of emancipation, shall free their country from her foul disgrace!

In the same paper which published his parting address, appeared this summary of Father Mathew's labours in the United States:—

"On reviewing his exertions for the past two years and a half, we are forcibly struck with the vast amount of physical fatigue which he must have undergone in the discharge of his onerous duties. Over sixty years of age, enfeebled in health, and shattered in constitution, he has yet, with all the ardour of his former zeal, vigorously prosecuted his 'labour of love.' He has visited, since his arrival in America, twenty-five states of the union—has admi-

nistered the temperance pledge in over 300 of our principal towns and cities—has added more than half a million of our population to the long muster-roll of his disciples; and, in accomplishing this praiseworthy object, has travelled 37,000 miles, which, added to two voyages across the Atlantic, would make a total distance nearly equal to twice the circumnavigation of the globe. Though labouring under a disease which the slightest undue excitement may render fatal, never has he shrunk from his work of benevolence and love. North and south, east and west, was he to be seen, unostentatiously pursuing the heavenly task of reclaiming his fallen brother, welcoming the prodigal son back into the bosom of society, uttering the joyful tidings that no man is past the hour of amendment, dealing in no denunciation, indulging in no hypocritical cant or pretensions to pharasaical sanctity, but quietly and unobtrusively pursuing his peaceful course, and, like his illustrious sainted prototype, reasoning of ‘temperance, justice, and judgment to come.’ When his physicians recently recommended absolute repose, in the midst of his labours in a crowded city, as indispensable to his recovery from the last attack of paralysis, ‘Never,’ replied the venerable old man, ‘will I, willingly, sink into a state of inglorious inactivity; never will I desert my post in the midst of the battle.’ ‘But your life,’ replied his physicians, ‘is at stake.’ ‘If so,’ said he, ‘it cannot be sacrificed in a better cause. If I am to die, I will die in harness.’”*

In 1852 he repaired, by the advice of his physicians, to Madeira, but his health derived no benefit from the change, and he came home more enfeebled than he went. For four years he lingered, gradually declining in strength, but retaining the same sweetness of manner and thoughtful kindness for his friends which had marked his most vigorous days. He had taken up his abode at Lehená, near Cork, the residence of his brother, and there he admitted, with all his wonted benevolence, the applicants, who still crowded to receive from him the pledge, or alms, or spiritual relief. Towards the close of the sum-

* *New York Herald*, Nov. 8, 1851.

mer of 1856, still seeking benefit to his health, he removed to Queenstown; but he grew yet weaker and weaker, until, in December, he was seized with a sixth paralytic stroke. During this, his last illness, his bedside was anxiously and tenderly watched by the Sisters of Mercy and Roman Catholic clergy of Queenstown. He lingered, conscious of his approaching end, until Monday, the 8th, two days after his seizure, when, serene, resigned, and apparently without pain, the patriot-martyr breathed his last. The city which, for upwards of forty years, had been blessed with his ministrations, felt her loss. The next day, every vessel in her harbour and river appeared with its colours half-mast high, and almost every shop was partially closed.

On Wednesday his remains were brought from Queenstown to the chapel dedicated to the Holy Trinity, which he had founded in Cork; and, on Friday, he was interred with every possible demonstration of public respect and private affection.

“Despite the drenching rain which fell during the morning, crowds thronged the vicinity of the chapel. ‘Father Mathew,’ one man remarked, ‘had stood bareheaded for many an hour trying to get us to give up the drink.’ And there the assemblage, estimated at 30,000 persons, continued until the mortuary ceremonial within the chapel had concluded, and the long mournful procession, issuing from the central porch, bore the mortal remains of its founder to the tomb in the centre of that cemetery which stands another monument of his benevolent exertions. As the coffin came in sight, one deep, sorrowing, heartfelt moan escaped from the immense multitude, swelling, ere long, into loud wailing and lamentation—no matter-of-course *keening*, but the expression of sincere sorrow. The shops in the city were all closed, and, during the morning, all business was completely suspended.”*

* ‘Chambers’ Journal.’

In the autumn following his death we landed at Cork, where, among the many objects of interest this beautiful city affords, that we most cared to see was Father Mathew's grave. In fulfilment of his own wish he was buried beneath the great stone cross he had himself erected, and a very simple inscription marks the exact spot where he lies. There we witnessed a touching tribute to his worth. Several ragged, miserable-looking creatures, the poorest of the poor, were kneeling around his tomb, absorbed in prayer. They resorted to it, we were told, as they would to a church, regarding that grave as sacred ground.

THE APOSTLE'S GRAVE.

The autumn wind went howling past,
The sere leaf rustled in the blast,
The thick chill rain fell pattering slow
On the quiet homes of the dead below;
My heart was sad, as I raised my eye
To the hurrying clouds of the dull grey sky,
And the cypress trees did sadly wave,
As I knelt beside the Apostle's grave:

And thought what a shadow was earthly fame,
And what the use of an honoured name—
That he who sleeps 'neath that cold wet stone,
Had toiled unaided, and struggled alone—
Had freed the land from the iron thrall
Of the damning arch-fiend, Alcohol;
And all he had gained in the land of his birth,
Was that simple cross, and six feet of earth.

I looked—and away the dark clouds rolled,
And the sun shone out through banks of gold,
And the rainbow spanned the sparkling sod,
Like the jewelled gate of the house of God.
And from the old stone cross I heard
The joyous song of that sacred bird,
Who reddened his breast 'gainst the bleeding side
Of Him who on the cross had died.

And I knew that beyond that glorious west
The good will find eternal rest
In a land of glory far away,
When earth has lost its last faint ray ;
Oh, better far a place with God,
Than the courtier's smile or the despot's nod ;
Oh, better than titles and sculptured stone
The endless steps of His mighty throne.*

* These lines were written by John Fitzgerald, an artisan of Cork.

THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

AMID the gloom which overshadowed the last years of Father Mathew, some gleams of comfort and hope must have reached his generous heart, in the assurance that though his eyes would close ere the cause to which he had sacrificed his life could recover from the shocks that had well nigh converted one of the noblest triumphs this world ever witnessed into hopeless defeat, still fellow-labourers remained behind him in the field, who might even yet prevail in the glorious struggle.

A short memoir of one who may be regarded as in some measure the successor of Father Mathew, the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, will aptly bring down to the present day the history of the Total Abstinence Movement in Ireland.

John Spratt was born in Dublin, in the memorable year 1798. Such were the disabilities which unjust laws at that period imposed upon Roman Catholics in Ireland, that it was difficult to obtain a liberal education at home, and, consequently, the youth was sent by his parents to the College of Cordova, in Spain. Entering the Carmelite Order of Friars, of which he subsequently was appointed Provincial Superior, he returned to Dublin in 1821, and commenced his ministrations in the Conventual Chapel, French Street, now the Temperance Hall. Warmhearted and energetic, Dr. Spratt possesses talents of a high order, combined with great simplicity of manners and pious zeal. As an instance of the latter, we may mention that it is still his practice, though his age and rank have long since exonerated him from the duty, to perform daily the latest mass, which is celebrated an hour before noon. Thus, as

it is not permitted to the Catholic priest to take food before officiating at the altar, Dr. Spratt habitually fasts until nearly twelve o'clock in the day. In most chapels the junior curate celebrates the last mass, or if his health suffer, all the priests take this duty in turn. The disregard of self thus evinced is characteristic of Dr. Spratt, and goes far to account for the popularity he enjoys, and which he uses for the noblest purposes. From the period of his return to Dublin, until the present day, he has laboured unweariedly to promote the welfare, not only of his own flock, but of all whom his benevolent efforts could reach; and numerous as valuable are the institutions his native city owes to his perseverance and charity. A friend to every branch of social reform, and more especially to education, he had no sooner entered upon his pastoral duties than he became the active patron of St. Peter's Orphan Society, which has maintained and educated hundreds of destitute children. The offspring of parents who had fallen victims to the cholera have been especially selected as objects for their care by this society, and hence the children have long been designated "The Cholera Orphans." In 1823 Dr. Spratt opened free schools for boys and girls, and for years supported them from his own limited means. In 1831, when the national system of education was established in Ireland, he placed himself in connection with it, and founded new schools, one of them being Industrial, in White Friars Street, where there are now 1,000 children in daily attendance. In 1834 he was elected one of two honorary secretaries, the Dean of St. Patrick being his colleague, to the Society for the Relief of the Sick and Indigent of all Denominations, for which he has laboured with unwearied zeal and benevolence.

In 1843 Dr. Spratt, now a fellow-labourer with Father Mathew, opened an asylum for fallen women who had taken the teetotal pledge. When famine was spreading death in its most awful form through the land, we find him exhorting his fellow-countrymen to forbear from the destruction of food for purposes of distillation:—

“Let us see,” he said, “how much distillation decreases the supply of human food. It requires one bushel of grain to make two gallons of spirits. In the year ending 1845, *six millions, four hundred and forty-three thousand, eight hundred and forty-four gallons of spirits* were charged with duty in Ireland alone, for home consumption. To produce this quantity, *three millions, two hundred and thirty-one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-two bushels of grain* were consumed. The number of gallons of spirits charged with duty in England and Scotland in the same year, was about *twenty millions*. These *twenty millions of gallons* destroyed *ten million bushels* of that very food which would meet the wants of an immense mass of our famishing population.”

But the Irish people, as we have already seen, sank deeper and deeper into their old vice, and, while famishing for bread, they converted more and more of the grain they yet possessed into the poison which perpetuated their misery. Still, though they had shown themselves deaf to his just appeal, Dr. Spratt did not relax his efforts to afford them succour in their extremity, but organised a society in Dublin for administering relief to his starving countrymen, devising the means by which the funds he obtained from all sects and parties should be most efficiently applied.

As the promoter of national manufactures, as the founder of the Catholic Young Men's Society, in the aid he lavishly bestowed upon the Asylum for the Industrious Blind, and in the useful books he has produced, we

recognise, under various forms, the sincerity of his aspirations for the public good ; in his labours to promote the cause of temperance they are yet more apparent.

Having, in 1840, enrolled himself under the banner of Father Mathew, and, faithfully seconding his efforts while he lived, upon the death of his great leader Dr. Spratt succeeded him as the advocate of total abstinence. Since that time he has administered the pledge (chiefly in Dublin) to 250,000 persons, and still adds to their number. It is said that a larger proportion of those who receive the pledge from him are faithful in its observance, than of the recipients of it from Father Mathew ; a fact, if it be one, not difficult to account for, when we remember how vast a number took the pledge from Father Mathew without preparation or reflection, but under the sudden impulse with which his presence and exhortations inspired his hearers,—an explanation we may the more readily accept, as it is also said that those who best kept their promise among his postulants were the confirmed drunkards. The impression his touching appeals made upon *their* hearts was rarely effaced.

The national festival of Ireland, St. Patrick's Day, has been proverbially disgraced by riot and drunkenness. To induce a better observance of the holiday, Dr. Spratt, when it is at hand, issues an address, which he causes to be posted upon the walls throughout Dublin, calling upon the people, by every motive of religion and patriotism, to abstain from a course which heaps opprobrium upon their country. This practice, pursued for many years, has met with great success. By similar means he strove to diminish the evils of Donnybrook fair, a scene of misrule now happily abolished by law, but which formerly lasted a week, in the month of August, commencing with what

was called "Walking Sunday." On this day, as a supplement to his printed addresses, Dr. Spratt was accustomed to hold an open-air temperance meeting, when, by his own powerful appeals, and those of other labourers in the cause, among whom none have more zealously supported it than Mr. James Haughton, many a follower was won over from the ranks of drunkenness; while it was further urged upon those present that each should exert himself to induce a friend to abstain from attending the fair. Early in April, 1848, when the revolutionary spirit, which for months had kept Europe in a ferment, and was beginning to raise its head even in England, threatened to arouse discontent among the Irish, Dublin was placarded with Dr. Spratt's admonitions to peace and temperance. The tranquillity of the city remained unbroken.

These facts suffice to prove the beneficial influence Dr. Spratt exercises over the humbler classes of his fellow-citizens. His labours are, however, chiefly confined to Dublin.

We turn now to the provinces, where we will briefly indicate the position total abstinence has occupied since the period of its greatest prosperity.

In 1842 the annual consumption of spirits in Ireland had sunk from (omitting fractions) 11 to 5 millions of gallons, at which it remained for some years, the population being 8 millions. In 1853 the consumption had mounted to 8 millions, the population having declined to $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions; death from starvation and pestilence, together with emigration, had diminished by more than one-sixth the people of Ireland! Since that period, the amount of spirits consumed has, with slight fluctuations, continued to decrease, until, in 1858 (the latest returns to which we have access), it exceeded by less than half a million gallons only the quantity drunk in 1842.

The rapid decrease of crime in Ireland of late years may probably be attributed in part to respect for the memory of Father Mathew, yet showing itself in the diminished use of spirits ; but it must be owned that another most potent cause for so satisfactory a result is found in the admirable system of prison discipline, which, under Captain Crofton and his fellow-directors of convict prisons, has prevailed in that country since 1853.

In the south of Ireland, but little effort has been made since Father Mathew's death to advance total abstinence principles ; thus the good they yet effect must be attributed to his influence lingering among the people. In the north, the great work has been carried on by the Presbyterians. Nearly two hundred of their ministers have taken the pledge, and their example, helped by local societies, gives important aid to the cause.

In Dublin various total abstinence societies exist, and a branch of the United Kingdom Alliance is in active operation ; but the potent rivalry of 1,100 public-houses, together with the indifference of the upper classes to this branch of social reform, greatly impedes the progress of temperance in the metropolis. Looking abroad, however, over the country, signs full of hope for the future may be discerned ; and if a conviction of the importance of their enterprise should happily arouse a band of fellow-labourers to join the few who now bear the heat and burden of the day, we may yet behold in the regeneration of Ireland a monument to Father Mathew, worthy of one who must ever rank among her noblest sons.

DR. JOHN THOMSON, F.R.S.L. & E.

DR. THOMSON was born at Paisley, on the 15th March, 1765. His father was a silk-weaver, and had for some time been rather prosperous in the world, but, by an imprudent confidence in a person with whom he was accustomed to have dealings in business, he became involved in debt. His pride not allowing him to extricate himself from his difficulties by declaring himself bankrupt, he borrowed money from a friend for this purpose. The necessity of regularly paying interest on the sum borrowed, until he was able to discharge it, obliged him to bring up his family with a rigorous attention to economy, and to put his children to work at an early age. After being engaged for about three years in the minor operations of silk-weaving under different masters, Dr. Thomson was, at the age of eleven, bound to his father for a seven years' apprenticeship, and not only served the whole of this period, but continued to work with his father for nearly two years after his apprenticeship had expired.

Meanwhile, besides excelling in all manly sports within his reach, Dr. Thomson had sought for knowledge from every source from which he could obtain it ;—the conversation carried on in the workshops, the newspaper weekly read there, the books in his father's possession, which, however, chiefly related to doctrinal divinity, a circulating library, to which, at a time when a penny a week was his entire free income, that penny was devoted ; and books probably borrowed from some of his associates, or, at a later period, purchased with his

own earnings. His disinclination for a mechanical employment, and ardent desire for a profession that would admit of, or require, his devoting a larger portion of his time to the pursuit of knowledge, must have been known from an early period to his father, who, being a very warm adherent of the Anti-Burgher seceders, would not have been disinclined to his son's being educated for a minister of that Church. But as his son declined to accede to that plan, the engaging in the study of medicine had appeared to him too hazardous a scheme to be encouraged. At length an explanation took place between them which determined Dr. Thomson's future destiny. Some occurrence, possibly an appearance of neglect of his work, gave occasion to his father exclaiming, that he wished from his heart he had been at the *learning* long before, as he saw he was never to do good at his *trade*,—adding that it was too late, however, to think of changing, as his want of previous instruction rendered it hopeless to expect that he should now be able to qualify himself for a learned profession. Upon this, his son, drawing a Latin book from his pocket, and reading a few sentences out of it, to his father's no less delight than surprise, confessed to having, about a twelvemonth before, without his praent's knowledge, placed himself under a master capable of teaching him Latin. On the instant, his father yielded to his wishes, and from that hour, as Dr. Thomson has often been known to mention, with an affectionate tribute to his father's considerateness, though he continued for several years to reside under the parental roof, he “never touched a shuttle.”*

It cannot be denied, that a medical student beginning his education at twenty, without either friends or fortune,

* Notice of Dr. Thomson. Edinburgh: Stark and Company. 1847.

was in a very disadvantageous position. We hope, nevertheless, to prove that he rose to great eminence, and without any pecuniary help, except in one single instance. His success was effected by his own personal merits. This is attested by one very competent to give an opinion :—

“When I say that Dr. Thomson is the most learned physician I ever met with,” says Dr. Henry Davidson, “I know that I am quite safe from any appearance of exaggeration ; because I have heard the same language employed by many medical men in England, and by all those foreigners with whom he became acquainted during his professional tour on the Continent. It is not only in medicine and its immediate branches that Dr. Thomson has a most remarkable degree of knowledge. No one, I am certain, can have conversed with or consulted him upon the actual state or previous history of chemistry, botany, mathematics, or general philosophy, without being surprised at the extent and accuracy of his information, which can have been acquired only by a devotion of time and attention to laborious study, seldom found and but little expected in an individual engaged, as Dr. Thomson has been, in an anxious and fatiguing profession.”

That he gained this learning by application, and that he did not become idle after his character was established both as a practitioner and as a teacher, the following passage may serve to show :—

“It is perfectly true that Dr. Thomson’s acquirements were the result of much assiduous application superadded to the possession of large natural endowments. Few men, we believe, ever wasted less time than he did upon frivolous or unimproving occupations. Every morning, for a long period of his life, he had lighted his candle, and was busy in the work of self-improvement, during hours which most students think themselves entitled to devote to repose. And when professional avocations used to call him to the country, the quantity of reading he was able to get through upon the road, communicated to those journeys an especial degree of enjoyment.”*

* Reading in the carriage was then very unusual among physicians.

He was very successful, both as a general practitioner and afterwards as a family physician, and his practice was only limited by his deficient bodily health; his little regard for money, after he had secured a competence for his family; and his high aim of contributing by his efforts to the lasting improvement of medical education. He would never allow it to be said that he had *cured* any one, but that the patient had recovered under his care. "It was with him a fundamental principle to secure, as he was wont to say, 'fair play to Nature.' But the same sagacity which enabled him to detect what was amiss in the patient's economy singularly assisted him in judging how far, in the particular circumstances, Nature might be relied upon; and where such reliance seemed doubtful or hopeless, the remedial measures which he considered appropriate were prosecuted with a vigour that bore no indication of inertness or indecision." Yet on the whole he gave but little medicine, and would jokingly say that there was no great difference between his practice and that of the Homœopathists, for where they would give the thousandth part of a grain he would give nothing at all!

Dr. Thomson was before his age, when, with his esteemed friend, Dr. A. Combe (without, however, sharing in his belief in phrenology), he advocated a more tender management of children, which was then called coddling, but which has been found more conducive to infant life than the very early forcible attempts *to harden* by the use of the coldest water and other bracing and nursery expedients of that time.

His great natural humanity, and his thorough acquaintance with hospitals all over Europe, enabled him to place himself in the van of improvement in regard to them.

He had interest to introduce into the infirmary of Edinburgh most of the changes he proposed.

Dr. Thomson held very liberal views on the education of women, and he bestowed equal care and expense upon the instruction of his daughters as upon that of his sons. Indeed, his eldest daughter, who died at the age of twenty-three, was for several years his companion and assistant in his scientific pursuits.

The opinions which Dr. Thomson entertained on the diet, dress, and discipline of the army, with which he was much connected, by filling the chair of military surgery, are coincident with those which are now beginning to be received on the subject of their radical reform. Both as a man, and as a physician, he condemned also the severe and degrading punishments to which soldiers were subjected.

The three professorships which Dr. Thomson was the first to hold, were all, as it were, created by his own exertions. They were the professorships of surgery to the College of Surgeons, military surgery, and of pathology. For the latter he had prepared himself all his life; spending great sums in getting up original paintings of diseases, and doing everything which might enable him to forward the enterprise.

“As a teacher, he was singularly successful in engaging the attention of his audience by the judicious selection of materials which he laid before them, as well as by his power of generalising the results of his observation, reading, and reflection, and of presenting these results in a clear and simple form; and, above all, perhaps, the interest he himself evinced in the subject under discussion, had a powerful influence in stimulating the enthusiasm and energy of his pupils. Another striking feature in his character as a teacher was the rapidity

with which he discriminated the several capabilities of his students, and directed their energies into those channels in which they might be most usefully employed. To this early direction of their thoughts and pursuits, many of his more distinguished pupils have been known, in after life, gratefully to ascribe much of their worldly success, and of any scientific reputation which they had acquired. . . .

“At an early period of life, and when in an humble sphere, Dr. Thomson was led to adopt political opinions favourable to popular constitutional rights. These opinions he continued to retain through life ; and not conceiving that any one who lives under and enjoys the benefits of a free constitution, is entitled to withhold whatever support it may be in his power to render to free institutions, he never shrank from avowing the opinions which he entertained, and that at a time when such avowals not only closed the doors of official preferment on those who made them, but caused them to be looked on by the great body of the wealthy with suspicion, distrust, or aversion. He was no admirer, however, of extreme opinions even in favour of popular rights. He was strongly impressed with the persuasion that the gradual amelioration of political institutions is not only safer than that which is effected by sudden convulsions, but affords more security for their permanence, and that the extension of political privilege should go hand in hand with, or rather should follow in the wake of, intellectual cultivation,—a persuasion which heightened all the more the interest he took in everything calculated to promote the education of the people.”

With such political opinions, held at such a period, it is not difficult to suppose that Dr. Thomson's advancement was a continual struggle against Government influence. He belonged to that small band of heroes, as we may call

them, who dared to meet to assert liberal principles by celebrating the birthday of C. J. Fox, though they knew that they were thus rendering themselves obnoxious to Government. Their names were at the same time inscribed in the black books of the Edinburgh police and magistrates.

Dr. Thomson was also for a short time one of the writers in the *Edinburgh Review*, and only ceased contributing to it because it was not adapted to medical subjects.

About ten years before his death, his state of health compelled him to give up practice. He spent the remainder of his life in pleasant retirement in the country, preserving to the very last the most lively interest for all that was passing in the scientific and political world. In the full conviction which he entertained, for some weeks previously to his decease, that his period of earthly existence was hastening to a close, he contemplated the approach of death with all the dignified calmness which the consciousness of a well-spent life could inspire. He died in his 82nd year, on the 11th of October, 1846.

HARRIET RYAN.

HARRIET RYAN was born in the city of Boston, in the United States of America, in 1830. Her parents seem to have been of the middle class. Mrs. Ryan was well-known for her benevolent exertions among the poor, and she early instilled into the heart of her daughter her own spirit of charity. Harriet cannot remember the time when she was not engaged in assisting her mother, to nurse one or more *poor* invalids, whom this good woman had taken into her house to tend, well knowing that their gratitude could be their only return for all her kindness. Both her parents died while Harriet was very young, leaving her entirely dependent upon her own exertions for her living. She became a hair-dresser, which occupation she has ever since carried on with success.

The lessons taught by her excellent mother she never forgot; and, at the age of 20, she resolved that henceforth her leisure, brief though it would be, should be spent in nursing the sick and destitute. She chose for the most part the incurable, who are not admitted into ordinary hospitals. The want of homes where they can be tenderly cared for, is severely felt by these unhappy sufferers; their relatives being usually too much occupied in providing for their mere subsistence, and the necessary expenses consequent on illness, to be able to give them the attention essential to their comfort.

An opportunity soon occurred for carrying her benevolent design into effect. One day, when purchasing some articles in a grocer's shop, she heard a poor woman lamenting the condition of a sick neighbour, who had no one to care

for her. Harriet immediately inquired her address, found that her state had been correctly described, brought her to her own humble lodging, and nursed her through her illness like a daughter. This was the commencement of her pious labours. She soon had two or three such patients under her care, whom she tended in like manner, devoting herself more particularly to cases of consumption. Time after time, at the end of a long day of toil, has she passed the night in relieving the pain of the sick, and in soothing the last moments of the dying.

It is Miss Ryan's business to dress ladies' hair at their own houses; and, while thus engaged, she has ample opportunity of interesting her employers in the objects of her benevolence. Her applications are listened to with the respect and admiration due to her character; and she has received several useful supplies of furniture, bed-linen, and other articles, from these sources. Two invalids, labouring under incurable disease, happened to fall under Miss Ryan's care. Finding herself unable to support them, she applied for help to some of her customers, who gladly undertook to aid in providing nurses; Miss Ryan herself paying ten dollars a-week towards the cost. The attendants, however, failed in their duty, and the poor patients suffered from their neglect. Harriet then conceived the idea of placing her *protégées* in one large room, where she could watch over them at night, leaving a substitute in charge during the day. Her friends approving of this plan, she applied to Dr. Gannett's Society, for leave to occupy an apartment, formerly the vestry of his church. Permission was readily granted, and when the society learnt for what purpose the room was to be used, they offered it to her rent-free, a benefaction she gladly accepted. In remem-

brance of this act of kindness, she named her institution "The Channing Home, for Sick and Destitute Women," the church being that in which Dr. Channing had been accustomed to preach. To commence this comparatively costly institution, with scarcely any funds, was considered a very hazardous undertaking. So, perhaps, it might have been in ordinary hands; but, as one of Miss Ryan's friends said, when answering an objector to the scheme, "Don't discourage her, she has the energy of ten men, and it will succeed." By this energy it was established, and it *has* succeeded.

In the course of the two years during which she occupied the vestry, she undertook the care of 52 sufferers. Of these, there have been discharged—

Cured	8
Relieved	12
Not treated [?]	4
For bad conduct	1
Deserted	2
Died	18

There were seven in the Home at the time of its removal from Dr. Gannett's Church, in 1859.

The large proportion of deaths is owing to many being admitted when in the last stage of consumption.

Early in the spring of 1859, a fancy fair was held, to raise funds for the institution, which it was determined should be removed to a larger building. The handsome sum of 13,800 dollars (£2,990) was realised, which was invested as a fund for the enlarged Home, and a house in South Audley Street was taken. Here Miss Ryan receives twelve inmates, which number she considers a proper limit for one house; but she desires to found similar Homes in other parts of the city, and to this object

devotes all the time she can spare. She is assisted by her brother and sister, fellow-workers in the same good cause; her sister undertakes the cooking, while the brother manages the marketing, and fulfils other duties; Miss Ryan herself is always the night-watcher, when one is needed. These are gratuitous labours on the part of each. The same disinterested spirit is evinced by the physicians who attend the patients, the ministers who visit, and the ladies who read to the poor sufferers.

A gentleman just returned from America, who has visited the institution, remarked that "it looks like a private house, of cheerful aspect, with a most agreeable hostess; the only difference from ordinary circumstances being, that the guests are all ill."

Miss Ryan is a Roman Catholic, but she allows no sectarian influence to intrude itself into her "Home." "There are," she says, "Baptists, one Universalist, Episcopalian, and Catholics here, and all are visited by the pious and benevolent of their own persuasion, without disturbing the general harmony."

Surely, our readers will not contemplate such a picture of zeal, tenderness, and religious toleration, without admitting that we do right in according Harriet Ryan a high place among "Our Exemplars."

CAPTAIN MACONOCHIE, R.N., K.H.

TO CAPTAIN ALEXANDER MACONOCHIE is owing, more than to any one other individual living, the rational and humane system of prison discipline, which, though very slowly, yet surely, is extending itself through our land. His theoretic views, and his practical application of them, which have been for twenty years familiar to the student of this important science, have operated as a leaven upon public opinion, while they have been a pole-star to individual effort. Their ameliorating influence may be traced throughout our criminal legislation. In various parts of the kingdom they may be discovered guiding the administrators of prison discipline; while the grand experiment in convict management, which Captain Crofton and his colleagues are triumphantly conducting in Ireland, is avowedly based upon the principles Captain Maconochie has set forth;—so far, we would be understood to mean, as the application is possible in the present state of our criminal law. That must be amended before the most important features of Captain Maconochie's system can be adopted—*i. e.*, *task*, instead of *time* sentences; and the option granted to the prisoner of spending (within certain limits) the marks he has earned.*

It was Archbishop Whately who first enunciated the doctrine that the convict should be detained until, by industry and good conduct, he has earned his right to be free. Somewhat later, but in ignorance that he had been anticipated, Captain Maconochie not only promulgated the same important doctrine, but developed it into a system, and thus rendered it capable of practical application.

* The reader will find the system fully explained hereafter.

The early portion of his biography has been prepared, by the kindness of the Captain, expressly for this work ; the remainder has been compiled chiefly from his published writings, and those of eyewitnesses of the operation of his plans for the reformatory treatment of criminals.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN MACONOCHIE.

“My life has been a long and active, but not very eventful one, and I have thus little striking to say regarding it ; though it has its lessons too, which it may be useful to point out. I was born on the 11th of February, 1787. My father was one of the Commissioners of the Board of Customs for Scotland. My principal guardian, after his death, was a near relative of the same name, a distinguished lawyer, who subsequently became a judge in the Supreme Court of Scotland, under the title of Lord Meadowbank. I was otherwise connected with a legal family, and, being myself at first destined and partly prepared for the law, I was about fifteen before I was enabled, with much difficulty, to break away to sea. I was then placed under the special care of another connection, the Hon. Sir Alexander Inglis Cochrane, whom I accompanied to Ireland and Spain, and finally to the West Indies and America. Now I began to reap the fruits of my excellent early education. It gained me the *soubriquet*, which I retained while a midshipman, of ‘Our Colleges,’ and when I got on the Spanish coast enabled me at an early period, before we currently acquired the Spanish language, to interpret in Latin with the monks,—and main bad Latin we severally spoke ! The benefit to me was in keeping up my previous

education, and in the notice it procured me from the superior officers of the fleet. Some of my earliest and most useful subsequent friendships so originated.

“In the West Indies commenced my chief fighting experience, and here I, for the first and only time in my life, saw, and was even in a sort brought into contact with, Nelson. It was on the occasion of his rapid chase of the French fleet to the West Indies, some months before Trafalgar. He first touched at Antigua, thence passed by some of the other islands to Trinidad, receiving some slight reinforcements, among which was our ship, the *Northumberland*, 74, and finally hove to off Port d’Espagne, in the Gulf of Paria, when he was waited on by the admiral and captains present, and received the latest information. I was midshipman in the boat with Sir Alexander Cochrane, and was then for about an hour alongside and aboard the *Victory*. I was standing on her quarter-deck, when Lord Nelson came out of the cabin, with a large glass under his arm, and crossing to where I stood on the lee side, he said to me, ‘Youngster, give me a shoulder,’ and made a motion so to employ me; but, changing his mind, he turned up the poop ladder, and I never saw him afterwards. He looked heated and impatient, and finding the French fleet had sailed, in about an hour followed, and again made sail for England. We were in hopes that he would have taken us with him, but he did not. He fell, as is known, the following October, in his great battle.

“Admiral Cochrane engaged in very active service, and besides being present at the battle of St. Domingo, I shared in the successive sieges and captures of the French, Spanish, Danish, and Swedish West India Islands. In these I was twice wounded, and three times suffered

much under yellow and other fevers. At length, my time being served, the admiral appointed me lieutenant on board his son's ship. I had long outgrown my functions as interpreter, but at the earnest exhortations of the admiral, addressed to all of us, I continued my studies, especially in modern languages and mathematics.

"I had still my Latin Grammar and some few easy books with me, and laboured at parsing, instead of merely divining the meaning of the new words I acquired. It amuses me now when I think of the ambitious nature of some of my dreams at this time. Among others, I conceived a plan of a universal grammar, which should classify all languages, and in a manner, *idioms*, as I successively acquired them by their greater or lesser accordance with Latin. I partly elaborated the idea, but I was too ignorant to bring it into complete shape.

"In the *Ethalion*, which I joined in 1809, I went to Vera Cruz and Porto Rico, and thence we took dollars to Cadiz, now open to us, but besieged by the French, and in want of money. While on active duty here, for some months, I was brought into close contact with a superior class of Spaniards, from which I reaped much benefit in improving myself in the language.

"Being relieved, we returned to Portsmouth, and ultimately were payed off. I next joined the *Grasshopper*, an eighteen-gun brig. We were soon detached with convoy up the Baltic, and in the following December, 1810, with nearly the same convoy, we were directed to return home.

"On the night of the 24th I had the middle watch—blowing very hard and very cold. About three o'clock in the morning I distinguished a line-of-battle ship, in the weather bow, heave across as if sounding. We had

been for some time uneasy at her running so far without taking sounding, and to give her room I called out to ease the helm up, to pass under her stern; and to the mistake I thus made we owed our deliverance from the most imminent danger, for she had at this moment struck the ground on the outside of the Hack sands, where she was ultimately lost, and not a soul saved. Passing under her stern we struck the same sands end on, and with a little dragging dropped into smooth water in seven fathoms, and immediately cast anchor. We did not know where we were, but as officer of the watch, it seemed to me the only proceeding that promised security. The officers and crew all of course hurried on deck, and we waited anxiously for daylight. We then learnt that our men of war and convoy were all wrecked outside the Hack, and that we ourselves were within two miles of the Helder, where the Dutch fleet lay at anchor. A crowd of small vessels speedily surrounded us, to which, resistance being out of the question, we surrendered, and endeavoured to engage their aid to rescue the survivors from the wrecks. But this was in vain.* Four line-of-

* "I have not interrupted the above narrative by reflections suggested by the events; yet they were very striking, and we felt them deeply. Had I not, by an apparent accident, and, in fact, under the influence of a mistake, altered the ship's course, we should have taken the ground on our broadside; in five minutes we should have been turned over, and have perished to a man. As it was, at the top of the highest tide known for years at the Helder, and which flooded all its cellars, we barely found water to take us across the outer sandbank and drop us into deep and smooth water. Had we not then immediately anchored, under impulse rather than reasoning, in five minutes more we should have been again ashore, and still wrecked, with probably heavy loss; as it was we only lost one man. In the midst of our danger, an incident almost ludicrous occurred, which I well remember as if yesterday. A small scamp of a boy rushed up in the confusion to ask what

battle ships, and almost 200 sail of merchantmen were thus lost, and the coast was for miles strewn with the fragments. We ourselves, thanks to my lucky mistake, were all saved, and landed in the course of Christmas-day. Our reception was inhospitable. The Dutch authorities were afraid to be thought to favour us, and the French were not inclined to interfere. We were sentenced to march up the country with our men. We endeavoured to get the officers, at least, transferred by some sort of conveyance, but in vain, and thus had to travel on foot above 400 miles in the most inclement weather, and suffered very severely. At last we got to Sedan, and were distributed thence according to our rank, the commissioned officers being sent to Verdun. There I arrived in February in great despair. It was understood that no exchange would be allowed us, and we had nothing to look forward to but a protracted and harsh confinement. Almost heart-broken, I was persuaded to think seriously of changing my profession. I became very intimate with a gentleman and his wife, who, having visited France some years before on their wedding trip, had been detained ever since, and, like many others, had given up all idea of being released. He was an accomplished lawyer, and at his instigation I resumed my study of the law, relinquished in early youth.

we were about, and an old boatswain's mate, named Cossie, called out with his rough, good-humoured voice, 'Take care of that boy, he is my only hope now,' intimating, even at the time, to the infinite amusement of the rest of the crew, that he was surely not born to be drowned. I have often thought of this since, when I have been most downhearted about the Mark System. It has seemed to me that I was surely thus preserved to devise it, and I have been encouraged to hope from the omen that I should yet live to see it established; and even now, in extreme old age and in failing health, I yet retain the impression."

“Knowing that my good legal connections in Scotland would introduce me to the bar, I pursued my studies most energetically, and, I believe, with some success, for nearly three years, the duration of my captivity. At this period the fall of Buonaparte restored me to my original prospects. I could easily carry my law with me, and return to the admiral, by this time commander-in-chief on the coast of America, which accordingly I did. Up the Potomac we made a sudden attack on Washington, and at New Orleans sustained the defeat which subsequently gave General Jackson his American celebrity. I here first commanded a brigade of gun-boats, and was then promoted to be captain of the *Trave*, and afterwards of the *Calliope*, a very clever, handy, ten-gun brig. In her I remained until the peace, when I was sent to the Havannah, and thence to Canada, to order the army home, now wanted in preparation for Waterloo.

“At Quebec, the idea first occurred to me of a principle in discipline which I afterwards carried into effect, to a great extent, at Norfolk Island. It was that of mutual responsibility among my men. Peace having just been concluded in America, and preparations for hostilities, consequent upon the escape of Buonaparte from Elba, having commenced in England, desertion from our shipping, of men anxious to hasten to the seat of war, was almost universal. To check it, it became common in our fleet to grant no leave of absence. I had previously given this liberally, and was unwilling to stop it at once. It occurred to me to grant it on system, requiring those who obtained it to return on board before their companions in the watch or boat to which they belonged could receive the same favour; and, without saying that no one ever broke this compact, I may assert that such a breach of faith

very seldom occurred. Return from leave became the rule, instead of the rare exception.

“After six weeks’ detention at Quebec, the troops were ready to embark, and I was selected to hasten before and announce their approaching arrival. My only orders were to lose no time by the way, and I thus was led to make another experiment, which gave me at the time great anxiety, but proved eventually most successful. We had a fair and even fresh wind all the way home, but one of the thickest and most continuous fogs I almost ever saw. With the fleet behind us we could not afford to be cautious, so I had a bucket of water drawn almost every ten minutes during the voyage, and a thermometer plunged into it, concluding that on approaching an iceberg the temperature would fall. I was a young captain then, and, with my first lieutenant and master, kept on deck day and night, watching the glass incessantly. As it happened, the temperature did not vary materially throughout, but the freedom with which we were enabled thus to run gave us an extremely short passage, I think nineteen days from land to land, while the fleet behind us was not less than thirty days, to our infinite gratification.

“At Portsmouth we were finally paid off, and thus I had no share in the Waterloo campaign, either on sea or land. I went to Scotland, and, for six years, led an idle life. Having got my promotion, I thought no more of law, and, after a time, married, bought a small property near Edinburgh, and farmed it. It was not, however, very profitable, and, my family increasing, at the end of seven years, I returned to London. I here met many old friends—among them were Sir John Barrow, Sir John Franklin, Admiral Beaufort, and other originators of the Royal Geographical Society, and, joining them, I was

eventually chosen their secretary. The branch of geography to which my attention was most devoted was what may be called ethical or political geography. It directed my thoughts to the effect of varying circumstances upon the character of those subjected to them, a branch of study which eventually had an important influence on my career. Sir John Franklin, being appointed Governor of Van Diemen's Land, asked me to accompany him as his secretary; and, before setting off, a deputation of the Prison Discipline Society requested that I would correspond with them on the management of the prisoners in the colony. I said there was nothing I should like better, but being about to hold office under Government, I must obtain specific permission. This was soon accomplished, but partly from its purpose being misunderstood, and partly from the offence it unavoidably gave to the previous authorities in the colony, it was the cause of much unhappiness to me, and had an evil effect on my after fortunes.

“I had not previously studied the subject of punishment, nor did I now read much about it. I thought that my observations would be more valuable by not being guided by prior impressions. But I was only a short time in Van Diemen's Land before I acquired the unfavourable opinion of the system of convict management prevailing there, which I still retain. It was one of compulsory labour, mainly in private service, enforced by the masters by severe punishments, and evaded by the prisoner as much as possible. The consequence was, that the first were made tyrannical, and the latter systematically deceptive. Thus operating upon each other, both deteriorated even from day to day. As a reformatory system, or as the basis of a future state of society, nothing could be worse. My first report contained chiefly examples of

the mutual injury of master and servant exhibited in the colony under this system of domestic slavery.

“It gave great offence at the time, but has been adopted since even to the letter by the colonists themselves, when it suited their political feeling to employ the language of complaint instead of justification. To remedy the evil, I proposed what I called first the *social*, and then the *mark-system*. Its aim was to make the state of bondage as closely as possible to resemble one of freedom, calling into action the same impulses, but tightening their obligations, and making them all combine to improvement. Its provisions were:—1st. That offences, whatever their degree, and whether committed at home or in the colonies, should be visited by *task* instead of *time* sentences; or, if the latter form were retained, it should be for a *minimum* term, before the expiration of which an allotted task should not be considered as performed; never for a *maximum* term, authorising discharge before such task is accomplished. 2nd. That the task measured by marks should be indicated by the judge; such marks to be earned according to fixed rules, during imprisonment. 3rd. That prisoners should have no rations or other indulgences allowed them as of right, but be permitted to purchase with the marks thus earned whatever, within prescribed limits, they desired. 4th. That by a similar agency, discipline be preserved among prisoners, their offences being all punishable according to their degree, by a fixed and equitable fine; never, if possible, or very rarely, and only in the most aggravated cases, by corporal punishment. 5th. That in their choice of diet, they should have a large discretion, being permitted to purchase (with *marks* only it will be observed) even fermented liquors, though strongly discouraged from doing so. I

wished thus to strengthen the *moral* preventive against their use, but to employ no *physical* restraints, which I conceive to be injurious, when only temporary.

6th. That prisoners, when congregated in numbers, be required to distribute themselves in small parties, the members of which should be *responsible for each other*, earning and forfeiting their marks in common. I wished thus to imitate family ties among the convicts, the want of which I observed to be very injurious in Van Diemen's Land.

7th. That they be at liberty to bestow their marks among each other, and thus be familiarised with mutual acts of kindness, and even important services, as bail-bond, &c.*

"My great aim was to excite and multiply virtuous *social* obligations among them; and thus only do I still think the lawless in habit and temper can be reclaimed.

"In due course my report was transmitted to the Colonial Office. I had divided my remarks and suggestions into three packets; one strictly confined to convicts and their management; another to the state of crime in the colony; and the third was miscellaneous. In this I treated of free emigration; of the prevalence of drunkenness; of the prospect of representative assemblies being introduced; of the want of improved educational institutions; and lastly, of the treatment of the natives as requiring much amelioration. These were all important topics; yet for nearly two years they obtained no answer, or even acknowledgment.

"At length, I received a letter from Sir George Gipps, then Governor of New South Wales, informing me that directions had arrived from the Government at home, to place the command of Norfolk Island at my option, that

* A more elaborate statement of his system will be found in Captain Maconochie's 'Thoughts on Convict Management,' published in 1838.

I might there try my proposed system of prison discipline. I wrote to him that the place selected was an extraordinary one for the trial of a new reformatory system, the island being the known receptacle of all the worst, and, according to popular opinion, irreclaimable convicts in both colonies. I entertained, however, too much confidence in my system, and was too eager to try my plan, to raise difficulties ; and I accordingly hastened to Sydney, to make the preliminary arrangements.

“Sir George Gipps received me very kindly, and entirely concurred in my views of the existing system, even adducing some unfavourable traits from his own experience. Yet I could not disguise from myself that he was not prepared to agree with me on all points. He was a most excellent man, just, equitable, and high-minded, but a thorough soldier. His idols were order and discipline, to attain which his tendency was to severity, and here I early foresaw differences between us which it would be very difficult to reconcile. He over-valued mere authority, and under-valued what I called means of persuasion, on which, moreover, I rested almost my whole system. Thus to many concessions I asked for, as essential to my experiment, he was inclined to object as indulgences ; and there was one point on which we openly differed at once. Ship-loads of prisoners were being sent out direct from England expressly for me to deal with ; but Sir George would not hear of my subjecting the old island prisoners to the same discipline with these men. In vain I argued that if it were found effectual, they would probably require it the most, and that to coop up 1,500 men on a small island on two systems, one thought more advantageous than the other, would certainly breed jealousy and quarrelling between them, and infallibly injure both.

“ I offered even to give up Norfolk Island, and try my experiment on a much smaller scale in some retired nook in New South Wales, rather than be under the necessity of keeping up two systems at once. But this proposal was not granted ; and though already foreseeing the rock on which I should thus ultimately split with Sir George, I was forced to acquiesce, and agree to bring my family up from Van Diemen’s Land, and proceed to Norfolk Island.”

Norfolk Island, so named by Captain Cook, who visited it in 1774, lies 900 miles east of New Zealand, and far distant from any of the other numerous islands of the South Pacific Ocean. It is about fifteen miles in circumference, with so precipitous a coast as to be accessible from the sea only in calm weather, but in climate and every other element of natural beauty it is almost unrivalled. Here Captain Maconochie arrived on the 6th of March, 1840. He found the state of things even worse than he had expected. 1,400 men, the very refuse of New Holland and Van Diemen’s Land, who had incurred this further punishment while under sentence there, were huddled together at night in barracks where the arrangements were such as to violate all sense of decency ; while by day they were rigorously coerced, their better feelings outraged, their self-respect destroyed. They were required to salute every private soldier, and even empty sentry boxes. If they met a superior officer they had to uncover their heads in the burning sun, and stand aside—in the ditch it might be—until he had passed, often without taking any notice of them. For the most trifling conventional faults—the omission of a mark of respect,

the possession of a newspaper, or of some article of clothing not furnished by Government—they were heavily ironed and flogged, until in some instances the lash brought away pieces of flesh ; and then consigned to stone cells, their lacerated bodies being left to Nature to heal. But moral offences of the blackest hue were little regarded, the offenders being even pointed out as objects of curiosity by the officers, who related their deeds as amusing anecdotes to new-comers. Though they worked in chains, it was considered dangerous for even armed officers to approach within three yards of them ; and when the governor spoke to them they were required to throw aside their tools, while he was additionally protected by a guard of two armed orderlies. They were fed more like hogs than men. Their food consisted, besides sweet potatoes, of maize-meal bread, which was distasteful to all, and especially so to new-comers, in whom it even produced dysentery ; and salt meat of good quality, but rendered so disgusting by the offensive odour of the casks in which it had been packed, that when these were being opened no one could pass the storehouses without holding their breath. As it was considered unsafe to trust the men with knives, they tore their food with their hands and teeth, and they drank out of water buckets. To evade labour they were accustomed to inflict the most dreadful injuries upon their bodies, and even to create insanity. So intolerable was life to them, that instances are said to have occurred of their killing their companions out of charity, while it is known that their craving to escape from the island induced them to commit murder, that they might be sent to Sydney for trial, though death would inevitably be their doom. Theft was common among them, and in the

case of assigned servants was often connived at by the masters who benefited by it—themselves Government officials! The physical health of the convicts was deplorable. Hundreds were swept into an early grave by the combined effect of improper food, bad lodging, and the most depressing moral influences, while the constitutions of those who survived were more or less injured. A chaplain had latterly been appointed, but no place of worship existed upon the island; there were no schools and no books. The effect upon the prisoners was such that a convict said—"Let a man be what he will, when he comes here he is soon as bad as the rest; a man's heart is taken from him, and there is given to him the heart of a beast." The men's countenances revealed the treatment they had received. Among the most formidable spectacles Captain Maconochie ever beheld was the sea of faces upturned towards him, when he first addressed these convicts. Marvellous was the effect he wrought upon his hearers! The countenance of him to whom they listened reflected the noblest attributes of mind and heart with which man was ever endowed by his Creator. None could gaze upon it and doubt the sincerity of the words that fell from his lips. Yet those words were full of lovingkindness towards them—hopelessly as they had deemed themselves cut off for ever from the sympathy of good men—and recognised even them, the outcasts of the outcast, as of the same human brotherhood with himself. An eye-witness has described the scene. The men had assembled in hardened indifference. He began; their attention was arrested; he went on; their features began to work; they struggled hard, but nature prevailed. The floodgates were opened by the first touch of human sympathy, and tears

streamed down faces whose eyes for years had not been moistened.

From this moment signs of improvement were discernible. The fearlessness which Captain Maconochie displayed, produced an immediate and most beneficial impression. Some small cannon guarded the commandant's house. Within a few days of Captain Maconochie's arrival, the convicts themselves were employed to dismount them ; and, removed to a distance, their only use during his sojourn on the island was to fire an occasional complimentary salvo.

As civil commandant he was allowed one orderly, but his attendance was dispensed with except upon the Queen's birthday, when a visit of ceremony was to be paid to the military commandant.

From the first Captain Maconochie went unreservedly among the convicts unarmed, either alone or accompanied only by his wife, whose zeal and self-devotion in the cause with which he is identified are equal to his own ; and soon all the free inhabitants, officers, women and children, alike, traversed the island singly and without fear. Yet the number of soldiers in garrison during his residence did not exceed 160 ; and but five of his inferior officials were free men. From 200 to 300 soldiers, and 20 to 30 free officials have, since his departure, been found necessary. The police and overseers he selected from among the prisoners themselves. The convicts were relieved of their chains, and surveillance over them was diminished ; yet offences of violence rapidly decreased, and robbery became rare, although the rigour with which every theft was investigated and punished, and so brought to light, gave colour to the report that they increased, instead of greatly decreased, as the fact was, under Captain Maconochie's

administration. Malingering—feigning illness—almost entirely disappeared, and more work was willingly performed than it had previously been possible to extract by the severest compulsion.

The means by which Captain Maconochie obtained these results were various, but all had for their object to cultivate the self-respect of the prisoners, and their sense of moral and social obligation. To this end he allotted gardens to individuals or to groups, adding the privilege of rearing pigs and poultry. By thus giving them property he taught them to respect the property of others. He improved the prisoners' dwellings so far as his very limited opportunities permitted, diminishing the numbers to be accommodated in the barracks by hutting some of the best conducted out in the bush; he furnished them with knives, forks, pannikins, &c., and allowed his first class men to wear a dress superior to the ordinary convict uniform. Schools, of course, he established, or rather encouraged when suggested by the men—a plan he preferred to originating improvements himself; but the apparatus at his command was of the humblest description. There were but few school-books on the island, and none suited to beginners. Some types given to his children as playthings served to print the alphabet, and a few easy sentences. The men, with the marks his system enabled them to earn, paid their teachers—the better educated of their own body. These were aided, however, by members of Captain Maconochie's family; who also shared the readings aloud, which, with excellent effect, he had introduced among the convicts. He built two churches, distributed books, and gave prizes to the convicts for assiduity; and by his constant presence and counsel directed their thoughts to noble aims. With their marks, also, they were per-

mitted to subscribe to a friendly society, originated by themselves to give aid in case of sickness or accident. Impressed with the purifying effect of music, Captain Maconochie brought with him from Sydney a variety of instruments, and a fine band was formed among the convicts. So eager were they to improve, that they would rise at four in the morning to get through their work and obtain leisure to practise.

The mark system, however, was the basis of his reforms, although he was not permitted to establish it in its integrity. The Home Government long delayed any answer to his application that the marks earned by his prisoners should purchase their freedom, and when at length the decision arrived it was unfavourable. Thus, the only value with which he could invest his marks was the power of procuring such privileges as the nature of imprisonment rendered possible. Among these was the option of purchasing food, in addition to the bread and water to which Captain Maconochie had reduced the fixed rations.

That portion of his system which consisted in associating the men in small groups, under mutual responsibility, exercised a potent influence for good upon their conduct. At first they could not admit the justice of the scheme; their objection, however, it is worthy of remark, was not always that they should suffer through the ill-conduct of their fellows, but that their fellows should suffer through theirs. Soon, however, they appreciated the wisdom of a plan copied from Nature's own law, by which none of us can do good or evil without benefiting or injuring our fellow-creatures.

The Queen's birthday occurred in less than three months after Captain Maconochie reached Norfolk Island. Convinced of the wisdom of cultivating loyalty and the

love of home in the class to which his men belonged, and aware that the observance of national festivals tends forcibly to nourish those feelings, he resolved to make this anniversary a happy holiday throughout the island. Fresh food was supplied to the convicts, and after an address which went to their very hearts, the Captain proposing "The health of Victoria our Queen, and old England for ever!" with his own hand gave each man a half-tumbler of lemonade, containing a small portion of rum, which was drunk amid shouts of "Long live the Queen!" National sports were engaged in for prizes, the band played national airs, and in the evening was performed a drama, "The Exile's Return." During the day, the convicts, 1,800 in number, unwatched, traversed the island in all directions. Two boats lay along the new wharf, and powder for the rockets and for firing the cannon was at hand, without a single soldier to guard it. Notwithstanding these temptations to revolt, which three months before would have been irresistible, not a single breach of discipline occurred; and at the first sound of the bell at night, the prisoners retired quietly to their sleeping-places!

Men out of number afterwards told Captain Maconochie that it was this festival, and his confidence in them which it evinced, that chiefly contributed to win them from evil. Omitting the punch and the dramatic performances, which excited animadversion from those in authority at a distance, he always celebrated the day in the same manner; and also gave half-holidays on St. George's, St. Patrick's, and St. Andrew's days, and on the anniversaries of Trafalgar and Waterloo. On the latter, to his Waterloo men, of whom there were several, he gave a dinner of fresh meat.

So deeply was Captain Maconochie impressed with the injustice and inexpediency of withholding from the colonial prisoners the benefit of the mark system, under which the prisoners from England were placed, that soon after his arrival he determined to extend it to the former body also. Three months later, he received an order from Sir George Gipps to withdraw the privilege from the colonial offenders. From that time his power of urging them to well-doing for the most part was restricted to the moral influence he possessed over them. It was a bitter disappointment alike to him and the men, but they seemed to feel it even more for him than for themselves. They bore it without a murmur, and resolved they would yet "do the Captain credit." They succeeded, for on Sir George Gipps visiting the island three years subsequently, he asked Captain Maconochie what he had done to make the men look so well, declaring "he had seldom seen a better-looking set; *they were quite equal to new prisoners from England.*"*

The prisoners from England meanwhile were proving the excellence of the new plan; and in his official report of this visit, Sir G. Gipps says: "Notwithstanding that my arrival was altogether unexpected, I found good order everywhere to prevail, and the demeanour of the prisoners to be respectful and quiet."

Before Captain Maconochie's time, the corpses of convicts who died upon the island were treated with less care than even common decency demanded; trundled along in a cart, they were buried more like dogs than human beings. As M. Demetz had done at Mettray, so Captain Maconochie proved at Norfolk Island the good effect

* What fearful testimony to the deteriorating effect of colonial penal treatment this remark of Sir George Gipps involves, as well as to the regenerating influence of Captain Maconochie's system!

which respect towards their dead companions produces upon even the most degraded survivors. He caused the funerals to be conducted with solemnity. They took place after work-hours, and all the men who wished it were permitted to attend. With their marks the convicts from England purchased a pall; this they lent to the colonial prisoners, who, by the discontinuation of *their* marks were unable to make such a purchase,—a circumstance which shows that Captain Maconochie had succeeded in preserving a friendly feeling between the two classes, notwithstanding their unjust inequality of position.

The coffin-bearers were always volunteers, and only upon one occasion did none come forward. This happened at the funeral of a man whose malicious character had procured him universal dislike. At length, however, one of the best-conducted of the prisoners offered to carry the coffin. Captain Maconochie asked him why he came forward; his answer illustrated one principle in the mark system. "Sir, we passed through much trouble together." Here is another anecdote of a like kind. When Captain Maconochie left Norfolk Island, two ships were sent, at an interval of three weeks, for him and those of the prisoners who were ready to depart. He was to sail in the first, and as the men believed it would be an advantage to accompany him, they greatly coveted the privilege. He settled the matter by directing that they should leave in the order in which they had come. One man, however, belonging to a party entitled to go with the Captain, was very ill, and known to be dying in the hospital. Dropping some expressions of regret that he should linger behind his companions, they voluntarily waived their claim, and all remained for the second

ship. Before it sailed he died. Their sacrifice was made only to gratify a whim, yet no word of repining passed their lips. It proved not to have been thrown away, for they reached Van Diemen's Land before Captain Maconochie left, and the anecdote procured them situations at once.

Again. A prisoner of strongly marked character, who kept all his companions in awe of him, and was looked upon by them and every one else as one of the worst conducted men on the island, had a strong passion for gambling. Upon one occasion, when indulging it, he lost not only everything he had in the world, but two shirts which were not his own. Humiliated at becoming a *petty thief*, he hid himself in the bush. For two days he was missing, and no robbery or other evil deed being heard of, it was inferred he must somehow have met with his death. On the second morning, a heavy rain having fallen all the previous night, he was found so exhausted for want of food, as to be unable to move without help, although he had been surrounded by poultry, and pig-yards, and sheep-stations, whence he could have supplied himself. The overseer asked him how this happened. He answered that under any other commandant he would have committed half-a-dozen robberies ; but he had done enough ill in return for Captain Maconochie's kindness, and would rather starve than vex him further. He was then asked why he had not gone to Grey, a friend of his, who had been sent out of his way to a sheep-station by the Captain. To this he replied, "he had not gone *for fear of getting Grey into trouble.*"

The sense of honour which grew up under Captain Maconochie's system, showed itself also under another form. He chose the best men for hutting-out, and re-

quired them to promise obedience to regulations. It was known if any scheme for violating these were afloat, by the men asking to come into barracks, and so relieving themselves of their responsibilities. The additional vigilance thus suggested stopped many an attempt. These consisted generally in plots to escape—the strongest temptation to wrong-doing which could assail the daring, reckless class who came to Norfolk Island. During the four years Captain Maconochie was commandant, three parties got away, one of them, however, being accompanied by the soldiers whose duty it was to guard the boat-house; a fourth reached Philip's Island, but was brought back.

In June, 1842, intelligence had recently arrived that Government would not allow the convicts to work their way out of confinement; and that whether their conduct were good or bad, the periods for which they had been sentenced must be fulfilled. From the first Captain Maconochie had warned them that this might happen, and that it was in his power to give only a nominal value to their marks, to be confirmed or rendered nugatory as higher authorities might decide. Still the decision was felt as a heavy disappointment, and by depriving the men of hope, and giving birth to a report that the former harsh system was to be restored, it rendered many ill-disposed, whose conduct previously had been most satisfactory. While the effect thus produced was yet fresh, twelve prisoners employed upon a brig lying off the island, tempted by the negligence of their guards, rose against them and the sailors, and almost obtained possession of the ship, but eventually were overpowered. Had they not refrained from murder (one convict even sprang overboard to rescue a soldier from drowning), the result would probably have been different. They did not meet with similar

forbearance, many of them being killed in the fray. The remainder, after some months' delay, were taken to Sidney for trial, and sentenced to death. But their conduct during this interval, and at their execution, showed that, though tempted astray, the good impressions received under Captain Maconochie's governorship were not wholly effaced. After the first paroxysms of rage and despair they became patient and repentant, and deeply grateful for any mark of kindness. Not seeking to exculpate themselves by falsehood, they admitted the justice of their doom, and submitted to it without a murmur. Their last words were those of affectionate gratitude towards the Captain and his family, and all who had been kind to them.

Captain Maconochie's system, from the first, lacked the hearty co-operation of both Sir George Gipps and the Home Government, while his reforms created a strong feeling against them in those with whose selfish interests they interfered. Rumours of failure, often wholly without foundation, assumed, when carried to a distance, the authority of facts; and errors which had really occurred, as Captain Maconochie frankly admits,—and that some were made in administering a new system under circumstances so disadvantageous is not wonderful,—when reported by hostile witnesses, acquired an aspect so grave as to alarm the powers at home. The difficulties of investigation at so great a distance were not grappled with. It seemed an easier course to recall Captain Maconochie; and thus a most important, and, as calm examination has proved, successful experiment was brought to a hasty and premature conclusion. In February, 1844, Captain Maconochie left Norfolk Island. The prisoners were filled with grief at his departure.

A few days afterwards, four of them, picking up an old black silk neckerchief that had belonged to him, divided it amongst them, using it to cover their prayer-books.

It was no bed of roses he had occupied there. Difficulties of every kind had surrounded him. The officials, accustomed to exercise the harsh discipline of former times, could not reconcile themselves to his plans. The convict-buildings were totally unsuited to the requirements of the severe probationary stage, which he was, nevertheless, greatly blamed for not carrying into effect ; but more harassing still was the refusal of Government to confer upon his marks the power of purchasing freedom, in which lay the very mainspring of his system. Yet, crippled as he was, he obtained results which irrefragably demonstrate the soundness of his theory, and the skilfulness of his practice.

It has been asserted that his treatment was so indulgent as to make his men desirous to get back to Norfolk Island. Yet the re-convictions of men discharged by him were under three per cent. ; while of those discharged in Van Diemen's Land, they amounted to nine per cent. ; and, in England, exceed thirty per cent.

It has been likewise said, that offences during his rule became rare, because its laxity left them unrecognised.

On the contrary, every moral offence was vigorously punished, and, by the vigilance of his police, and by his own influence, Captain Maconochie succeeded in obtaining evidence against culprits to an extent unknown before or since his term of office. .

In one respect, however, his task was easy. He was working with Nature, instead of against her. He convinced his men that he had their welfare at heart, and

thus secured that essential element of success—their co-operation.

“As pastor of the island, and for two years a magistrate,” wrote the Rev. T. B. Naylor, who became chaplain at Norfolk Island during Captain Maconochie’s governorship, and remained after his departure, “I can prove that at no period was there so little crime, or anything like the tone of improved feeling which characterised the period of his residence there; and I am willing to stake all my credit upon the assertion, that if he has a fair field and fair play, his cause will be triumphantly established. I never met with a prisoner who does not confirm my conviction of the improving tendencies of the efforts he made.” The author of “Settlers and Convicts” (published in “Knight’s Weekly Volumes”) says—“Captain Maconochie did more for the reformation of these unhappy wretches, and amelioration of their physical circumstances, than the most sanguine practical mind could, beforehand, have ventured even to hope. It is greatly to be regretted that his views were not carried out to their fullest extent, in the most cordial spirit. My knowledge of the convict’s character warrants my saying, expressly, that they offer the only approximation that has ever yet been made to a correct penal theory.”

Want of space alone prevents our citing further testimony to his success at Norfolk Island. He found it a hell; he left it a well-ordered community. Not long, alas! did it remain so. A harsh, military rule, sustained by physical force, replaced his enlightened administration. Constant floggings, imprisonment with chains, gagging by means of wood thrust into the mouth, and other cruel punishments, went far to reduce the men to their former state of ferocious barbarism. Their gardens and

even their kettles were taken from them : the latter deprivation was the proximate cause of a fearful riot, in July, 1846, when three officers lost their lives. Numerous executions followed its suppression—twelve men being hanged in one morning ! At length, the horrors of Norfolk Island became too great for endurance, and the penal settlement was broken up.

Captain Maconochie returned in August, 1844, with his family, to England ; and from that time he has never ceased in his labours to promote the amelioration of prison discipline in this country. Earnestly has he sought an opportunity of again carrying his principles into effect, and with this view he accepted, in 1849, the governorship of Birmingham Gaol. A bitter disappointment awaited him. He was permitted to apply the mark system to juvenile offenders only, and even then it was crippled by limitations. Nevertheless, its good effect upon them was obvious.

When entering upon the governorship of Birmingham Gaol, Captain Maconochie endeavoured to ensure from the Home Secretary a diminution of punishment for his prisoners, adult and juvenile, dependent upon and in proportion to their good conduct. But the only concession to the principles of his system which he could obtain was a promise, that any case recommended by the visiting justices for remission of sentence should be considered. The magistrates failed to recognise the importance of the power thus entrusted to them, and did not, in one single instance, exercise it.

Complaints of over-leniency were brought against Captain Maconochie, and a dissent from his views of prison discipline, by the visiting justices, led to his dismissal, by a majority of the magistrates, in 1851. They selected to

succeed him a gentleman whose claim to their favour was his reputation as a strict disciplinarian. Our readers will not have forgotten the atrocities which, under his rule, acquired for Birmingham Gaol a world-wide and most unenviable notoriety.

At the suggestion of the late Mr. William Chance, one of the minority—all leading men in the town—who had strenuously opposed the dismissal of Captain Maconochie, a purse was presented to him before his departure, as “a testimony of respect for his character, and of sympathy with those benevolent views which had induced him to labour assiduously for the purpose of carrying into effect a reformatory system in the management of prisons.” The presentation took place at a public meeting, which was largely attended, the general feeling in Birmingham towards Captain Maconochie being in accordance with that of the party among the magistrates to which Mr. Chance belonged.

Captain Maconochie’s knowledge of the Spanish language, sedulously cultivated in early life, enabled him to confer an important benefit upon the reformatory cause, when, in 1852, he published a translation of a tract describing the prison of Valencia, in Spain, by Colonel Manuel Montesinos. This remarkable man, like his distinguished fellow-labourer, Herr Obermaier, governor of the state-prison at Munich, has been guided in the management of the convicts committed to his charge by the principles laid down by Captain Maconochie. Yet, of the mark system, as of each other’s proceedings, Montesinos and Obermaier have probably been in total ignorance. The success obtained, in spite of the most serious obstacles, by the experiments independently conducted in the prisons of Munich and Valencia, and upon

Norfolk Island, affords proof to demonstration, were it yet wanting, of the soundness of the principles upon which those experiments were based.

His time, his talents, his money, has Captain Maconochie devoted to the cause for which he has striven. Not only his own but his wife's fortune has been sacrificed in its behalf; and for the loss of this latter fund he has justly, though hitherto vainly, sought compensation. Shall the nation he has benefited fail to discharge that small portion of their debt which money can liquidate? The evening of his long and honourable life may be, and we trust is, cheered by the conviction that, although unacknowledged, his efforts have not been fruitless; and by the assurance that the principles he has advocated will sooner or later triumph, since truth must, in the end, prevail. But are *we* content that this reflection shall be his sole reward for years of toil and suffering, which, bringing only disappointment to him, have teemed with benefits to his country?

CATHERINE WILKINSON.

CATHERINE WILKINSON, better known as Catherine of Liverpool, was born in Ireland about the year 1786. When she was five years old her mother was left in Liverpool by her husband, with two children to support. Kitty, as she is usually called, fortunately came under the notice of a very charitable lady, who occupied herself in visiting and relieving the poor. The latter provided employment in spinning for the mother, while she took the little girl under her own charge to assist her in her benevolent duties. From this kind lady we may well believe that Kitty imbibed that spirit of true charity for which she is so distinguished ; indeed, she was now receiving the best possible education, and it proved of inestimable benefit to her in after life. At ten years old Kitty, with her brother, was placed at a cotton factory near Lancaster. The manager, Captain Steele, was, fortunately for Kitty, a man of true kindness of heart ; he exercised great influence over the "hands," especially over the younger ones. Catherine retains a most grateful recollection of his kindness, and to this day considers life in a cotton mill as the happiest in the world.

Desiring to be near her mother, Catherine left the factory, where she had obtained a good character for conduct and propriety of demeanour, and the reputation withal of being an immense talker. She went into service in Liverpool, and here, for the third time, Catherine found a friend in her employer. Her mistress took great pains in teaching her household duties, and in strengthening the habits of order and diligence which had been inculcated

by her benefactress. Thus happily Catherine grew up to womanhood, under the charge of persons who were constantly exhibiting an example of love and charity. The seed sown fell on good ground, and brought forth an hundred fold. Catherine's readiness to oblige, or to render any little service for her mistress or her fellow-servants, won for her the love of all.

Her mother's health still further declining, both in body and mind, she left service to attend upon her, and opened a little school for their support. The mother, in a fit of insanity, burnt the lesson books, and thus the school was obliged to be abandoned. Catherine next undertook embroidery for shops. She married a very worthy man, with whom she lived happily for several years, until he was lost at sea in 1816, leaving his widow with one child, and the near prospect of another.

Catherine was now in great destitution, on the point of child-birth, and with no food beyond one penny roll for the whole family. How she and those dependent upon her struggled through the time of her confinement, we are not informed. On her recovery she obtained work at a nail-factory, where, by great diligence, she could make 800 nails a-day, and obtain 1s. 3d. for her labour. She worked so hard that she blistered her hands, when she applied poultices to them until they were cured, meanwhile selling flowers, which a poor neighbour who dealt in this article gave to her out of her small stock, sometimes adding to her benefaction a substantial meal. Thus she lived, supporting upon these scanty means her sick mother, herself, and her two children—one never free from disease from his birth. Her mother was finally removed to the workhouse, her insanity increasing so much as to imperil the safety both of herself and her daughter, who then reluctantly resigned her charge. But many were the little

comforts that Catherine continued to supply to her mother from time to time, almost at the cost of the necessaries of life to herself.

Catherine now lost her invalid son,—a terrible affliction! Long and tenderly had she nursed him, often spending the night by his bedside, sometimes kneeling for hours together, that he might obtain a little ease by placing his arms round her neck.

In course of time Catherine left the nail-factory, and maintained herself by mangling and charing; but hearing that a poor woman had been left a widow with a large family, she lent her the mangle, and confined herself entirely to the charing.

Catherine married again, her second husband being Thomas Wilkinson, a labouring man, who had been a fellow-apprentice in the cotton-mill. He seems to have profited in like manner from the good influences of that establishment, and to have been worthy of his helpmate, for we find him thus spoken of in a sermon by the Rev. J. H. Thom, of Liverpool:—

“Nature had stamped upon him, or it may be, the kindly spirit that so long wrought within him, *left* upon him the simple expression of goodness and quietness of heart—that expression which is especially appropriated to those in whom simple goodness is natural, who are without self-consciousness, and have no ambition. I know of no man in any rank of life who so fully, so literally, and so freely realised one-half of the apostle’s delineation of pure and undefiled religion in visiting the widow and the fatherless. Of the other half of that description, the ‘keeping himself unspotted from the world;’ we may not speak of another, for hardly do we know of ourselves. . . . The brotherly offices of religion this poor man manifestly performed. Indeed, the exact words of the apostle do not equal the extent of his deeds; he did more than *visit* the fatherless and the widow; he made for them a home, and shared with them his own. The only limit to his bountiful charity was

that which was occasioned by the accommodations of his narrow house. The orphan child, homeless and helpless, he took to his own hearth; charged himself with its maintenance; helped it, when the time came, to some honest employment; and never lost sight of it till it was able to thrive by its own industry. In this way, in the course of a not lengthened life, as many as forty-five fatherless children have found in him a father, been cherished, clothed, fed, educated, and pushed into the world. Many a sailor lad, on distant seas, has no thought of home but this poor man's house, and, whenever his ship returns to port, brings to the parents who adopted him the offering of his gratitude. In speaking with him, I have sometimes been perplexed, for, by an instinct of modesty and nobleness, he never spoke of these children as orphans, but always as if they belonged to himself, and were his own children. Nor was this all. When these children grew fit for labour, and equal to their own support, found their dwelling elsewhere, and had their place supplied by other orphans in this good man's house, he kept over them a watchful eye; and fearful lest they might forfeit their place by any neglect, he, summer and winter, before the earliest call to labour, made daily his morning round, to see that they were roused, and that neither weariness nor over-labour, natural heaviness, or accidental infirmity detained them from their work. In some employments great strictness—a needed severity—is observed in this respect, and an irregularity would incur the loss of service. . . . I have ascertained that for twenty years, in all weathers, at all seasons, in cold and wet, in the darkness of mid winter, as in the softness of the summer's dawn, this man left his own house a full hour before the six o'clock bell, not only to summon the children of his adoption, but to do the same office for many others who, through illness in their family, or weakness and exhaustion in themselves, were dependent on his vigilance. This is true Christian service, and it shows how rich the world is in the opportunities of good; that everywhere there is room for those fine qualities of patience, and trust, and self-denial, and heroism, which, in a more exalted scene, would draw the admiration of mankind. 'Whosoever shall give to these little ones a cup of water only, verily I say unto you, he shall in nowise lose his reward.' ”

A poor woman, seeking for lodgings in the street in which Catherine lived, could not have found a shelter had not this benevolent woman opened her door to the wanderer, and when, a fortnight afterwards, she fell sick and died, Catherine took charge of her children and brought them up with her own. Kitty was not repelled even when her advances were met with ill-temper or ingratitude. A beggar-woman suffering under severe illness, Catherine relieved her of her infant child, while the eldest was provided for in the poor-house until her recovery. One would have thought that such kindness must have brought forth a corresponding feeling of gratitude, but it was not so. Catherine became the object of bitter complaint and reproach. The irritability of disease may furnish some excuse for the impatient sufferer, but the susceptibility which prompts to acts of benevolence is grievously wounded by the return of evil for good ; and hence the merit of perseverance in well-doing amid rebuffs like this—to which, however, every philanthropist worthy of the name endeavours to harden himself, as to events of daily occurrence.

A widower, Patrick Dunne, with three children, came to live with Catherine, paying her for his board and lodging. The poor man soon fell into bad health, and labouring on with a noble desire to support his children to the last, he was toiling at his occupation the very week in which he died. Catherine tended him on his death-bed, and brought him a clergyman of his own persuasion, quaintly observing, "People always go to heaven fastest on their own road." She promised him to watch over his children, and admirably has she fulfilled the pledge. The eldest boy was apprenticed to a master who, however, soon afterwards failed ; thus he was forced to come back to her,

and she furnished him with subsistence for several years, until he was able to support himself at another trade; the girl she retained until she could place her out in a good service; the youngest boy she sent to a charity school until he was old enough to go to sea.

In 1832 the cholera first appeared in England, and created great apprehension amongst all classes. Cleanliness, as a preventive to the disease, was earnestly enjoined by the Faculty. Kitty, fully alive to the miserable accommodation for washing in the houses of the poor, and to the necessity for giving them every facility for purification, in order to preserve them in health, immediately set about devising some means for obtaining this object. Her house comprised a kitchen, a small parlour, and two or three little chambers; and at the back was a small yard. Here she fastened ropes for the purpose of drying the clothes, and allowed her neighbours to make free use of her kitchen and yard for washing.

Our readers will forgive this detail, when we tell them that we are describing the origin of that system of public wash-houses which, united with baths, have spread through the large towns of our own country, and have been imitated on the Continent. Let our readers of the working class meditate upon this curious and important fact. They will draw from it the conviction that neither poverty, lowliness of social position, want of high education, or even accumulated burdens, can destroy the power to confer great benefits, if the mind be clear, and the will strong and persistent.

The obvious advantages to her poor neighbours, resulting from Catherine's arrangement, induced a few benevolent individuals to aid her in extending her operations, by paying her rent for her cellar, to be used exclusively as

a wash-house, she taking the charge of it for twelve months without a salary.

So great was the amount of business done in this humble establishment, that, in the second year of the cholera, 140 dozen of wearing clothes, 158 sheets, 34 beds, 60 quilts, and 100 blankets, passed through it in one week!

The cholera afforded many opportunities to Catherine for exerting her benevolence. Far from confining her efforts to the washing establishment, though her duties there must have been very onerous, she employed every moment of her spare time in performing some kind office for her poor neighbours. In this, we imagine, she would be ably assisted by her husband, though, unfortunately, we have but few particulars of his good deeds. It is, however, related of him, that he walked three miles into the country every evening to obtain milk for porridge, which Catherine made of some oat-meal given to her, for the purpose of supplying food to many who would not otherwise have been able to procure a meal; at one time she had as many as sixty to provide for in this manner.

The medical men of Liverpool were overworked, and unable to attend properly to many of the sufferers; Catherine visited the sick and observed their symptoms, and then conveyed such information to the doctors as enabled them to prescribe the necessary remedies, which she undertook to administer. In this manner, many were supplied with professional aid, who otherwise might have died for the want of it. She emptied one of her rooms, spread bedding on the floor, and thus furnished a temporary home to those in whose family a death had occurred, in cases where the authorities con-

sidered it desirable that the house should be purified from infection.

By the loss of parents, many children were left destitute, and wandering about the streets. These Catherine collected in her bed-room, probably now the only apartment she had left. She was unable to spare time to be with them herself, but a kind-hearted neighbour undertook that office, and kept them amused by singing and telling them stories. Soon, however, their numbers became too large for Kitty's little room, when the managers of a school for older children opened an infant-school for them, and placed the benevolent neighbour at the head of it.

We may easily suppose that with such large charitable views, Catherine and her husband, who earned merely labourer's wages, must have been greatly straitened in circumstances. Indeed, she eked out her means in every possible way. "To make the most of her house, small as it was," says her biographer in *Chambers's Miscellany*, "she received lodgers, and to make their evenings pass agreeably, she borrowed books and newspapers, and proposed that one should read aloud for the general entertainment. She provided a good fire in the winter, well knowing this comfort often tempts even a sober man to an ale-house. She permitted her lodgers to invite their acquaintances, and during the winter of 1835, as many as ten met and subscribed for three different cheap periodicals, and to the Mechanics' Library. As some of the party were carpenter's apprentices, an older workman gave them instruction in their business before the reading began. One of these young men begged Catherine to speak to four of their fellow-workmen, who spent the money at ale-houses which they earned by working

over-hours. She did so, telling them if they would come every night to her house, they should have the use of a good fire and a newspaper, and for sixpence a week she would provide a supper."

She was in the habit of getting Bibles, or parts of them, which were sold for waste paper. "When she brought her parcel of Bibles home, she fastened the leaves, patched up the corners, and then lent them to sailors who were going to sea. It was afterwards ascertained that by this act the characters of several were improved. . . . Her economy with regard to both food and clothing is admirable, nothing is wasted." She begged fish bones at houses where she cleaned, and made broth for the sick from them. "From the refuse of fruit she made a pleasant drink for fever patients. Time is also, in her estimation, a thing not to be thrown away, and therefore every moment of her waking existence is devoted to the execution of some useful object.

"The owner of the house in which Catherine lives is a single lady, and a cripple, with a very small income. Catherine's consideration of these circumstances is beyond all praise. She expresses her unwillingness to apply to her poor landlady even for necessary repairs, and, as far as possible, has made those repairs herself. She buys paint, and paints her rooms with her own hand. She receives payment from her lodgers on Friday, and the sum, though only a few shillings altogether, she lends to some poor women, who purchase certain goods, which they sell in the market on Saturday, and make their returns to her on Saturday night. It does not appear that she has ever thus lost anything, while the gain has been of considerable importance to those who have made it. She has mixed but little with her neighbours, except for such offices of

kindness as she could render them, and most unwillingly asks for any aid for her own personal friends."

The account of Catherine Wilkinson, from which we have mostly taken our materials, was published in *Chambers's Miscellany* fourteen or fifteen years ago, and of her doings since then we have not been able to learn much.

In 1846 Catherine and her husband were appointed by the Corporation of Liverpool to the superintendence of an establishment for Baths and Washhouses in Frederic Street, the scene of her labours. Thomas Wilkinson, however, did not live more than eight months after the appointment. At his death, the superintendence was undertaken by Catherine and her son, who continued it until 1850 or 1851, when these buildings were pulled down in order to erect a larger and more commodious edifice for the same purpose on the same spot. On the re-opening of the institution, she was appointed to hem and mark the towels, &c., at a salary of twelve shillings a-week.

A few years ago, a lady, who had long taken great interest in Catherine, presented her with a silver tea-pot, as a testimonial of respect; and at the same time a sum of money, which had been collected by this lady and her friends, was placed in the hands of trustees for Kitty's use. She has likewise received further pecuniary help by the liberality of two Liverpool merchants; the infirmities of age having compelled her to relax a little the stubbornness of her independence.

Catherine Wilkinson is not without her faults; she is hasty in temper, but then her anger is of short duration. She is in general very truthful, but nevertheless stoutly maintains that there are instances when it is right

to deviate from veracity, such as where a disclosure of facts as they really exist might create a quarrel between husband and wife ; and she has been known to deny to the former the loan of money to his partner.

From this view we entirely dissent. Whoever violates the truth, breaks an express law of morals, and places himself and the objects of his mistaken kindness at the mercy of accidents, which neither he nor they can foresee. These oftentimes turn his wisdom into folly, producing greater evils than had been avoided or evaded by his departure from truth.

Catherine Wilkinson is still among us, honoured and loved by those who know the story of her life.

JOHN SMEATON.

JOHN SMEATON, the engineer, was born at Austhorpe, near Leeds, May 28th, 1724. It is reported that, while still wearing petticoats, his only delight was in describing circles, squares, &c. ; and, that when about six years old, he was found, to the terror of his parents, upon the roof of his father's barn, fixing a windmill of his own invention. In his fifteenth year he constructed a machine for rose engine-turning, by which he made several boxes of wood and ivory ; soon after, we read of his cutting a perpetual screw in brass, a thing little known at the time. Such were his pursuits from his earliest years, showing the evident bent of his mind. However, his father, who was an attorney, had a great desire that he also should enter the legal profession, but yielded his own inclinations at the earnest entreaties of his son, who eventually chose the occupation of a philosophical instrument maker, and took lodgings for that purpose in Great Turnstile, Holborn.

Invention after invention flowed from his fertile brain ; in 1751 he constructed a machine for measuring a ship's way in the ocean ; in 1752-3 he conducted a series of experiments upon the natural forces of wind and water, as the motive power in mills and other machines depending on circular motion. The results of these experiments he embodied in an essay, which, in 1759, obtained for him the gold medal of the Royal Society, whereof he had been previously elected a member.

In 1756 Smeaton undertook the rebuilding of the Eddystone Lighthouse, the work which has made his name

so famous. The Eddystone rock rises in the English Channel, about ten miles from Start Point, in Devonshire, the nearest land, and is exposed to the full force of the Atlantic swell, which almost constantly rolls over it. Two erections had already stood upon the rock, one of which had been washed away with its architect and keepers in 1703, and the second was burnt in 1755 ; therefore it was an enterprise of great difficulty which Smeaton was to conduct. He had two fearful dangers to guard against, and numerous obstacles to overcome ; and nobly did he perform his task.

The lessees of the rock, although their lease was almost expired, and, had they been seeking their own selfish ends, they might have put up an erection which would have lasted only until the termination of their tenancy, resolved to employ the best engineer that could be found ; not so much a person who had been merely bred, or who had rendered himself eminent, in this or that profession, but rather one who, by the gift of genius, had a turn for contrivance in physical science. They applied to Lord Macclesfield, who at once told them that Smeaton was the man they required, and they commissioned him to undertake the work. The proposal was put in such ambiguous terms, that Smeaton did not understand anything more to be implied than permission to send in designs for the edifice, but Wilson, their agent, wrote again, in words which could not be mistaken.

Having well considered his plans, he lost no time in putting them into execution, and in three years all was accomplished. The number of days in which his men had been able to work at all was 421 ; at first, they could only carry on their labour for an hour or so at low

water ; many days also they were obliged to relinquish their operations, by the rising of a sudden storm, often involving much danger ; so that, in fact, the number of hours in which they were really at work was 2,674, or fourteen hours less than sixteen weeks. The building, for twelve feet above the surface of the rock, consists of solid masonry, faced with Cornish granite, which Smeaton found by experiment to resist the attacks of marine animals, "and each block is fastened into the one above and below it by stone pins, so to speak, to enable them to withstand the lateral action of the waves," which tends to push one tier from off that lying underneath. The structure is 91 feet high, the lantern occupying 20 feet of that elevation. About 70 feet from the base is an overhanging cornice, which, suddenly checking the waves in their upward sweep on the smooth surface of the edifice, sends them broken into harmless spray, far above the top of the lantern, and thus preserves the glass from injury.

Smeaton tells us, in his magnificent folio upon the Eddystone Lighthouse, that the trunk of an oak-tree first gave him the idea of the form best suited to his purpose, which was, to occupy the whole of the rock with the foundation of his edifice, and then quickly to narrow the erection as it rose, for the purpose of offering a diminished object of attack to the winds and the waves. So excellent has this arrangement been found, that all "ocean lamp-posts" have since been erected in the tree shape. The structure has now stood for a century unharmed, and in consequence of the hardening of the excellent cement by which it is joined together, differs but little, in its probability of duration, from the rock on which it is built.

For some years after the completion of his great

work, Smeaton seems to have had no engineering employment, and we find him, in 1764, soliciting the office of receiver for the confiscated estate of Derwentwater. He was elected, and retained his office until 1777, in company with a Mr. Watson, who took for his share all the financial business, while Smeaton turned his attention to the mines and mills of the property, which he materially improved.

Meanwhile, he rendered the navigation of the river Calder much more safe than it had hitherto been ; superintended the erection of new lighthouses at Spurn Head, the southernmost extremity of Yorkshire ; built several bridges ; laid out the line, and spent considerable time in the construction of the canal connecting the Clyde with the Forth ; and when old London Bridge was in danger of falling, he saved it by his simple and prompt measures. The two centre arches having been thrown into one, its piers were much weakened by the pressure of the greater quantity of water flowing through, and threatened daily to give way. Smeaton caused large blocks of stone to be placed against the piers, which, soon becoming coated over, and the interstices filled up with sand and mud, formed an effectual barrier against the force of the water.

It had been found necessary to construct a harbour of refuge on the south-east coast of England, and, after some deliberation, Ramsgate was fixed upon as the spot, which Smeaton afterwards pronounced to be the best situation that could have been selected in the whole Isle of Thanet. The works were commenced in 1749, but after some portion of the piers were constructed it was found, greatly to the mortification of the engineers, that the sea silted up the sand into the harbour, rendering it completely useless. In this extremity, the Commissioners applied to

Smeaton, but he being then unable to attend to their request, they waited until he should be at liberty, thus proving to us in what estimation he was held. In 1774 Smeaton went to Ramsgate, and, after much thought, decided upon the following plan:—That eight acres of the harbour, at the upper end, should be walled in, with sluices provided at certain intervals, and great gates at the centre. The sluices being raised at low tide, and the gates left open, the water would flow in, and the sluices then being lowered, and the gates closed at high tide, a large body of water would be retained, which, being let out when the tide had subsided, would cause a flow that would overcome all obstacles, and drive the mud bodily into the sea. This plan Smeaton called an artificial scour. In order to prevent the inclosed portions themselves being silted up, they were to be divided into compartments by a wall, at right angles with the first, pierced with sluices, and these portions being alternately kept empty, and the water flushed through the void one at low tide, each would thus be cleansed by its neighbour. This plan was adopted, with a slight modification, and—under the supposed authorship of another person, Mr. Preston, the chief mason to the works, though in reality invented by Smeaton—was completely successful. He also recommended that wood should be used for the floor of the dry dock instead of stone, as in ordinary cases; because the bottom of the harbour is of chalk, and is therefore liable to cracks and flaws, through which the water rises. This is much more surely repelled by the wooden floor, as, being crossed, barred, braced, and bolted into one solid piece, and planed under, *i. e.* over-lapped by the dock walls, it could be kept down by the superincumbent weight. The Commissioners at first rejected this latter plan, and two stone floors were

constructed one after the other, both being thrown up by the pressure of the water underneath. They then applied again to Smeaton, whom, in 1787, they appointed engineer to the harbour, and adopted his suggestion. The two piers now inclose a space large enough, and with sufficient depth of water, to contain full-sized ships, which take refuge there during a storm, and thus escape the imminent danger of being forced upon the terrible Goodwin Sands.

Smeaton made several improvements in Newcomen's steam-engine, which effected so great a saving of fuel, that Bolton and Watt excepted his engines in their agreement with manufacturers to receive one-third of the value of the coal saved by the superiority of their apparatus.

Smeaton was for several years an active member of Parliament, and many useful bills are the result of his exertions. He never supported a measure without making himself thoroughly acquainted with its merits, and from his great knowledge of his subject, and clear mode of expression, his speeches were always heard with attention, and carried conviction to the minds of his auditors.

His declining health prevented him from embarking in any more great undertakings, except that of publishing his admirable work on the Eddystone Lighthouse, which was to have been followed by a treatise on Mills, but before he could commence the second, he was struck with paralysis, and died on the 28th October, 1792.

Smeaton was a man of singular energy and perseverance, joined to great industry; indeed, his daughter speaks of him as "*engaging in incessant labour from six years old to sixty!*" His career was marked by an un-

deviating modesty and absence of ambition. He declined the solicitations of Catherine, Empress of Russia, to undertake the great national works she contemplated, because he wished to devote himself to the benefit of his own country. His domestic character is thus happily drawn by his daughter :—“ He was devoted to his family with an affection so lively, and a manner at once so cheerful and serene, that it is impossible to say whether the charms of conversation, the simplicity of instructions, or the gentleness with which they were conveyed, most endeared his home—a home in which, from infancy, we cannot recollect a trace of dissatisfaction, or a word of asperity to any one !”

Such was John Smeaton, a man to whose memory no better monument can be raised than the grateful and loving remembrance of his countrymen.

FRÉDÉRIC AUGUSTE DEMETZ.

IN these days of Reformatory and Industrial Schools we are in danger of forgetting that it is not many years since our child-criminals, amounting annually to several thousands, were incarcerated in the common gaols; and, except in rare instances, abandoned to the society of adult offenders, who, well versed in the *science* and practice of crime, enlivened their prison hours by giving instruction to their less learned and more youthful companions, so that the boys and girls, who entered the gaol novices in wickedness, were but too likely to leave it accomplished rogues. But, thanks to those benevolent men and women who perceived the evil, discovered its remedy, and—infinitely harder task!—succeeded in embodying their opinions in the law of the land, our country is gradually relieving itself from the opprobrium of being forced to thrust mere children into prison.

Twenty-five years ago the treatment of juvenile criminals in France was hardly more rational than in England. By the *Code Napoléon* all persons under sixteen years of age, who have fallen into crime, may be acquitted, as having acted *sans discernement*, that is, without a knowledge that they were doing wrong; and may, at the discretion of the judge, be either returned to their parents or sent to prison, not as a punishment, but by way of a refuge, there to remain until they are twenty years of age. Either of these alternatives was fraught with evil. It was felt to be cruel to condemn children to years of gloomy existence in a gaol where, though separated from hardened offenders, they were deprived of all

the exercises and enjoyments natural to their age ; on the other hand, to return them to their parents was only to send them back to the neglect and ignorance which had caused their misdoing. Still their imprisonment for long terms was so revolting that the majority were returned to their parents, to become hardened in crime, and, in all probability, to finish their career in the galleys or on the scaffold.

A new era, however, was at hand. At that time Frédéric Auguste Demetz presided over one of the criminal courts of Paris. Born in 1796, he was then in the prime of his manhood. He had studied the law as a profession, and had succeeded to the judicial office at the early age of twenty-five. His long experience as a judge gave him a deep insight into the causes of juvenile crime, and the helpless misery of the child-criminals perpetually brought before him, sometimes so diminutive that he was unable to see their heads over the intervening desk. The consequences of either alternative—imprisonment or discharge—were too painful for contemplation, and conceiving a project by which these poor little creatures might be rescued from their present and future suffering, he resigned his office, and consecrated his life to the organisation and perfection of his philanthropic scheme.

Associating himself with other benevolent men, it was determined to form a society with the object of taking criminal lads from the prisons of France, and by training and education of fitting them for gaining an honest livelihood when their term of detention should have expired. M. Demetz was commissioned by these gentlemen to visit such reformatories as might be found already in existence, for the purpose of satisfying himself and his associates as to the best method of conducting the institution they

were about to establish. Passing through Holland and Belgium, where he discovered nothing which he thought worthy of imitation, M. Demetz reached the village of Horn, near Hamburgh, and there inspected the Rauhe-Haus, founded some few years before by Henri Wichern, an institution which has since acquired a world-wide reputation. Here M. Demetz met with what he felt to be the true reformatory element, now well-known as the "family system." It consists in restoring, as far as artificial means will permit, the feeling of home to the poor child, who, for lack of its beneficent influences, has gone astray. M. Demetz, convinced that he need examine no further, returned to France, and there met with an old school-fellow, the Vicomte Bretignières de Courteilles, who entered with generous ardour into his plans, offering a part of his estate at Mettray, near Tours, as a site on which to commence their undertaking. The association, bearing the name of the *Société Paternelle*, issued its prospectus in July, 1839, and 500 subscribers joined it during the first year; among them were King Louis Philippe and the members of his family. The Government willingly consigned their young offenders to the care of the *Société*, or rather to that of the founders of Mettray, the other members having taken no active part in the formation or management of the institution. The French Government has always been willing to enlist voluntary aid in the treatment of criminals.

MM. De Courteilles and Demetz considered that active labour in the open air was the best occupation for the lads, and therefore made their institution a *colonie agricole*, or as we should call it, a farm-school; the pupils are denominated *colons* [*i. e.* colonists], and the promoters assumed the title of directors of the *colonie*. They were well

aware that the persons to whom they must intrust the superintendence of their wards would require a peculiar training. They therefore began their operations by establishing a school for the education of their officers, or *agens*, as they are called. It was opened in July, 1839, and has remained ever since one of the principal features of the institution, and one chief element in its marvellous success.

Whilst the officers were training, some dwellings for the lads were prepared—small houses, each consisting of two rooms, and affording under one roof working, eating, and sleeping accommodation for a family of forty boys and their superintending officers, two in number, assisted by a couple of *colons* chosen by their fellows, and called elder brothers.

In January, 1840, the directors brought their first detachment of *colons* to Mettray; it consisted of twelve lads selected for their good conduct from Fontevault, one of the largest prisons in France. The founders were careful to begin with a few, outnumbered at first by the officers,—for they were thoroughly convinced of the vital importance of creating a preponderating influence on the side of virtue, which it was possible to accomplish in the case of a few, and which, when once established, would serve as a leaven gradually to permeate the whole body. The number of *colons* at Mettray has been by degrees increased until it now exceeds 700, contained in ten dwellings, and several outlying farms.

On the 1st January, 1857, 1,220 *colons** had passed through the institution, of whom more than 90 per cent. have become respectable members of society. A large number of the lads are employed in agricultural pursuits;

* The number given in the latest report of the *colonie*.

several trades and handicrafts occupy the remainder. Among others a considerable manufacture of farming implements is carried on, some of which have gained prizes from different agricultural societies in France. The Government for many years made liberal grants of money for the support of Mettray, but latterly, we believe, its assistance has been confined to the daily allowance each *colon* would cost if in a prison, which cannot suffice for the more expensive machinery of a reformatory. The departmental councils give aid; beyond this and the produce of the labour performed in the *colonie*, the institution depends on voluntary contributions.

In a short memoir such as ours, it would be impossible to enter into the details of the plan devised and executed by the founders of Mettray. We must content ourselves with stating that the secular part of their system consists in strict discipline and hard work, combined with gentleness of manner towards their wards. They gain the love of the *colons* by appealing to the germ of good which is to be found in all of us, however low we may have sunk. The directors believe it essential that the *colons* should have the power to be of use to their fellow-creatures. They are therefore, among other things, instructed in the art of swimming, that, should an opportunity arise, they may give aid to drowning persons. A fire brigade has also been established, which has done good service in extinguishing fires occurring in the neighbourhood of Mettray. The need of strong religious impressions in carrying on the work of reformation was too deeply felt by M. Demetz and the Vicomte Bretignières de Courteilles, both devout Roman Catholics, to permit them to suffer the *colons* to neglect the worship of God. But after

attendance at church they are exercised in the art of swimming, and in the functions of the fire brigade, on Sundays, such employment not being in conflict with the usages of France; while, in the opinion of the founders of Mettray, their wards cannot be better employed than in qualifying themselves to serve their fellow-creatures.

In 1852 M. Demetz sustained a severe loss in the death of M. De Courteilles, who died suddenly. "He was attending the sick-bed of a youth who had, to all appearance, become thoroughly hardened, when the latter, for the first time since his admission into the *colonie*, exhibited some sign of contrition. The joy which M. De Courteilles experienced on the occasion reminded him of an extract from a sermon of the Abbé Lacordaire, which he had inserted in his work on prisons He went for the volume, and was reading the passage to the friends that were around him, when the book dropped from his hand—he was dead."* "Thus," says M. Demetz, "the *colonie* lost its firmest stay, and I the tenderest and most faithful friend, the companion of my early years, the adopted brother given me by God."

Bitter was the grief of the whole *colonie* at the loss of their benefactor. Letters of sympathy poured in upon the surviving director, many from former *colons*, who looked back upon their sojourn at Mettray with the most grateful remembrance. In accordance with his wishes, M. De Courteilles was buried in the cemetery belonging to the *colonie*, among the youths who had died during their detention. The following inscription, an extract from his will, is engraved on his tomb:—"J'ai voulu vivre, mourir, et ressusciter avec eux." [I have desired to live, to die, and to rise again with them.]

* 'Mettray,' a Lecture, by Robert Hall, M.A. London, 1854.

Henceforward M. Demetz was obliged to continue his arduous undertaking alone, a task he has most successfully fulfilled. But he is an extraordinary man ; he possesses two powers, "rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their combination,"—the theoretic power to conceive a system, grand in outline, perfect in minutiae ; and the executive power to administer its smallest details. His devotion to his work is complete.

His power of enduring fatigue has been enormous. He once travelled from Naples to Paris, a journey of seventeen days and seventeen nights, without stopping. At another time, when in England, he heard that the lakes of Killarney were well worth visiting, and he determined, though he had only eleven days for his journey, not only to see them, but to make the tour of Ireland, and return to Paris within the time. He set out, crossed to Dublin, saw Cork, Killarney, Belfast, returned to Dublin, sailed for England, travelled to Brighton, crossed to Dieppe, and though on arriving there he found the diligence full, and was thereby obliged to travel part of the way on post horses, he reached Paris by the time prescribed, not having been once in bed during the whole of the eleven days.

A near relation of his once accompanied M. Demetz through Brittany ; and the plan of their journey was so contrived that they were to see the objects of their tour by day, and to travel over the parts barren of interest by night. "But," said the relation, who himself told us the story, "at the ninth night I was obliged to cry 'Halt !' though," he continued, "I was a young man, and had never had a day's illness in my life."

M. Demetz has been in the habit of commencing his work by four o'clock in the morning, writing for an hour in bed. At five he got up and began the active work of

the day. This wonderful power of labour has been one grand source of his success ; another was his devotedness. The first created what we may term the financial prosperity of Mettray, the second has infused into it the Christian spirit of love, which pervades the whole institution.

M. Demetz is about the middle height, and of dark complexion. His appearance is not striking ; but no one can converse with him and fail to discover his genius, his benevolent heart, and his profoundly philosophical mind. He is a man who inspires the warmest affection, no less than the highest respect. Combined with his great qualities of head and heart, he has a lively and playful disposition, and a thorough appreciation of wit and humour ; indeed, of the latter, he himself possesses no mean amount. The refined courtesy of his manners is most engaging—the charm attached to the old French *noblesse*, of which he is a member. His family, officers, and *colons*, all regard him as a beloved parent.

M. Demetz had ever taken a deep interest in the reformatory movement in this country, and had offered to repair to England whenever his presence would be of service in urging it forward. In the autumn of 1855 an opportunity presented itself in a public dinner at Birmingham, in aid of the Warwickshire Reformatory. On that occasion it was believed that he might with propriety be solicited to come among us. He very cordially acceded to the wishes of his English friends, and, during the brief stay which alone he could make, he carefully inspected several charitable and reformatory institutions. The favour thus conferred upon us was appreciated as it deserved. It was said of this visit :—

“ The respect and admiration with which M. Demetz has been

everywhere received in England, evince the high estimate we entertain of his talents and his virtues. People of all parties, all sects, meet to do him honour; showing that from however many different points, political or religious, we view him, however far asunder we are from each other, we can unite to honour the man who has been, and is, our beacon light in the voyage on which we are now, we trust, fairly embarked. Many will agree with us in thinking M. Demetz one of the greatest glories of which France can boast; and that we English, proud of our nation, our government, our laws, our institutions, and apt to think them far superior to those of any other country,—that we can pay him so universal an homage proves that we entertain towards his country a real *entente cordiale*, more solid, more binding, than even our happy political alliance can make it. England acknowledges that she is surpassed by France! France has thus achieved a conquest of infinitely greater advantage to herself than that effected by her Norman princes,—a conquest which, instead of making us her enemy, will only cement us more firmly to herself. And England in this avowal, and in the benefits she will derive from adopting so much that is great and good in France, has gained for herself a victory to which those of Créçy, Poitiers, and Agincourt were but barren triumphs.”

In the same year M. Demetz added an entirely new department to his institution, that of the *Correction Paternelle*, for the reception of youths belonging to the higher ranks of society, whose ungovernable or otherwise vicious dispositions require a more severe treatment than can be administered either at home or in ordinary schools. The French law empowers a parent, with the sanction of a magistrate, to place any of his children under sixteen years of age in confinement for one month; between that age and twenty-one—when the power ceases—he may extend the term of detention to six months. By the provisions of this law, such youths as we have described can be sent to Mettray, there to undergo a reformatory discipline, of course, quite separate and entirely different from that employed for

the *colons*. M. Demetz, a man not likely to be mistaken, considers the *Correction Paternelle* an institution much needed in France. Its success has quite fulfilled his anticipations, and through its means he has been able to restore many a youth to his family, who, but for the discipline at Mettray, would have plunged himself and his friends into disgrace.

Since 1855 M. Demetz has twice visited this country. While he was here in June, 1856, there occurred those memorable floods in France, when large tracts of land were laid under water, the country devastated, and the inhabitants of many districts involved in ruin. The city of Tours, situated on a peninsula, formed by the rivers Loire and Cher, and a canal which unites them just above the town, was threatened with submersion. The inhabitants, incredulous at first of danger, were panic-struck when it became imminent. Large crowds assembled in the great square paralysed by fear, and thus incapacitated from adopting the only measure by which they could hope to prevent their city from being overwhelmed. Suddenly sounds of music were heard, and a column of Mettray lads, three hundred strong, their band playing, were seen approaching the city, their pickaxes on their shoulders. They were volunteers, under the command of their officers, coming to render assistance in keeping out the impending flood. This sight revived the courage of the inhabitants, who, ashamed of their pusillanimity, now demanded to be set to work. The Mettray lads were soon employed on a dyke, which it was hoped would retain the waters of the canal within bounds, and there the *colons* laboured incessantly for two days and a night, at the imminent peril of their lives, and by their zeal and devotion lent vital aid in preventing the complete inundation of the city.

The Municipal Council of Tours testified their high appreciation of the services rendered, by commanding a medal of gold to be struck, bearing this inscription, "*La Ville de Tours à la Colonie de Mettray reconnaissante.*" [The city of Tours to the Colony of Mettray, grateful.]

The last visit of M. Demetz to this country in 1857 was very short. He had been here only six days when he was summoned home by the death of a near relative. Notwithstanding, however, that his sojourn was so brief, he inspected reformatories near Bristol, Warwick, Leeds, and Ashby-de-la-Zouch, besides conferring with friends residing in or near London.

Shortly prior to this visit, a French gentleman, who annually bestows large sums in charity, asked the permission of M. Demetz to lay before him a scheme for profitably employing the pauper children of France. He consented, a meeting was arranged, and three hours were spent in discussing the gentleman's plan. On rising to take leave, he said to M. Demetz, "When a man consults his physician, he presents him with a fee; when he consults his lawyer, he gives him a fee. The time which you have bestowed on me is costly to Mettray, therefore you must allow me to offer you a fee," and, putting a packet into his hand, he left the room. On opening the envelope, M. Demetz found notes for 5,000 francs [£200]. Soon afterwards the same gentleman arrived at Mettray, and spent some days with its director, thoroughly investigating the state of the *colonie*. At his departure, he said to M. Demetz, "I gave you a fee for the theory of your institution; you have now shown me its practice; permit me, then, to offer you another. The difference in the amount will indicate my appreciation of practice above theory," at the same time placing in his hands a packet

containing 10,000 francs [£400]. With the money thus received the director has raised a new building for the *École Préparatoire* (completing the original design of the *colonie*, which, for lack of funds, had remained unfinished). It affords increased accommodation to this branch of the institution, and enables M. Demetz to train not only the *agens*, but the industrial teachers [cultivators and artisans], these having been heretofore selected as best they could be from strangers to the institution. In the same year a large portion of the land farmed by the young *colons*, up to that period only rented by the institution, was bought by the *Société Paternelle*, the purchase-money being raised by shares. Several were taken up by his English friends—a source of much gratification to M. Demetz ; indeed, so eagerly were they sought, both in this country and in France, that, to admit all the applicants, some of the shareholders were obliged to take a smaller number than they had applied for.

Among the many benevolent associations in France, none stand higher than the *Sociétés de Patronage*, or bodies of men and women who undertake to *patronise* (befriend) discharged prisoners. As each lad leaves Mettray, one of these benevolent persons becomes his patron. The gentleman who for eighteen years discharged this office towards the Mettray lads, whose occupation brought them to Paris, was Paul Louis Verdier. In 1839, when the institution was founded, he was a young lawyer practising in one of the Courts of Paris, and though possessed of but small private means, he relinquished all hope of professional success, and passed the remainder of his life in rendering his best assistance to MM. De Courteilles and Demetz in their arduous undertaking. His cheerful disposition and earnest devo-

tion, daunted neither by difficulty nor disappointment, peculiarly fitted him for his onerous task. His labours, however, were not confined to watching over the *colons*; we believe he conducted all the business of the institution which had to be transacted in the metropolis. Day after day he laboured in his self-imposed vocation, returning home at night exhausted with fatigue, but quite happy if he had succeeded in achieving his object, and ready to begin again next morning with renewed vigour. M. Verdier, at the request of the King of Portugal, organised in that country an institution similar to the *colonie* at Mettray. In May, 1858, his benevolent labours were closed by death; a brain fever carried him off, after a brief illness, at the age of fifty-two.

The loss of his devoted fellow-labourer was a severe blow to M. Demetz. It was, however, some consolation to him that he was able to watch the sick-bed of his dying colleague.

M. Verdier was followed to the grave by many friends, several of the officers from Mettray, and by all the former *colons* then in Paris. It is the custom at French funerals for a friend of the deceased to pronounce an oration at the grave. At M. Verdier's funeral the *éloge* was spoken by M. Demetz, and none who know him will doubt its eloquence. When he returned to Mettray, the *colons* asked that they might be allowed to place a monument in the cemetery to the memory of the lamented Verdier—doubtless a humble memorial, as its cost was to be defrayed out of the slender pittance they are permitted to call their own. Such a request could not be refused. Since that time we believe it has been determined to set apart a room in a new building for the sleeping accommodation of the parents or friends of the

colons, who may come to visit the institution. It will bear the inscription "*Chambre Verdier*."

Numerous are the incidents and anecdotes we might relate illustrating the success of the *colonie*, and the love its members bear to the directors; we have, however, space but for one or two. The salaries of the *agens* are small, and therefore they do not generally retain their offices for more than a few years. The enlightened and sedulous training of head and heart which they have received enables them without difficulty to obtain eligible and remunerative employment. Two among the first pupils of the *École Préparatoire*, however, have remained at Mettray, and are now, under the director, its principal officers,—Théodore Mahoudeau and Louis Blanchard,—the latter affectionately described by M. Demetz as his "right arm," his "other self."

One of the *agens*, who had been offered a very good appointment, and who had, as it appeared, been persuaded to accept it, came to a sudden halt as he was on his way, accompanied by the director, to be introduced to his new employer, and exclaiming, "No, I cannot, and will not, leave Mettray," returned to the scene of his labours and sacrifices.

Consequent upon the revolution of 1848, when the Government not only withdrew its support, but also prohibited all sale of the produce of the *colonie*, thus imposing upon it an annual loss of a thousand pounds, the closing of the institution seemed inevitable. The officers, resolving to do what in them lay to avert so great a calamity, came in a body to the directors, and offered to remain at their posts on half pay!

A large proportion of the *colons* go into the army. M. Demetz being present on some occasion when a troop

of soldiers were drawn up in line, one of them stepped from the ranks and flung his arms round his neck. The man had been a *colon* at Mettray, and, unmindful of spectators, thus gave way to the impulse of gratitude and affection.

The title of *fondateur* is given to any person who contributes a hundred francs to the institution. Former *colons* have become *fondateurs*; one who had emigrated to Lima, in South America, sent home, as soon as he could spare the money, two purses, each containing a hundred francs, labelled, "*À mes deux Mères.*" [For my two mothers.] One for his real mother, the other for Mettray. Three years afterwards he sent to the *colonie* a second donation of one hundred francs, accompanied by a hope that he should soon be able to return to his native country, placing among the chief of his anticipated pleasures, that of revisiting Mettray.

M. Demetz went, on one occasion, to a town at some distance from Mettray, for the purpose of bringing a fresh party of *colons*. The lads are always dressed in the uniform worn at the *colonie* before departing for Mettray. As their size is of course unknown, alterations are often required to be made in the clothes before they can be worn, and for this purpose a tailor in the neighbourhood whence the lads start is employed. If any former *colon*, who is a tailor, can be found living near, the preference is given to him. On this occasion alterations, as usual, had to be made, and the tailor sent for had been at Mettray. When he had finished his work, he begged permission of M. Demetz to invite the new *colons* to supper before they left the town. Consent was readily granted, when the man said he wished to ask a very great favour, so great, indeed, that he had not the courage

to explain it. M. Demetz, telling him not to be afraid, begged him to say what it was he desired. Notwithstanding this encouragement, it was some time before he ventured to explain that this very great favour was no less than the company of his benefactor at the supper. M. Demetz, as can be readily imagined, did not consider the favour too great to be granted, and cordially accepted his former pupil's invitation. While they were all at table, the host, turning to the youths, thus addressed them :—" You see what I am now ; well, I was once what you have been. I became a *colon* at Mettray, as you are now about to become ; and you see what abundant means of happiness I possess. I have a flourishing business, a good wife, a dear child. These are great blessings ; but the greatest of all is to receive at my own table, and in my own house, my benefactor, the revered director of Mettray."

Visitors of the highest distinction from foreign countries are attracted to Mettray ; and among these, Lord Brougham has been an honoured guest. His sojourn there is recorded in the report for 1854, with affectionate respect.

Our limits are exceeded, but we can hardly regret our want of space to dwell on what remains to be told. Even the strong constitution of Demetz has at last succumbed under the pressure of his toils and anxieties, increased, we fear, by the withdrawal of the Government grants. He is struck with paralysis ! By God's blessing the affliction of his body has not reached his mind. His pains and infirmities are solaced by filial assiduity, and by the ministrations of sympathising friends. But higher comfort attends him in reflecting on the abundant harvest which Providence has vouchsafed to his labours—a harvest which will be repeated and extended long years after he shall have gone to his rest !

SARAH P. REMOND.

MISS REMOND, who has kindly favoured us with the following autobiography, is a coloured lady of great talent and energy. She is gifted with natural eloquence, and is thus qualified for the profession she has adopted—that of a lecturer on the anti-slavery question. During her stay in England she has made a tour through some of our principal towns, where her spontaneous appeals were listened to with respect, and even with admiration.

“I was born at Salem, Massachusetts, the youngest but one of ten children of John and Nancy Remond. Salem is fourteen miles from Boston, and is one of the most healthy and pleasant of New England towns. It contains about 25,000 inhabitants, who are characterised by general intelligence, industry, and enterprise, and few towns in the States can boast of more wealth and refinement than Salem. My mother was born at Newton, seven miles from Boston, and her immediate ancestors were natives of that vicinity. Nancy Remond is a woman possessing every characteristic which can adorn or ennoble womanhood, combined with the most indomitable energy. We were all trained to habits of industry, with a thorough knowledge of those domestic duties which particularly mark the genuine New England woman. With no private means, it was also most necessary. We were taught to knit and sew, and to cook every article of food placed upon the table. The most trifling affair was obliged to be well done. Her aim seemed to be to guard, and at the same time strengthen her children, not only for the trials and duties of life, but also to enable them to meet the

terrible pressure which prejudice against colour would force upon them. Our home discipline was what we needed; but it did not—could not, fit us for the scorn and contempt which met us on every hand when face to face with the world, where we met a community who hated all who were identified with an enslaved race. While our mother never excused those who so unjustly persecuted those whose only crime was a dark complexion, her discipline taught us to gather strength from our own souls, and we felt the full force of the fact, that to be black was no crime, but an accident of birth.

“It seems important to state *this*, as prejudice against colour has always been the one thing, above all others, which has cast its gigantic shadow over my whole life. In joy or sorrow, whether pursuing the pleasures or business of life, it has thrust itself, like a huge sphinx, darkening my pathway, and, at times, almost overwhelming the soul constantly called to meet such a conflict. Let no one suppose that every member of the community treated us with mixed contempt and cruelty. No, thanks to the better part of human nature, there were those who would gladly have saved us from such an ordeal. Most gladly would they have enlightened with the spirit of justice a civilised people, who thus willingly insulted any of the human family. But these were few, very few; only exceptions to the general rule. As a community, the most refined and the most vulgar treated every coloured person, so far as their personal rights were concerned, worse than *criminals*. In such an atmosphere, so well calculated to crush out all the finer feelings, and almost to make one despair, I grew to womanhood.

“My strongest desire through life has been to be educated. We had from time to time been taught to read

and write a little, but had received no regular instruction. I found the most exquisite pleasure in reading, and, as we had no library, I read every book which came in my way, and, like *Oliver Twist*, I longed for more. Again and again, mother would endeavour to have us placed in some private school, but, being coloured, we were refused. We soon knew the real reason, and the most bitter and indignant feelings were cherished by me against those who deprived me of the opportunity of gaining knowledge. My eldest brother had been admitted to one of the public schools, and, at a much later period, the three youngest children, including myself, were admitted to one of the public primary schools. All went on well for a time, and the children generally treated us kindly, although we were very frequently made to feel that prejudice had taken root in their hearts. We remained in this school a very short time, passed the examination, and entered the high school for girls. In the primary school we had been taught by a lady; the principal of the high school was a gentleman. Both teachers always treated us with kindness. We had been in this school a very short time, when we were informed that the school committee contemplated founding a school exclusively for coloured children. The public schools of Salem are located in the different districts, and the established rule was, that children can only be admitted to the school in the district of their residence, and we were in the school of the district where we resided.

“The schools were then divided into separate ones for the boys and girls. These schools were also arranged according to age and capacity. Now, they intended to found a school for young and old, advanced pupils, and those less advanced; boys and girls were all to occupy

but one room. The many disadvantages can be seen at a glance. It did not matter to this committee, who merely reflected the public sentiment of the community, in what district a coloured child might live; it must walk in the heat of summer, and the cold of winter, to this one school. But more than all this, it was publicly branding us with degradation. The child of every foreigner could enter any public school, while the children of native-born parents were to be thus insulted and robbed of their personal rights. My father waited upon the school committee, and most earnestly protested against their proposed plan. We still continued to attend the school, but felt much anxiety. One morning, about an hour before the usual time for dismissing the pupils, the teacher informed us that we could no longer be permitted to attend the school, that he had received orders from the committee to give us this information, and added, 'I wish to accompany you home, as I wish to converse with your parents upon the matter.' Some of the pupils seemed indignant, and two expressed much sympathy. I had no words for any one; I only wept bitter tears; then, in a few minutes, I thought of the great injustice practised upon me, and longed for some power to help me to crush those who thus robbed me of my personal rights.

"Years have elapsed since this occurred, but the memory of it is as fresh as ever in my mind, and like the scarlet letter of Hester, is engraven on my heart. We had been expelled from the school on the sole ground of our complexion. The teacher walked home with us, held a long conversation with our parents, said he was pained by the course taken by the school committee, but added it was owing to the prejudice against colour which existed

in the community. He also said we were among his best pupils, for good lessons, punctuality, &c. Add to this the fact that my father was a tax-payer for years before I was born, and it will need no extra clear vision to perceive that American prejudice against free-born men and women is as deep-rooted as it is hateful and cruel.

“In such a community, it is always easy to call forth this feeling as the occasion may require. It is always to be felt in a greater or less degree. Our parents decided we should not enter an inferior exclusive public school, and in a short time our whole family removed to Newport, Rhode Island. Here we met the same difficulty. The schools would not receive coloured pupils. Large fortunes were formerly made by the foreign slave trade in this town, and, if report was true, the chains worn by some of the wretched victims of that inhuman traffic could still be seen in the cellars of some of the houses of the elder citizens. Be this as it may, the spirit of prejudice was exceedingly bitter in Newport. A private school was established by a few of the more influential of the coloured citizens, and for a time I was a pupil. Thus ended my school-days, and the limited teaching I had; and its desultory character was not its only disadvantage.

“Separate churches and schools for coloured persons are an immense disadvantage to the descendants of the African race, and a great drawback to their elevation. They are based completely on prejudice against colour, the legitimate offspring of American slavery, and it is to be regretted that many well-wishers to the coloured race assist in sustaining them. Accustom any one to occupy any position in life, based upon an accident of birth, and wrong ideas will be engendered. Accustom every individual who has fair hair and blue eyes, to feel that they

cannot enjoy their personal rights, that they must worship God in a separate church, must be educated apart from the general community, and—it does not matter to what race they belong—many disadvantages will be felt; and let this be done from childhood to maturity, and the impression will not be easily, if ever, effaced.

“I never knew a pro-slavery man or woman who did not do all they could to encourage and keep up separate schools and churches, enforcing at the same time the idea that God intended such distinction to be made. There is a refinement of cruelty in the treatment of this class of persons, rather difficult to describe to those who have never seen the working of prejudice against colour. The more intelligence and refinement they possess, the more liable they are to insult. The chivalry of America seems to take immense satisfaction in insulting those who will feel it the most keenly. It is, in fact, considered presuming for any coloured man or woman to demand their just rights. In New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, they are excluded from public hotels, and are not allowed to ride in an omnibus. In Philadelphia, the managers of one of the finest halls have an established rule that on no public occasion shall any coloured person be admitted. Men, women, and children, have been obliged to remain on the decks of steam-boats all night, travelling from Newport and Providence to New York, the coldest nights in winter; and an intimate personal friend of mine took cold on one of these boats, and was the victim of consumption in consequence. Again, and again, persons have been ordered from places of amusement, and in some instances, forcibly taken out. I was myself forcibly removed from the Howard Athenæum, in the city of Boston, and my arm injured; and after this, on the public

bills, could be seen announced that coloured persons could only be admitted to a particular part of the house. The press of Boston, as a rule, encouraged this proscription, and one of the leading papers put forth an elaborate article, in every way worthy of the spirit of hatred, against a race guilty of no crime, but having a complexion which identifies them with a proscribed race.

“In the meantime we had returned to our native town. I had now reached an age when my services were more required at home, as every member of the family was expected to contribute a share toward the general whole. We left Newport with some regret. The coloured population was of an elevated character, and for industry, morality, and native intellect, would compare favourably with any class in the community. Our social relations had been pleasant, and the natural beauties of Newport were most enchanting. Although I had few leisure hours, I read more or less daily. Our home was constantly supplied with the best daily and weekly newspapers, and I could obtain from public libraries, and often from the private libraries of friends, some of the best English and American literature. These were resources of which *even* prejudice could not deprive me. A book once obtained, I could peruse it with pleasure and profit. When some friend would play on some favourite musical instrument, or sing a song, no negro hater could rob me of the pleasure I enjoyed. When some abolitionist who had buried all prejudice against colour, which education and habit had taught—whose wealth of intellect and accumulated knowledge was the admiration of even those who placed no value on the principles of justice and humanity, which the abolitionists of the States have ever inculcated—when such a one was

the guest of my parents, I treasured up in the store-house of memory the information derived from conversations in the society of some of the most gifted of the sons and daughters of America, and whose genius and disinterested devotion to the cause of the American slave have stamped themselves indelibly upon the age in which they live. These opportunities were not frequent, but they were valuable. Reading was the staple and never-failing resource.

“Persons accustomed to find no obstacle in their way to improvement, except such as come as a matter of course, can little understand the feelings of those who have not only all which is the lot of any one, but an accumulation of obstacles to surmount, engendered by prejudice. American politics claimed my attention, but the influence derived from that prolific source was not elevating. If some matter-of-fact historian should write the political history of the United States, from the formation of the government until the present time, it might serve as a warning to future generations, but would neither elevate humanity, nor advance the moral progress of the world.

“My statements thus far have been made in reference to the coloured population of the free States. In the Southern Slave States, quite a different order of things prevails, and the laws in reference to the coloured race, whether bond or free, are cruel in the extreme. And although in some of the free States the treatment (in some instances) of the coloured people has been much improved by the efforts of the abolitionists, still the laws which emanate from the compromises of the constitution, as the Fugitive Slave Law, and the Dred Scott decision, are most keenly felt by all the coloured race;—the

Fugitive Slave Law, which returns into bondage every slave who seeks an asylum in a free State from the slave hunters and their bloodhounds, who in many instances have kidnapped free persons of colour; the Dred Scott decision, which declares that 'black men and women have no rights which white men are bound to respect,' completely annihilating the citizenship of every coloured American; also, the inhuman slave laws of the slave States, which place every slave at the complete mercy of the master,—laws which prevent any black person from giving testimony in a court of justice against a white person, no matter what outrage may have been committed upon the victim, and who, consequently, can make no appeal to the laws of the land.

“Previous to the year 1829, no decided effort had been made in behalf of the slave population. Now, a young man, a native of the State of Massachusetts, essentially a man of the people, demands the immediate emancipation of every slave, as the right of the victim, and the duty of the master. His clarion voice is heard, and the nation wonders. What? the negro a man! The American people had never dreamed that the slaves had rights in common with themselves, and a demand based upon justice filled the people with consternation! They considered the coloured race as so many beasts of burthen. My mother hailed the advent of this young and noble *apostle of liberty* with enthusiasm, and among my earliest impressions is mingled the name of that now venerated friend of the oppressed, William L. Garrison. As years rolled on, I became more and more interested in every effort made in behalf of the enslaved. The germ of a glorious reform was now planted, and had taken root; the American Anti-Slavery Society was founded, based upon

principles which, in every age, had broken the bonds of the oppressor, and elevated humanity. Auxiliary societies were formed in different localities of the free States, and a nucleus formed, around which the friends of freedom have rallied. Although mobocracy and various kinds of persecution met them on every hand, all who had counted the cost, and were in earnest, still pursued their way, trusting in the justice of their cause. My eldest brother, early in the conflict, publicly advocated the cause of his enslaved countrymen, and from my earliest days, until I left the States, fifteen months since, I have attended the public meetings of the abolitionists. I am grateful beyond expression for the many influences which led me to become familiar with the principles and mode of action destined to completely upset that vile system of American chattel slavery, which is, at the present time, demoralising the various ramifications of the country.

“As time rolled on, the antagonism between freedom and slavery became more and more conflicting. I was led to investigate, to the best of my ability, the causes from which sprang such conflicting principles. At the same time, convinced that the anti-slavery element was the only source of hope for the slave, I also endeavoured to acquaint myself with the operations of the friends of freedom, whose principles will finally emancipate the bondmen.

“In 1857 I was urged by a few friends to speak in public. A defective education, and a pro-slavery atmosphere, are not the best incentives for such a purpose. After much consideration, and encouraged by one of the noblest women of my native State, one who had made many sacrifices, and spent the best years of her life in publicly advocating the cause of the slave, I started on

my first anti-slavery tour, in company with my brother, Charles L. Remond. We travelled in the State of New York. Upon the obstacles which met me after this determination I do not think it necessary to dwell. I was quite determined to persevere. I was always kindly and warmly welcomed by the most earnest friends of the slave. From 1857 until within one week of my sailing for England, December 29th, 1858, from time to time I continued to speak in public. I had an intense desire to visit England, that I might for a time enjoy freedom, and I hoped to serve the anti-slavery cause at the same time."

Miss Remond has a sister, Mrs. Putnam, who came to England as a first-class passenger in an English steam-vessel, highly subsidised by the British Government for the transport of the mails. The captain, with the concurrence of the owners, subjected this lady and her family to the indignity of being refused places at the public table, merely on the ground that American passengers objected to associate with persons of colour. This unworthy submission to foreign prejudice was denounced by Lord Brougham in Parliament, and was the subject of indignant comment in many of our journals. We are glad to record that on her return, in a mail-packet belonging to the Company by which she had been thus treated, Mrs. Putnam was permitted to take her place at table without objection, although American slaveowners were among the passengers. An auspicious omen!

Miss Remond is now (September, 1860) a student at the Ladies' College in Bedford-square, London, availing herself with ardour of her long-sought opportunity for reaping the advantages of a liberal education.

JOHN PLUMMER.

FEW who attended the *soirée* of the Mechanics' Institution at Bradford, in 1859, can forget with what enthusiasm the names of the candidates were received who had gained Mr. Cassell's prizes for the best essays on various subjects, by members of the working classes. Among them was that of John Plummer, who won a prize for his essay on Sanitary Reform. He had also contributed a paper on Strikes—to be read at the meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held at the same time and place—which was characterised by Lord Brougham as the best that had appeared on the subject.

Attracted by his publications, many persons of rank superior to his own have sought his acquaintance, and have made him valuable presents of books. The Rev. Sir G. S. Robinson thus speaks of him, and those like him, among his fellow-workmen:—

“I am happy to state that amongst our artisans are to be found many intelligent men, who are an honour to their country, and who, it is to be hoped, will eventually leaven the whole lot. . . . I know one such man as those to whom I have alluded. I have on my lips one name—the name of an honest and intelligent man, who has laboured hard to enlighten his fellow-workmen on such questions as these [Strikes and Sanitary Reform]. He has laboured hard here and elsewhere; but in London his warnings have been disregarded, and he has been treated as disrespectfully as elsewhere. I allude to John Plummer, of Kettering, whom I know to be an honest man, and who has had the courage to tell his fellow-workmen the truth. It is to the labours of such men that I look forward for great things to come.”

In 1859 Lord Palmerston granted him the sum of

£40 from the Royal Bounty Fund, in acknowledgment of his services in the cause of Social Science.

The following memoir of Mr. Plummer has been mainly drawn from notes with which he has kindly supplied us for the present work.

John Plummer was born in the year 1833, in Rosemary Lane, near the Tower, one of the worst districts of London. "In a small room in Rosemary Lane, fourteen adults" (so it is stated in "Lights and Shadows of London Life") "were found sleeping on the floor, without any partition or regard to decency." Plummer's father was a stay-maker in a small way. He was always considered a very precocious child; and being quiet and unobtrusive, he was a great favourite among his relatives, who made him many a little present of halfpenny picture-books, and paint-boxes, his favourite toys. Indeed, so enchanting were the former to him, that, while undergoing a severe surgical operation, the sight of a picture-book kept him quiet when all other expedients had failed. To this delight in pictures he owes his first aspirations for knowledge, to the attainment of which he has since devoted himself with an ardour rarely equalled.

His parents sent him to a school kept by an old woman, whose teaching did not extend beyond the alphabet, while she maintained order and discipline among her pupils with a cane. "Hundreds of the poorer classes," says Plummer, "have had, and are receiving at the present time, no better education than this, and I fear, until some compulsory measures are adopted, that, notwithstanding the rapid increase of infant-schools, the evil will continue."

When he was about seven or eight years of age, his

father ruptured a blood-vessel. A long and dangerous illness ensued, during which the business was broken up, so that the family lost their means of livelihood. John was sent to an uncle at St. Alban's, where he was very kindly treated, that his parents might be relieved of his maintenance in this season of bitter trial.

He was brought back to take leave of a little brother lying at the point of death. From this sad parting all is a blank in his memory, until he found himself recovering from a fever, which, proving almost fatal, left him deaf and a cripple for life! The announcement of his calamity was made to him in a similar manner to that which Dr. Kitto describes as occurring to himself. The words, "You are deaf," were written on a slate and shown to him. When sufficiently recovered to move about, he dragged his tiny form along, supported by two little crutches, attracting many a glance of sympathy from the passers-by. His father having recovered, and obtained work, John was sent to an infant-school. Hitherto, child as he was, he had not comprehended the extent of his deprivation. It forced itself upon his mind now in all its magnitude. The teachers considering him too deaf to be taught, did little more than put the books into his hand, seldom calling him up for examination; while his infirmities rendered him a butt for the ridicule and mischievous tricks of his school-fellows. Here he remained scarcely three months. A few evenings passed in a private school, added to what we have already related, make up the whole of the teaching Plummer received, if we except his instruction at the School of Design, hereafter to be mentioned.

The house which his parents at this time occupied was in Whitechapel, and consisted merely of two little

rooms, one of which was the sitting apartment, while the other was used for sleeping, and as a cutting-room by his father. In this miserable abode, six persons were forced to dwell, although there was scarcely accommodation for two.

While his father was employed at the factory, his mother undertook the giving out of stay-work at home, for the firm who employed his father; or, in other words, the *sweating* system was pursued by his parents, as part of their means of livelihood. For the benefit of such of our readers as may not understand the term "sweating," we will state that it means taking work from establishments at the regular price, and giving it out to be made up at a lower price; the difference between the two scales of payment constituting the profit of the sweater, he meanwhile taking upon himself all risk of loss or damage. This middle-man between the employer and the employed has been the object of undeserved reproach; his services being rendered necessary by the unreliable conduct and principles of the low class of workers for whom he makes himself responsible. The losses consequent on these defects in the character of the inferior artisan would preclude the possibility of employing him at all, but for the intervention of the sweater, who, of course, must be remunerated for his risk, which, after all, he would find ruinous, were it not for his constant vigilance; so that, although the profit of the sweater is a grievous deduction from the wages of the poor operative, yet it is an evil which the sufferer brings upon himself, and from which moral improvement can alone relieve him and his class. Doubtless there are many individual cases in which the employer might safely intrust his property to the worker unwatched, but his

means of making the selection must be very imperfect. It may also be that trusty workers are insufficient in number in any particular district to answer his purpose.

It was John's business, occasionally, to carry the work to the people, and in this way he became thoroughly familiar with almost every phase of low life at the east end of London; whether down in Shadwell, Ratcliffe, Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, or elsewhere. "Little did I dream at the time," says Mr. Plummer, "that I was laying in a stock of experience and knowledge, of which I trust, some day, to make good use; but so it was, and I only regret that I cannot find leisure to give a few sketches of what I daily beheld. Suffice it to say, that Mayhew's 'London Labour and the London Poor' will do so to a great extent; for although I cannot agree with the author in the conclusions at which he arrives, yet I can testify, of my own positive knowledge, as to the graphic fidelity of his narratives."

Being prevented by his infirmities from joining in the out-door sports of the neighbours' children, he had to find amusement for himself. A favourite one was to look into the books and periodicals displayed in the news-vendor's windows. He was often tempted to spend any stray coin he might possess on penny publications, though at that time unable to read with fluency. By diligently studying, however, in every leisure moment, these, and all other works which fell in his way, he surmounted this impediment. He speaks of Bunyan's "Holy War," and "Robinson Crusoe," as his favourites in youth. At first he took especial delight in novels, and read every one he could obtain from the penny circulating libraries; but, by degrees, his interest in them waned, until, at last, his appetite was completely sated.

“Thousands of my fellow-toilers,” he says, “are at the present moment undergoing a similar process. Whether novel-reading be an evil or not, I can positively state that but for the interest and excitement occasioned by the perusal of such works, I could never have attained the power of reading more than one page of a book continuously. The tone and general ‘getting-up’ of penny literature has, as we all are aware, greatly improved within the last few years, but it is still the fact, that the poorer and the more miserable the neighbourhood, the more certain is the literature of the inhabitants to consist of the lowest kind of trashy novels and periodicals. The influence which they possess on the minds of the people it is impossible to calculate, but they have this one redeeming feature—they tend to arrest the attention of their readers, and to awaken, faintly it may be, a desire for other means of relaxation from the cares of life than the public-house.”

In his literary pursuits he met with small encouragement from his friends; on the contrary, his studies drew down upon him their censure. They seem to have forgotten that he was cut off by his infirmities from almost every other enjoyment.

After a time another interest took possession of his mind, and he began to sketch figures on anything he could appropriate to the purpose. With pieces of charcoal, chalk, or ochre, he would draw heads, cottages, &c., on dead walls, or on the pavement before the houses; but while his rude efforts procured him the admiration of the youngsters, the exasperated occupiers would testify *their* opinion of his performances by administering a severe beating.

The narratives of painters who had raised themselves

from obscurity to wealth, rank, and fame, fired Plummer's imagination, and he determined to devote himself to drawing, with a view to becoming an artist at some future period. He attended the School of Design in Spitalfields, where he made great progress, in a short time obtaining prize after prize, and that amid powerful competition. Had he been able to remain he might have done well ; but this, the happiest period of his life, was cut short by the bankruptcy of his father's employer in 1853, and the subsequent removal of the family to Kettering, in Northamptonshire, where Plummer and his father had obtained a promise of work in a stay factory. Meanwhile, John had received through the master an offer of gratuitous tuition at the School of Design ; gladly would he have accepted it could he have found means of supporting himself during the period of study, but that was impossible and, thus he was obliged to forego, for life, the benefit of this kind proposal.

Soon after their arrival at Kettering, John lost his mother, who died after a lingering illness. "If there is anything good in me," says he, "any little talent, any piety, or anything by which my brethren may learn to associate my name with what is right, let her have the credit, for she was a good and kind mother to me ; although she could aid my efforts but little, owing to her having broken her leg a few years after my birth, and, in consequence, becoming almost bed-ridden."

In the year 1855 Mr. Plummer began to contribute letters and poems to the local newspapers, and thus he acquired his facility of composition.

At the commencement of 1858 there occurred a strike among the shoemakers of Northampton, on the attempt to introduce into that town certain machinery which had

been successfully employed in other places. Meetings were held, and addresses delivered, which resulted in the formation of a society for mutual protection among the workmen. In illustration of the line of conduct they adopted, Mr. Plummer relates the following circumstance:—

“My brother (a young man of 19) wished to exchange his present employment for the more congenial one of shoemaking. He applied to a shoemaker, one of the members of the committee, who agreed to teach him on the receipt of a certain amount as remuneration; but *after* the agreement, and *before* my brother went to learn, the Kettering branch [of the above-mentioned society] passed a bye-law to the effect that no one should be allowed to learn the art of shoemaking, after he had attained the age of 17. . . . On this, the person who had engaged to teach him declined doing so; he therefore applied to another man (not belonging to the society), but this person was deterred by threats; so he determined to teach himself, and so far succeeded, that he was able to obtain employment from a wholesale firm in the trade. But the Kettering executive sent a deputation to wait on the masters, to inform them that if they continued to employ Japheth Plummer, they would strike the shop.”

This compelled them, reluctantly, to discharge him.

“A working man myself,” continues Mr. Plummer, “I have experienced the hard and bitter trials which but too often reduce us to eat the bread of charity, or linger out our days in the cheerless poor-house; and therefore I trust that no man will accuse me of hostility to my order—an order which I feel proud of belonging to—when I dare to assert that which I know and feel to be my right. The same spirit which animates and strengthens our souls against the tyranny of the oppressor, in whatever shape he may inflict it, also nerves us to resist any invasion of our rights, whether by master or man; and NEVER will we falter in our crusade against the unjust enactments of those who have no right whatever to enforce them. One of the rights which I claim for myself and my brethren is *the absolute freedom of labour in every shape whatsoever.*”

John Plummer addressed several letters expressing these sentiments to the local papers. The editors declined to insert them, and Plummer then undertook the vindication of his brother's rights in a pamphlet, entitled the "Freedom of Labour;" the same from which we have just quoted. It was dedicated to Lord Brougham, and we find the following mention of it in his speech on "Popular Literature," at Liverpool, in 1858:—

"There lies before me a short treatise by a working man, popularly written, . . . with a view of removing the prevalent but dangerous delusions on the subject of capital and wages, by explaining the true principles of economical science on this head. No student of that philosophy at the English—nay, at any of the Scotch Universities, where it is more cultivated—could have produced a better reasoned tract, or one showing more entire acquaintance with its principles."

We can, perhaps, hardly imagine to ourselves the encouragement which the approbation of such a man would give to the self-taught mechanic. "I was in a book-shop," he says, "and accidentally took up the *Times*, when the paragraph first attracted my attention, and I was so astonished that I could hardly believe that I was in my senses. Had I, the deaf, lame, neglected boy, the humble factory toiler, won the approbation of one of the greatest men that ever lived? Surely it could not be true! But it *was* true, and from that time I have laboured with an energy, determination, and spirit, of which I never before deemed myself capable, till I dashed down all barriers and prejudices, and now I find myself a 'character' in the annals of Northamptonshire!"

On the publication of his tract he was burnt in effigy by the infuriated shoemakers, and was frequently menaced with personal violence. Similar threats were used towards

his brother, who prosecuted several of his enemies. Public opinion compelled the strike party to allow Japheth to practise his trade of shoemaking ; but he was never free from the taunts and sneers of his fellow-workmen, which so affected his spirits, that, unable to endure them, he was one morning found missing, and for many months all traces of him were lost. His family made efforts to obtain tidings of him, and at length discovered that he had enlisted for a soldier.

John perseveres in authorship, writing pamphlets on various subjects connected with social progress ; and has recently determined, with the advice of many of his friends, to publish, by subscription, a volume of his poems, to be entitled "Songs of Labour."

The number of *printed* articles written by Mr. Plummer, within the last five years and a half, amounts to more than a thousand ; and these have been composed without interfering with his labours at the stay factory, where he is employed from half-past six in the morning until seven at night, in tending a large cutting machine, worked by steam-power, from which he comes away black and toil-worn.

His physical exertions, combined with great mental labour, to obtain time for which he rarely allows himself more than five hours for sleep, are taxing his powers beyond their strength. We are, however, not without hope that a future less exhausting is before him, in which also the object of his earnest wishes may be attained—leisure for more abundant services to his order, and to the community at large.

SARAH MARTIN.

THE life of Sarah Martin has already been written in more than one popular form, and we propose, therefore, in this sketch, to limit ourselves, as far as possible, to information which has not yet appeared in print, and for which we are indebted to the kindness of correspondents who were personally acquainted with her.

Born in 1791, the daughter of a small tradesman, at Caister, near Great Yarmouth, she lost her parents in early childhood, and was brought up by her grandmother, an excellent woman, of whom she always spoke with deep affection and respect. As her relative advanced in years, Sarah repaid her care; and the grief she experienced in losing her may be gathered from one of her poems, entitled, "Recollections of my Beloved Grandmother."*

Their means were very narrow, and Sarah received but little schooling. At fifteen she was already supporting herself by dressmaking, working by the day in gentlemen's houses. To excel in whatever she undertook was a necessity of her nature, and she was distinguished for skill and neatness as a seamstress. A passion for reading, and great facility in committing to memory, stored her mind with long passages from our English classics; and, while sewing or when her day's work was done, she would recite Shakspeare's plays, and other poems, to the children of the families where she was employed. Her disposition was warm and loving, and fondness for chil-

* 'Selections from the Poetical Remains of the late Miss Sarah Martin' Yarmouth: James M. Denew. This little volume contains an admirably written memoir of the authoress.

dren and animals was one of her characteristics through life.

Her grandmother was a woman of great piety, and possibly may have dwelt upon religious topics more frequently than the young girl's state of mind would bear. It is difficult otherwise to account for the scepticism and positive loathing of all sacred subjects, the recollection of which, at a subsequent period, cast a dark shadow upon Sarah's reminiscences of her youth; for although that portion of her life appears to have been equally blameless with her later years, she was accustomed to look back upon it as utterly sinful. When about eighteen, a sermon she chanced to hear roused her from her disbelief, and applying herself to theology, she studied it with her accustomed vigour. Her "dear executrix," as in her will she denominates Mrs. Glasspoole, a lady who became acquainted with her at this time, and remained her friend through life, recollects that, when calling late in the day at the humble cottage where Sarah and her grandmother dwelt, she would often find her just returned from work, eating her evening meal in haste, that she might accomplish some indispensable domestic task before sitting down to the pursuit which now engrossed her thoughts. Her energetic speed would draw from her grandmother the expostulation, "Sally, child, how you do hurry and bustle!" to which she would answer, "I have no time to lose, grandmother;" and, having discharged her household duties, she would become absorbed in divinity. For many months her unwearied researches brought no conviction to her mind; at length, quite suddenly, belief in the truth of revealed religion flashed upon her, and, from that day, she was a sincere, devout, and practical Christian. The views she adopted were those of the Established Church.

About the same time her philanthropic labours commenced, which, leaving her scant leisure for study, she preferred, as she said, to confine herself to the fountain head; thenceforth she read little else than the Bible, which she went through four times a-year, making copious extracts and commentaries. To this abandonment of controversial literature, perhaps, may be attributed her perfect toleration towards every sect. Charity was an eminent quality of her mind; thus, if she heard the failings of others discussed, she would say, "We had better not talk about them, but pray for them."

Early in 1810 Sarah Martin was enabled to gratify her strong desire to visit the poor in the workhouse, where the thankfulness with which her visits were received filled her heart with gladness. In the same year, after some difficulty, she procured admission to the gaol, and commenced those labours which, gradually increasing, at length occupied her whole time. Soon she abstracted one day in the week from dressmaking, devoting it to the prisoners, her small earnings being, of course, thereby reduced one-sixth. Some years afterwards, a lady induced her, but with great difficulty, to accept a seamstress's remuneration for a second day, which she was to spend in the rest her health seemed to require. To rest, however, while her fellow-creatures could be benefited by her exertions, was not in Sarah Martin's nature; and, though refraining from her visits to the prison, she gave religious instruction to a class of children, until it was otherwise provided by the establishment of Sunday-schools in her parish. She then obtained permission to teach the workhouse children, and continued her lessons even after a schoolmaster was appointed, he being one of the paupers. More decisive evidence of improvement could not, perhaps,

be furnished, than in the contrast between the highly-instructed teachers generally found in our workhouse schools at the present day, and the individuals who were at that time considered fit for the post. The first chosen at Great Yarmouth was an aged inmate, who did not long survive. His successor, selected because he was the only person competent to teach reading, had brought himself to poverty by drunkenness. After a few years, he, too, died, and was followed in his office by an old sailor, a notorious thief; and upon his death a drunkard was again installed. Over even these degraded men, however, Sarah Martin's beneficent influence prevailed; and she had the deep gratification of beholding the death-beds of two, who had been most abandoned, soothed by a religious faith, which her exhortations and her example had created.

In 1838, due provision having been made for the instruction of the children, she withdrew from the workhouse, and, giving up dressmaking entirely, began to teach at the gaol every day. Some time before this change, she had inherited a property worth about £12 a-year; this was now to be her whole income. The friends and admirers her benevolent labours had won, pressed upon her money and clothes; but these she would rarely accept, or, if accepted, unless a promise to the contrary were extracted, she applied them to the use of those she served, and not her own. Mr. Worship, recently Mayor of Yarmouth, relates an incident characteristic of her self-denying spirit:—"The first and only time of my being under the same roof with her was in this way. I was in a bookseller's shop reading a newspaper, when a young woman entered and was asked to take a chair. Presently some of the dirtiest outsides of paper that ever I saw were put before her. Many words passed, and a bargain was made.

My attention became fixed on the buyer's pale and earnest countenance. She took a good quantity of this dirty paper, laid down a shilling, and left the shop. I made inquiry, and learnt that the woman was Sarah Martin, that she was a poor seamstress, that the paper had been bought out of her savings, and was to be applied by herself in personal instruction to the prisoners in the gaol. I was almost a boy at the time, but the scene is well fixed in my memory. A few days afterwards, I was in the shop again, and heard more about the good woman, and left a piece of money, which I desired should be given to her. I was informed that she would not take it, but I ordered that more paper for her money should be given, and so my trifle would find its way to her after my own fashion. I mention this, because it proves that at that time she refused assistance."

Upon paper of this description, and pasteboard, she wrote copies and texts for the use of her workhouse and prison pupils, often remaining up after her day's toil, until past midnight, to prepare them. One of her placards lies before us—the fifth of the ten sets of questions, with answers, from Scripture, which she mentions in her autobiography,* and one of several interesting relics preserved with reverent care by Mrs. Glasspoole. It is methodically drawn up, and written in a large clear hand. Originally far from white, the placard has become brown with age and use, but its construction and repair still show signs of Sarah's skill and neatness.

Miss Martin commenced her labours in the gaol many years before the introduction of the improved system which now prevails in a large number of our prisons, though unhappily not in all. Then, she says, "the doors

* 'Life of Sarah Martin.'—Religious Tract Society.

were simply locked upon the prisoners, when their time was given to gaming, swearing, playing, fighting, and bad language, and their visitors admitted from without with but little restriction At that period, and up to 1838, the prisoners were frequently infested with vermin, and skin disease." Bravery, self-devotion, and indomitable perseverance were needed to carry her through the scenes she witnessed, and to win for her the marvellous influence she acquired over even the most depraved. The confidence she inspired in the sincerity of her purpose—and here lay the secret of her success—is shown by her having, during the whole period of her ministrations, met with insult but from one prisoner; though for some years, it is grievous to state, a turnkey, by his bad character and conduct, greatly distressed her.

She was not long in perceiving the necessity of giving religious instruction to the inmates of the gaol, of separating the juvenile from the old offenders, of providing schooling for all, and what was more important still, regular employment, by which, besides removing the fatal snare of idleness, means could be afforded to the prisoner of earning a small sum for his support when discharged; and the vital importance of not abandoning him at this critical moment of his career also impressed itself early upon her mind. These topics were then gradually attracting attention; but while, year after year, the various methods by which such improvements might be accomplished were under discussion outside our gaols, Sarah Martin had applied herself single-handed to the task, and at Yarmouth had actually wrought those ameliorations in prison discipline which public men were baffled in their efforts to achieve.

Reading the Scriptures during a short visit was what

she first attempted. Finding that there was no Divine worship or observance of Sunday in the gaol, her next step was to organise services for that day ; the duties of both reader and preacher soon devolving upon herself. Of the afternoon service she was relieved in 1831, but she continued it in the morning until her last illness obliged her, in 1843, to give it up. Captain Williams, the inspector of prisons, who speaks of her in terms of the highest appreciation in several reports, writes in the second of these,—“Sunday, November 29th, 1835 ; attended Divine service in the prison ; . . . a female, resident in the town, officiated ; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation exceedingly distinct. The service was the Liturgy of the Church of England ; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well, much better than I have frequently heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her ; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers.”

The occupation Sarah Martin was able to procure for the prisoners consisted, at first, chiefly in straw hat-making, sewing patchwork, and in otherwise converting to some useful purpose, under her direction, the scraps of various material she could beg from her friends. Subsequently she employed them in making clothes. By her efforts to provide them with work when they left gaol, her regularity in visiting them from time to time, at their homes or in service, her warm sympathy when, after absence, they sought her on their return to Yarmouth, and her ready help in every emergency, she effected all that the Prisoners' Aid Societies of later days strive to accomplish, and saved many a repentant sinner from relapsing into crime.

As her labours became known to her townsmen, aid was liberally proffered, and when in a form to be rendered serviceable to the objects of her care, she did not now hesitate to accept it. As she continued, however, personally to administer, after herself collecting, all the contributions intrusted to her, and always kept a minute account of their expenditure, the help she received greatly increased her labour and responsibilities. For many years certain members of the Corporation had been desirous of rewarding her services, but this she had strenuously opposed, expressing apprehension lest, if her labours at the gaol lost their voluntary character, they would likewise lose their efficiency. When urged at least to make the trial, she answered, "To try the experiment, which might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat to know if it will cut." But at length the question was decided for her. It was felt to be necessary that she should receive some remuneration, and she was told, in the kindest manner, that if the Corporation permitted her still to visit the prison she must submit to their terms. She was to receive £12 a-year, she was informed; and, conscious that the arrangement had been made wholly without her knowledge or concurrence, she resisted no longer, but gratefully accepted what was kindly proffered. Had the sum fixed been more considerable she probably would have either still opposed the gift, or would have received it with pain. This was in 1841.

Never robust, her health was now failing, but it was not until 1843 that she was afflicted with serious illness. It was her first attack since she began to visit the prison in 1819; it was the last from which she suffered. In the autumn of that year she died. Her malady was a very

painful one, and at times respite from intense agony could be obtained only by the use of opiates; but her piety and cheerfulness, and thoughtful care for others, never forsook her. Upon the death of her grandmother, in 1826, she had removed to lodgings at Yarmouth, where she had since dwelt, occupying two small rooms. Shortly before her death she asked Mrs. Glasspoole to select some quiet spot in Yarmouth churchyard for her grave; but her kind friend replied, that she should be laid beside her grandmother in her native village, and a bright smile of acquiescence proved the happiness derived from this assurance.

The few articles of value she possessed she left to her intimate friends, accompanying her bequests with touching expressions of affection and gratitude. The residue of her property, £172, she bequeathed to the British and Foreign Bible Society. There were no debts to diminish the amount. The friend upon whom it devolved to settle affairs after her death inquired, "Are there no little bills?" but was answered, "Little bills, madam! Oh, no; I suppose Miss Martin never had such a thing as a bill."

When, at a subsequent period, the parish church at Yarmouth was being restored, the incumbent, Mr. Mackenzie, suggested that advantage should be taken of the opportunity to raise a memorial window to Sarah Martin. Mr. Worship, who was minister's churchwarden, exerted himself in the matter, and about £100 was collected. The late Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Stanley, was one of those invited to subscribe, and, as he gave his contribution, he remarked, "I would canonise Sarah Martin, if I could."

A large two-light window at the west end of the north aisle was the result of this effort. The pictorial

compartments are as follows, beginning at the top of each light :—

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Charge to Peter: "Feed my sheep." | 2. Peter released from prison. |
| 3. Good Samaritan. | 4. Death of Dorcas. |

The inscription (at the foot of the two lights) is in these words :

"To the honour of God. This window was set up in memory of one of His faithful servants, Sarah Martin. She was born June, A.D. MDCCXCI., and died August, A.D. MDCCCXLIII."

In Sarah Martin's manner and appearance there was nothing striking. She was about the middle height, with dark brown hair, and features which, though regular, had been deprived of beauty by small-pox. Her teeth were particularly good, and the expression of her mouth was pleasing. Upon her dress she spent very little; two friends supplied her with her better garments, and these were usually offered long before she herself believed them to be needed. Though belonging by birth and education to an humble rank, there was no trace of vulgarity in her demeanour. As her character became known, she was received as an honoured guest in the upper circles of society, and the simplicity and self-possession of her manners made her as much at ease among her associates there as when surrounded by the wretched inmates of the gaol, or at home in her poor lodging, where, for want of means to pay for service, almost every domestic office was performed by her own hands.

Though we have confined our notice to her labours in the workhouse and the prison, it must not be supposed that these exhausted her efforts; indeed, she deprecated magnifying the special object of our aspirations into such

importance as to cast other duties into the shade. For two years and a half she taught, in an evening school, a large class of young women employed in factories, only relinquishing the task when compelled by failing health ; while “ of her occasional incidental charities no record could be made ; but numberless instances of her unslumbering benevolence, never weary whilst there was a want to supply, or a woe to assuage, will long live in the memory of her friends. . . . There was nothing eccentric in her character or modes of acting. That she was singularly good was her only singularity. There was no attempt at effect in any of her arrangements, no desire to thrust herself on public notice, and no effort to evade it. If she did good and named it not, it was not that she sought to do good ‘by stealth,’ nor do we think she ever ‘blushed to find it fame.’ Probably it never occurred to her what would be thought of it at all. She herself regarded her labours as so many privileges, for which she had a right to be grateful, rather than a claim to be commended ; and, casting aside every idea of merit, she went on her way rejoicing, utterly regardless of the praise of any but of Him whose favour is better than life.” *

* Memoir preceding the ‘Poetical Remains.’

SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.C.B., F.R.S.

ROWLAND HILL, the third son of Thomas Wright Hill, and Sarah his wife, was born at Kidderminster on the 3rd of December, 1795. In the year 1802 his father succeeded to a boarding-school at Birmingham, and here Rowland was educated.

To an observant eye indications of his future distinction were not wanting, even in his childhood; although his progress in the usual acquirements of our early years was somewhat retarded by debility and precarious health. He ever displayed a perseverance not to be wearied in the pursuit of any object on which he had fixed his mind; bearing delay and disappointment with calmness, but never remitting his endeavours, or relinquishing his hopes. As his body grew stronger, and his mind developed itself, he evinced abundant fertility of resource for the attainment of his ends. His faculty of mechanical invention was great and precocious; and his love for its exercise urged him to the acquirement of proficiency in the use of tools. Thus he promptly surrounded himself with apparatus for experiments in natural philosophy, not fabricated according to pattern, but adapted by his ingenuity to his particular purposes, and modified by his limited command of pocket-money. Among these constructions was one with which, by the aid of his electrical machine, made by himself at twelve years old, he produced a vivid representation of the heavenly bodies of the southern sky—invisible to us in the north—stars, nebulae, and all, and caused them to rise and set. He became expert in drawing, and at thirteen

gained the first prize for excellence in that art against the youth of all England. These prizes were offered by Sir Richard Phillips, the publisher of the "School Magazine," a work long since extinct. For the mathematics he had a very remarkable gift, but he was debarred from availing himself of it in its full amplitude by the demands upon his time, which arose from his becoming a teacher in his father's school, at an age when boys are generally mere learners. Teaching, however, as a means of learning, is not to be disparaged. Yet restricted as his application to the mathematics thus became, he carried his inventive powers into that region also; and often surprised and gratified his father by striking out original and improved methods of solving problems of no slight difficulty. He made himself an adept in land surveying. Possessing only a small theodolite, he hit upon a way of using it which endowed it with the accuracy of Borda's Repeating Circle; and, so employing his instrument, he was enabled to effect a somewhat extensive trigonometrical survey of Birmingham and its neighbourhood, on a base line very carefully measured, according to the plan (a little changed) pursued by Colonel Mudge on Hounslow Heath—the first step towards the great trigonometrical survey of the British Islands, which has been in progress now for more than half a century. After he had grown up he felt that he had too much neglected demonstrative geometry, and, availing himself of a Christmas vacation, he went through the whole of Simpson's Euclid in a month, demonstrating every proposition in each book to his father, as if he had been a schoolboy.

His faculty of invention in what may be called physical mechanics, was accompanied by a similar talent for moral mechanism. He devised and framed a consti-

tution for his father's school, which, through the intervention of a committee of the pupils chosen by the whole body, aided greatly in developing their powers of self-government. The little community in 1819 (the year following its constitutional epoch) was moved into the country, a short distance from Birmingham; and established in a large and convenient house built for the purpose, from Rowland's designs. From this site, which was called Hazelwood, the school was eventually removed to Bruce Castle, at Tottenham, near London.

In 1833 Mr. Rowland Hill, finding his place in the school well supplied by a younger brother, turned his attention to other pursuits; the profession of a teacher never having been one to which he felt any strong vocation, notwithstanding his success in it.

Shortly afterwards he associated himself with a small number of gentlemen desirous of reducing to practice a scheme of colonisation then lately promulgated by Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield. The principle of Mr. Wakefield's plan was to sell the wild lands of any new colony at a price sufficient to bring over labourers for their culture.

Painful attention had been drawn about that time to the sufferings which had followed an attempt (well nigh a total failure) to plant the settlement now called Western Australia. Mr. Peel, a cousin of Sir Robert Peel, obtained the grant of a vast tract of land in that province; other individuals also received similar donations. They took with them at their own expense hired labourers and artisans, and stock of all kinds required to commence operations in a desert. But the men imbibed the error of their masters in considering the land of an uninhabited

country as of itself property ; whereas it only becomes property when duly combined with labour sufficient to make it productive. The faithless and ignorant followers of the capitalists who had obtained the grants, finding their masters had grasped at the ownership of the soil with almost insane rapacity, cast about for the means of themselves becoming landholders, and determined to pass beyond the boundaries of the territory already parcelled out by the Crown, and then "squat," as it is called, outside ; that is, take possession, without purchase or grant, of the unoccupied lands which they saw about them. And so eager were they to enjoy their usurped dignity of landlords, that they refused to stay and give their assistance in housing the cargoes of the vessels in which they and the other colonists came from England. The consequence was that a great amount of property was destroyed : furniture, agricultural implements, books, instruments of music—whatever had been brought from home, whether as necessaries or for purposes less essential—were left upon the strand, and fell a prey to the elements, or to the attacks of noxious insects. After a time some of these dishonest and misguided people returned, their companions having died of hunger and cold. The survivors were ravenous, and demanded food and shelter from their employers with threats and reproaches ; forgetting, or affecting to forget, that their own unfaithfulness had deprived their masters of the power to help them.

Mr. Wakefield's plan, it was hoped, would lead to better results. The association which Mr. Rowland Hill joined, obtained in the year 1834 an Act of Parliament for establishing the colony of South Australia, now containing a population of 120,000. By the end of the year 1859, nearly two million acres of wild land had

been sold, producing to the Government about £2,500,000. Of this quantity at least 250,000 acres are under cultivation. The colony has an annual revenue approaching £500,000. It imported last year (1859) to the amount of £1,500,000, principally from the mother country; and exported to the amount of £1,500,000 in wheat, flour, wool, copper ores, smelted copper, and other produce. It enjoys the advantages of improved harbours, of steamboats, railways, and telegraphs; its capital, Adelaide, is adorned with handsome buildings; the shops are lighted by gas, and it will shortly be furnished with the more important accommodation of an ample supply of water, stored in a vast reservoir already constructed amidst distant hills. The welfare of the colony is fostered and secured by a free constitution; while for instruction and training, both spiritual and secular, churches, schools, and literary institutions have sprung up in abundance throughout all the settled districts of the province.

South Australia was at first managed by royal commissioners, who appointed Mr. Rowland Hill their secretary; and, of course, upon him fell the principal charge of framing the rules for conducting the colonial affairs, regulating the emigration of labourers, &c.; and, in short, of carrying into action the whole scheme, so far as it could be guided from the seat of Government at home. Such of the emigrants as were selected for transit at the expense of the colony were, upon their landing, at liberty to hire themselves to any employers who chose to engage them; indeed, they were free to work for others or themselves, according to their own option or their resources. The success of the experiment has completely verified the soundness of Mr. Wakefield's principle, and has led to its adoption in other Australian colonies. No small por-

tion of that success may, with perfect justice to the other labourers in the cause, be claimed for Rowland Hill.

Although the formation of a new settlement demanded great exertion on the part of all engaged in the enterprise, and especially on that of the secretary, yet the business of colonisation did not absorb his whole time and attention. He was a member of the committee of the celebrated Society, founded in 1826 by Lord Brougham, for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The rapidly-extending demand for cheap literature—of which he became cognisant while taking part in the labours of the society—suggested to his mind the pressing need for some apparatus which should outstrip the printing-machine of that day ; and, ultimately, he attempted himself to supply the desideratum. He invented a machine, the characteristic of which was, that it printed by the revolution of a cylinder armed with type, under which the paper was passed in long sheets. Having, with the assistance of his brother, Mr. Edwin Hill (the inventor of the envelope folding-machine), perfected this invention, he took out a patent for it ; but his machine, although it printed with great velocity, and although the impressions were beautifully executed, yet never came into use. The obstacle which stood in its way was, that it involved a change in the body of the type ; its face, or that portion which receives the ink and forms the letters, remaining as before. The cost of such an outlay, combined, perhaps, with some small changes of habit, which the new type would force upon the compositors, prevented the proprietors of large establishments, in which alone such an apparatus would be needful, from embarking in the enterprise ; and thus Mr. Rowland Hill lost much time and no small amount of capital. But the constantly

increasing urgency for rapid printing is gradually bringing type-armed cylinders into use, probably containing improvements on Mr. Hill's invention, but essentially founded on his principle ; although it is possible that the improvers may be ignorant of his specification, so frequently does it happen that the same invention is made by several persons, each unconscious that he has a competitor.

Mr. Rowland Hill specified his invention in August, 1835, and immediately drew the attention of the great printers of the metropolis to his new machine. A short experience convinced him that he had better turn his thoughts in some other direction. In no wise cast down by his disappointment, he abandoned physical mechanics, and turned his mind to what we have called moral mechanism. From childhood he had often heard his father express an opinion that the rate of postage was too high, not only for the comfort and convenience of the people at large, but for the productiveness of the revenue. This remark was repeated so frequently as to produce a permanent impression on the minds of his children, and the evils of dear postage were for years a topic of conversation in the family circle. Rowland Hill now determined to enter upon a laborious investigation of the subject, and to make himself, so far as opportunity served, fully acquainted with that intricate and multifarious department—the Post-office. Seeing that he had never—either in town or village—penetrated more deeply into postal mysteries than could be accomplished by a momentary glance through the half-opened little door which suffices for a somewhat uncomfortable communication between earnest and, perhaps, loquacious inquirers without and the reticent postmaster within, this was to inaugurate a labour of

Herculean magnitude. The hope of obtaining information by personal interviews with the possessors of postal knowledge was but faint. Whether by nature or art, or by the force of the *esprit de corps*, taciturnity seems in all countries to be a virtue largely shed upon the order of which we are speaking. We have carried on our researches in various parts of Europe, but we never met with a postmaster or his deputy who did not remind us of the verses repeatedly uttered by the prophetess in Gray's "Descent of Odin":—

"Now my weary lips I close,
Leave me, leave me to repose."

Fortunately, however, the means of knowledge were not confined to oral communications. For many years the Post-office had been a favourite subject for inquiry through parliamentary committees and royal commissions; and thus a pile of blue books had been brought into existence, in which a huge mass of facts, embedded in a still more enormous heap of rubbish, was to be obtained by the due application of labour and skill. Mattock in hand, Rowland Hill set himself to work, and, in a few months, had not only won the ore, but had smelted it, and cast away the dross. Still, on some points, he was in doubt. He put his queries into writing, and, through the introduction of friends who had influence at St. Martin's-le-Grand, he succeeded in obtaining answers to some of his questions; but the amount of information he was able to procure was neither abundant nor accurate. For instance, it was very desirable, and, indeed, essential, that he should ascertain within certain limits the number of chargeable letters passing through the British post-offices in each year; but no satisfactory information on this head

could be obtained. Employing the best data he was able, in the first instance, to procure, he computed the annual number at about eighty-eight millions and a half; but, after some time, having succeeded in obtaining additional information, he revised his estimate, which he finally settled at seventy-nine millions and a half. About the same time, the Postmaster-General of that day gravely stated in the House of Lords that the true number was only forty-two or forty-three millions! Towards the close of the year 1837, the House of Commons appointed a committee to investigate the merits of penny postage. In the course of the inquiry, which continued throughout the session of 1838, the gentlemen of the Post-office submitted an amended estimate of the number of letters, which brought it up to fifty-eight millions. These figures being sifted, were soon shown to be fallacious, and the Post-office again amended their return, bringing up the amount to nearly sixty-seven millions, and finally advanced it to seventy millions. But the committee, after a most laborious and searching scrutiny, conducted with untiring zeal, and with a degree of ability which cannot be too highly appreciated, arrived at the conclusion that the real number passing through the British post-offices was seventy-seven millions and a half. Eventually, the number was fixed by the Post-office itself at seventy-six millions.

We have a little disturbed the chronology of our narrative, in our attempt to give the reader a glimpse of the difficulties which encompassed Rowland Hill in his task of acquiring that thorough insight into the state of the Post-office which he justly felt to be necessary before he could presume to frame a new system. His preliminary labour being brought to a close, his mind fastened

on the leading facts upon which his plan is founded. The cost of a letter to the Post-office he saw was divisible into three branches. First, that of receiving the letter, and preparing it for its journey, which, under the old *régime*, was troublesome enough, as the postage varied first in proportion to the distance it had to travel; and, again, according as it was composed of one, two, or three sheets of paper, each item of charge being exorbitant. For instance, a letter from London to Edinburgh, if single, was rated at 1s. 1½d.; if double, at 2s. 3d.; and, if treble, at 3s. 4½d.; any—the minutest—inclosure being treated as an additional sheet. The duty of taxing letters, or writing upon each of them, its postage thus became a complicated transaction, occupying much time, and employing the labour of many clerks. This, and other duties, which we will not stop to specify, comprised the first of the three branches of expense which each letter imposed on the office. The second was the cost of transit from post-office to post-office. And this expense, even for so great a distance as from London to Edinburgh, proved, upon careful examination, to be no more than the ninth part of a farthing! The third branch was that of delivering the letter and receiving the postage—letters being, for the most part, sent away unpaid. Rowland Hill saw that, although a considerable reduction of postage might and ought to be made, even if the change rested there, yet, that if he could cheapen the cost to the Post-office, the reduction to the public could be carried very much further, without entailing on the revenue any ultimate loss of serious amount. He therefore addressed himself to the simplification of the various processes. If, instead of charging according to the number of sheets or scraps of paper, a weight should be fixed, below which a letter,

whatever might be its contents, should only bear a single charge, much trouble to the office would be spared, while an unjust mode of taxation would be abolished. For, certainly, a double letter did not impose double cost, nor a treble letter threefold cost upon the Post-office. But, if the alteration had rested there, a great source of labour to the office would have remained; because postage would still have been augmented upon each letter in proportion to the distance it had to travel. In the absence of knowledge as to the very minute cost of mere transit, such an arrangement would appear just; or, to place the question in another light, it would seem unjust to charge as much for delivering a letter at the distance of a mile from the office at which it was posted, as for delivering a letter at Edinburgh transmitted from London. But when Rowland Hill had, by his investigation, ascertained that the difference between the cost of transit in the one instance and the other was an insignificant fraction of a farthing, it became obvious that it was a nearer approximation to perfect justice to pass over this petty inequality than to tax it even to the amount of the smallest coin of the realm. With regard to the third head, all that could be done for lessening the cost attendant on delivering the letters from house to house, was to devise some plan of prepayment which should be acceptable to the public (so long accustomed to throw the cost of correspondence on the receiver of a letter, instead of the sender), and which, at the same time, should not transfer the task of collection to the receiving-office, while it relieved the letter-carriers attached to the distributing-office; otherwise, comparatively little would have been gained by the change. This led to the proposal for prepayment by stamped labels, whereby the Post-office is altogether

relieved from the duty of collecting postage. Thus, one by one, were the impediments all removed to the accomplishment of a grand object—uniformity of postage throughout the British Isles.

The facile attainment of this end being thus demonstrated, it became easy to reduce the rate of postage to an enormous extent. And such reduction giving, as it did, so large a boon to commerce and the correspondence of all classes, particularly that which stands lowest in the social scale, reconciled every one to the changes of habit and usage, which would have presented a series of obstacles to the adoption of the scheme, had the advantages been less manifest or of inferior magnitude.

The discovery of Mr. Rowland Hill that uniformity is the necessary condition of extreme cheapness, and that when the various items of cost to the Post-office connected with receiving, transmitting, and delivering a letter were thoroughly analysed, none of them presented any insuperable difficulty to the establishment of a uniform rate, appears, now it is made, to be extremely simple. But it is exactly that union of importance with simplicity which is the true stamp of discoveries destined to take their place in the highest rank of mental achievements.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* of January, 1840, states :—

“ We are justified in saying that for the great mass of our countrymen the Post-office does not exist; for the higher and middle classes sink into nothing if measured by numbers against those below them; and it is only necessary to compare the income of a labouring man with his pressing wants, to see that it is idle to suppose he will apply his little surplus to the expensive enjoyment of post letters. It would be easy to fill pages with instances of pain and misery which result from there being no post-office for

the poor. We shall confine ourselves, however, to a few pregnant facts drawn from the evidence [before the Postage Committee of the House of Commons, in 1837-8].

“Mr. Emery, Deputy Lieutenant for Somersetshire, relates several facts which prove at once the desire and the inability of the poor to correspond. ‘A person,’ says he, ‘in my parish had a letter from a granddaughter in London, and she could not take up the letter for want of means. She was a pauper, receiving 2s. 6d. a-week; and if you will allow me, I will repeat her own words, for I have taken them down:—She told the post-office keeper that she must wait until she received the money from the relieving officer. She could never spare enough, and at last a lady gave her a shilling to get the letter; but the letter had been returned to London by the post-mistress. She never had the letter since.’ The post-master of Banwell said to me: ‘My father kept the post-office many years; he is lately dead; he used to trust poor people very often with letters; they generally could not pay the whole charge. He told me—indeed, I know—he lost many pounds by letting poor people have their letters. We sometimes return them to London, in consequence of the inability of the persons to whom they are addressed raising the postage. We frequently keep them for weeks, and, when we know the parties, let them have them, taking the chance of getting our money. One poor woman once offered my sister a silver spoon to keep until she could raise the money. My sister did not take the spoon, and the woman came with the amount in a day or two, and took up the letter. It came from her husband, who was confined for debt in prison; she had six children, and was very badly off.’ The post-master of Conglesbury, a large village containing 1,500 or 1,600 inhabitants, said, ‘I have sometimes had complaints made of the high rate of postage; the price of a letter is a great tax upon poor people. I sent one charged 8d. to a poor labouring man, about a week ago; it came from his daughter. He first refused taking it, saying it would take a loaf of bread from his other children; but after hesitating a little time, he paid the money and opened the letter. I seldom return letters of this kind to Bristol, because I let the poor people have them, and take the chance of being paid. Sometimes I lose the postage, but generally the poor people pay me by degrees.’”

In the year 1837 Rowland Hill published his plan, which he explained to his countrymen in a brief but lucid pamphlet. The splendid project overran the three kingdoms like wildfire. Party spirit, then strong and bitter, was for a time silenced. It stood rebuked in the presence of this noble benefaction. But neither the Ministry nor the Opposition were its friends. It was an object too large for the tiny grasp of party; and it would inevitably have fallen to the ground, had not the unanimous voice of the people called on Parliament to register its edict that Penny Postage should become the law of the land. And promptly was that voice obeyed.

Here, then, our narrative draws to its close. The development of a system of cheap and uniform postage within our own shores is part of the history of England. Yet our shores do not form the limits of its extension. It has spread itself over the whole civilised world; and its progress belongs to the history of civilisation itself.

The labours, the discouragements, and, we must add, the persecutions of its author, were, however, far from ceasing on the adoption of these plans. The Whig Government which was in office in 1839—the epoch of the Penny Postage Act—although they had yielded to his project with reluctance, treated Mr. Hill with justice, gave him their confidence, brought him into the Treasury, and aided him, in perfect good faith, to work out his measure. After a time, however, they were displaced; and their Tory substitutes, while acknowledging the great ability with which its author had carried his scheme into execution, discovered that he had done his work, and that his services were no longer wanted! Therefore, amidst a profusion of compliments, they bowed him into the street, and shut the door of office in his face. They left him, it

is true, the consolation which the famous old Spartan, Pedaretus, drew from the loss of his election into "The three hundred"—he was glad, he said, to find that his country possessed three hundred men better than himself. Rowland Hill had even greater cause for self-gratulation than Pedaretus. Among the thousands of appointments which compose our civil service, no vacancy could be found which an abler and more deserving public servant than the author of Penny Postage was not ready to fill! Happy England, so redundant in merit; but, alas! we must add, ignorant or ungrateful country, not to know, or knowing, not to avow its wonderful good fortune! Yet such was the benighted state of the English mind, that the treatment of Rowland Hill, which the perspicacity, moral and mental, of our rulers, adjudged to be right and expedient, was condemned, nevertheless, by all but that sagacious few, as flagrant ingratitude towards him, and a contempt of the public interest as regarded the nation. And they ended by taking the matter into their own hands. To restore him to office was beyond their power; but they would not suffer him to depart from Downing-street empty-handed; on the contrary, by a munificent subscription of fifteen thousand pounds, they at once rewarded their benefactor, and marked his dismissal with a stigma never to be effaced.

Thrust out of office, Rowland Hill sought a new occupation, sustained in his bitter disappointment by the hope that another Government would permit him to complete the plan he had been only able to commence. He became a director of the Brighton Railway Company, and was soon chosen their chairman. Under his superintendence the business of that body was conducted with a precision to which no other railway company had then

attained. As usual, his habit of persevering and minute investigation accomplished its objects. For instance, finding that the signals employed along the lines to communicate with the engine-driver were sometimes mistaken by the men, he placed himself on the engine to journey to and fro between London and Brighton, until he had discovered the cause which led to error, and soon found that it lay in an arrangement by which the same signal did not uniformly express the same meaning; so that the mind of the driver, while engaged in his anxious duties, was taxed, and sometimes his memory confounded, by these absurd inconsistencies.

In 1846, when the Whigs returned to power, they invited Rowland Hill to take an appointment in the Post-office. Resigning his chairmanship, he accepted their invitation, and in a short time the public had cause to know that the futility of the reasons given for his dismissal was not less manifest than the meanness which could devise and publish them. Since his return to office improvement has thickened upon improvement; and measures are yet in progress for still further ameliorations of our postal system. These we cannot find room even to enumerate. One change, however, is so striking in its effects, and can be told in so few words, that we will not omit to specify it. We all know the benefits resulting from the establishment of the Money-Order Office. In 1847 Mr. Rowland Hill found its arrangements in a state of complication which most unnecessarily swelled its cost; its expenses exceeding its income by an annually increasing sum, which then amounted to £10,000 a-year. He took it in hand. It quickly became self-supporting, then profitable, and it now clears a net produce of £29,115 per annum, making a difference to the State of £39,115. But,

as every year is more profitable than its predecessor, it is to be expected that even this sum will hereafter be far exceeded. This great saving is attributable solely to the simplification of the arrangements commenced by Mr. Rowland Hill, but extended by his youngest brother, Mr. Frederick Hill, who, in 1851, mainly with a view of relieving Rowland of part of his excessive toil, resigned his office of Inspector of Prisons, and undertook the far more laborious duties of Assistant-Secretary to the Post-office. Nor is this the only assistance which Rowland Hill has received from his family. It may be doubted if he would have found it possible to bear up for so many years under his never-ending labours, but for the cheerful and intelligent aid rendered by his wife, whenever the nature of his task admitted of her co-operation, and but for her watchful care of his health, at all times easily deranged.

When Mr. Rowland Hill returned to office in 1846, he was made secretary to the Postmaster-General, and was, in effect, joint-secretary with Colonel Maberly; but, in 1854, the latter gentleman having become one of the Commissioners of Audit, Lord Aberdeen's Government appointed Mr. Rowland Hill secretary to the Post-office. It is but common justice to state that the Conservative Ministries which have come into office since his restoration have shown, by their treatment of the author of Penny Postage, that they had no sympathy with their Tory predecessors who dismissed him. In the present year, 1860, the Queen has been graciously pleased to invest Mr. Rowland Hill with the dignity of Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.

We conclude this imperfect sketch with a few figures, which will prove, better than words, the vast and rapid development of Penny Postage.

A comparison of the year 1839 (the one immediately preceding the adoption of Penny Postage) with the year 1859, shows the following results :—

An increase in the number of post-offices from 4,028 to 11,412.

An increase of chargeable letters from 76 millions to 545 millions, or between seven and eight fold !

An increase of gross revenue from £2,390,763, to £3,299,825. .

A decrease of net revenue from £1,633,764 to £1,445,872.

An increase in the *number* of money orders issued from 188,921 to 6,969,108, or more than thirty-six fold.

An increase in the *amount* of money orders issued from £313,124 to £13,250,930, or more than forty-two fold !

During the twenty years immediately preceding the proposal of the Penny Postage plan, the revenue, whether gross or net, had not increased at all ; in truth, it had slightly decreased.

That such vast changes could be effected without giving rise to controversies, both within and without the walls of the Post-office, was hardly to be expected. Matters still in dispute do not fall within the range of this work ; but we confidently predict that, whenever their merits are duly investigated, the results will add to the reputation of the subject of this memoir.

SIR JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHoy, BART.

[The following narrative is chiefly drawn from a "Memorandum of the Life and Public Charities of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy," by Mr. Williamson Ramsay, printed for private circulation in 1855. To the courtesy of Mr. Ramsay, whose long residence in a high official capacity at Bombay, and intimate acquaintance with the subject of our memoir, give his "Memorandum" great value, we are deeply indebted for his permission thus to use it.]

THE vast population of the East Indies, amounting to 180,000,000 souls, consists chiefly of Mohammedans and Hindoos. Differing essentially, however, from these, another native race is met with in various parts of the continent. In the provinces its numbers are comparatively insignificant, but at Bombay they form one-fifth of the inhabitants. These are the Parsees, the ancient inhabitants of Persia. Driven thence by the Arabs in the eighth century, after a desperate struggle, an episode in which affords the subject of Moore's poem of "The Fire Worshippers," they took refuge in India, where they have ever since remained—a mild and industrious people, devoted chiefly to commercial pursuits.

The imputation of worshipping fire and the other elements is repudiated by the Parsees. Their religion, purified by Zoroaster—who is believed to have lived about five centuries before Christ—from the corruptions it had in the course of ages acquired, teaches the worship of "one God, the creator, ruler, and preserver of the universe; without form, and invisible;" the adoration of any other object being held to be "blasphemous." Regarding God as "an immense light, from which all glory, bounty, and goodness flow," the "Parsee, while engaged in prayer, is

directed to stand before fire, or to direct his face towards the sun, as the most proper symbols of the Almighty." Superstitious errors have, however, crept into their religious observances, and it is probable that ignorant members of the sect address their prayers to the symbols, instead of to the Being symbolised. To Zoroaster are attributed the Zend Avasta, or Scriptures of the Parsees, throughout which are enjoined "purity of speech, purity of action, and purity of thought." So far are these precepts obeyed, that at the present day the remnant of his followers who yet survive in Persia, are noted for their probity and moral lives, while in India the Parsees occupy an equally honourable position in public estimation.*

To this people belonged Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, born at Bombay, on July 15th, 1783, of parents who, though poor, shared the high character of their race. He lost both within a year, and became an orphan before he was sixteen. His only possessions are said to have been two old wine bottles—objects of value, however, in India. A considerable trade is carried on at the Presidency towns in these articles, and, entering it, he gained the name of Bottlevallah (bottle dealer), which abided by him in the native bazaars to his dying day.

In accordance with the custom of very early marriage adopted by the Parsees from the Hindoos, but which, happily, they are now relinquishing, Jamsetjee had been betrothed in infancy; and some years before his parents' death his father-in-law had caused him to be instructed in accounts. He was besides just able to read and write the language in use among commercial men at Bombay; and afterwards, at school, he acquired a slight knowledge

* 'The Parsees: their History, Manners, Customs, and Religion.' By Dowsabbhoy Framjee. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

of English. This is believed to have been the extent of his educational advantages.

His bottle-selling so far prospered that he was soon master of 120 rupees, or £12, and with this sum he went on a commercial enterprise to Calcutta ; whence a year later he returned, and, with his capital now increased to £18, he commenced trading with China. He must already have established confidence in his integrity, as he was able to obtain a considerable loan, which, in addition to funds procured by his father-in-law, placed a large sum at his command. He made several prosperous voyages to China ; but when returning for the fourth time, and laden with profit, the vessel was seized by the French, with whom the British were then at war, and he was stripped of all he possessed. He was carried prisoner, having narrowly escaped shipwreck on the way, to the Cape of Good Hope, then a neutral station in the hands of the Dutch. After some detention, he obtained, by the kindness of the English consul, and of some ladies, about to proceed to Calcutta, a passage to that city. Arrived there, he returned a fervent thanksgiving to Providence for his safety, and in due time reached Bombay, to the delight of his friends, who had given him up for lost.

After one more voyage to China he abandoned that course of trading, and, settling at Bombay, directed thence commercial enterprises in every part of the world. He appears always to have carried on business in conjunction with partners ; and their errors had sometimes to be corrected by his prudence and sagacity, which never failed to win back success. "It is to a strict and very orderly system, carried into effect in every department under his own immediate superintendence, and with little subordinate help, that much of this success is to be

attributed ; but it can have been no less owing to the confidence universally reposed in his uprightness, clear-sightedness, liberality, and skill." "The manner in which Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy acquired his wealth," said Lord Elphinstone, when presiding, in 1856, at a meeting of all sects and parties in Bombay, summoned to vote the erection of a statue of the distinguished Parsee, "was hardly less honourable to himself and beneficial to the community than the mode in which he dispenses it. By strict integrity, by industry, and punctuality in all his commercial transactions, he has contributed to raise the character of the Bombay merchants in the most distant markets. His whole life is a practical illustration of the truth of the homely proverb, that 'Honesty is the best policy ;' and in this respect and in others he will leave behind him an example, which I trust will long be held up for imitation among us."

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the vast extent of his commercial transactions, Jamsetjee was never engaged in a law-suit on his own account. Frequently, however, his arbitration was sought by friends and neighbours in their differences. When money could be usefully applied, he freely spent it, and his disbursements to procure the amicable settlement of such disputes amounted to some thousands of pounds. Never, however, did he permit his name to be used for questionable purposes. A pernicious system, known as "khutput," has prevailed among the natives in India, by which individuals of influence, residing at the seat of Government, have been accustomed—often in consideration of pecuniary bribes or other advantages—unduly to promote applications to the British authorities from persons at a distance. The magnitude of the evil drew forth an inquiry from Govern-

ment into its nature and extent. In his official report upon its operation in his district of Scinde, Mr. Bartle Frere, after noting the prevalence of the evil, says, "It is not necessary to particularise individuals, but I may be allowed to mention one very striking exception in Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, who, with every inducement from his great influence, and the exceeding benevolence of his character, never, as far as my experience goes, lends himself to the dangerous practice of patronising parties engaged in obtaining redress of their grievances, real or supposed, by indirect influence, apart from the substantial merits of their case."

So early as 1822 Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy's acts of charity had begun to attract public attention; and, afterwards, scarcely a year elapsed unmarked by some proof of his munificence. A sincere and zealous adherent to the Parsee faith, the welfare of his fellow-worshippers has been duly provided for by his generosity. But the interests of humanity at large he has equally regarded; and thus, in the long list of his benefactions, amid gifts to found educational institutions, and to build and endow places of worship for his own people, we find vast sums expended upon a hospital for the sufferers of every country and religion; upon roads, bridges, water-works—whose importance, in an Indian climate, cannot be over-estimated—and dhurmsallas (houses of refuge for poor travellers), from which the public indiscriminately would benefit; and upon all classes of schools. His donations for special objects were equally catholic and abundant. To the Wellington Testimonial, to the Relief Fund for the Scotch and Irish in the famine years, and to the Patriotic Fund, he sent munificent contributions; while to the lesser local institutions and funds he subscribed sometimes hundreds, sometimes thousands of pounds.

Of his private charities, known to be very large, no particular record, however, can be obtained ; but among those of a personal nature some have transpired, which are very characteristic of the man.

One of his early associates in business, whose indiscretions greatly imperilled the safety of the firm, and, indeed, necessitated a dissolution of partnership, without, however, destroying their friendship, was Motichund Amichund, a Hindoo. By the aid of his Parsee friend, his affairs again became prosperous, and subsequently, in accordance with the Hindoo tenderness for animal life, he expended £10,000 in building at Bombay an asylum for maimed and aged animals, which, like many others in India, is known as the "Pinjra-pôl." After the death of Motichund, solely from regard for his memory and predilections—for extraordinary care of the lower animals forms no part of the Parsee faith—Jamsetjee devoted £7,160 to this institution, employed in such a manner as to secure its efficient maintenance in future ; and further, bestowed £300 for a similar object in Guzerat. By an endowment in the same province for the benefit of poor Hindoos, he gave another proof of his affectionate remembrance of his friend.

Again. A wealthy and respected fellow-townsmen, a native Roman Catholic, having incurred severe reverses of fortune, Jamsetjee assisted his family from time to time with such liberality, that the whole sum bestowed amounted to £10,000.

The total cost of all his known benefactions surpasses £300,000 ; but the value of money in India so far exceeds that which it possesses here, that this sum is equivalent to more than a million sterling in this country.

In 1842 the benefits bestowed by Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy

upon his fellow-subjects, and his devotion to the interests of the British nation, being represented to the Queen by the late Sir James Carnac, who had just retired from the government of Bombay, she recognised his services by conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. Subsequently he was created a baronet; and, in 1843, Her Majesty sent him a medal in gold, bearing on one side her portrait surrounded by diamonds, on the other this inscription, "Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Bart., from the British Government, in honour of his munificence and his patriotism."

In all his charitable undertakings his wife, Lady Jamsetjee, cordially sympathised. Indeed, the bridge and causeway, which he built at a cost of more than £18,000, at Mahim—a most important work, uniting Bombay with the Island of Salsette—was erected in her name, and it is said she gave her jewels towards defraying the expense.* To the endowment of £5,000, for the maintenance of one of the dhurmsallas built by him, and which he placed in the hands of the "District Benevolent Society of Bombay," Lady Jamsetjee added a donation of £2,000; and the following instance of his enlightened liberality is rendered additionally interesting by her co-operation:—

When Sir Jamsetjee received his knighthood, which, like his baronetcy, was the first ever conferred upon an Asiatic—at least, since the days of Saladin—the Parsees of Bombay presented him with a testimonial of their gratification at this mark of honour. It consisted of a large sum of money, raised by subscription among themselves, which, in the address accompanying it, they designated

* 'Small Beginnings; or, the Way to Get On.' London: Hogg and Son. 1860.

“The Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy Translation Fund,” to be employed in translating useful books into the Guzerati language for circulation, either gratis or at a very low price, among the Parsees. In his answer he projected the Benevolent Institution for the education and maintenance of poor Parsees, which now bears his name. “Nothing,” he said, “could please me more than the purposes to which you propose to devote the funds that have been subscribed. I shall ever wish my name to be connected with every endeavour to diffuse knowledge amongst our people; and the surest way to incite them to elevate and improve themselves, to fit them to appreciate the blessings of the Government under which they live, and to deserve those honours which have now, for the first time, been extended to India, is to spread far and wide amongst them, gratuitously, or in a cheap form, translations into our own language of the works of the most approved authors.— Connected with this subject is a scheme that I have long contemplated, for relieving the distresses of the Parsee poor of Bombay, Surat, and its neighbourhood. You know full well the state of misery in which many of our people are living, and hopeless ignorance in which their children are permitted to grow up. My object is to create a fund, the interest of which shall be applied towards relieving the indigent of our people, and the education of their children; and I propose to invest the sum of 300,000 rupees [£30,000] in the public securities, and to place it at the disposal of trustees who, with the interest, shall carry out the object I have mentioned; and this trust, I hope, you will take under your care.”

Referring to Sir Jamsetjee’s reply, “They who were present as I was,” said Mr. H. L. Anderson, secretary to Government, “when he gave in one gift to the

sacred cause of education the sum of £30,000, will not easily forget the sensation created by that announcement, made with so much calmness and simplicity." To this already munificent gift, Sir Jamsetjee added fifteen shares in the Bank of Bengal, and Lady Jamsetjee gave five. A further contribution of thirty-five shares from the Parsee punchayet, or council, raised the amount of this supplementary donation to nearly £40,000.*

Three of the schools comprehended in the noble institution thus originated are for girls. Until recently female education among the Parsees was utterly neglected, and to the enlightened and lamented Mr. Framjee Cowasjee the merit is due of having first attempted its improvement. His example was followed by several gentlemen of his race, among whom none were more zealous in the important enterprise than Sir Jamsetjee. Though strictly conforming to the reserved habits and customs of the Parsees—to the extent of declining to dine with the Chief Justice of the Presidency—he was, we are informed by Colonel Burrowes, who was personally acquainted with him, "more free from prejudice than any other Oriental he had ever known." This superiority was conspicuous in his disregard of the feeling among his race which strongly opposes giving instruction to the female sex. "He secured for the education of his only daughter the services of an English lady as governess; and the example of a single Parsee lady in a family of such wealth and influence, instructed in many branches of an Englishwoman's education, and yet retaining all that among her own people is valued and respected in the mother of a family, had an influence which, though unseen, was probably more effectual with the native

* 'The Parsees.'

community at large than all the arguments of those who have since advocated the cause of female education."

A School of Design, erected and endowed at a cost of £10,000, is one of Sir Jamsetjee's recent gifts to the city of his birth. By the Hospital he has bestowed upon it, and the large sums he has given in support of the Medical College, he has conferred benefits far exceeding the apparent value of these gifts. "It must be remembered that medical science had but a feeble existence in India, and in its surgical department could hardly be said to exist at all; that the pursuit of anatomical knowledge was repugnant to all native ideas; and that, consequently, there was neither public medical relief for the indigent, nor scientific aid for the wealthy, nor (still worse) any probability of such a co-operation of private persons as would permanently remedy the evil. The difficulty, and it was an appalling one, was overcome by the intelligent munificence of a single man."

The hospital bears the following inscription :—

THIS EDIFICE

Was erected as a Testimonial of devoted loyalty to
the young Queen of the British Isles,
And of unmingled respect for the just and paternal
British Government in India;
Also in affectionate and patriotic solicitude for the welfare
of the poor classes of all races among his countrymen,
The British subjects of Bombay;

by

SIR JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHOY, KNIGHT,
The first native of India honoured with British knighthood;
Who thus hopes to perform a pleasing duty
towards his Country, his Government, and his People;
And in solemn remembrance of blessings bestowed,

To present this,

his offering of Religious Gratitude, to

ALMIGHTY GOD,

The Father in Heaven

of the Christian, the Hindoo, the Mohammedan, and the Parsee,

With humble earnest prayer

for His continued care and blessing

upon his Children, his Family, his Tribe, and his Country.

The Parsees have always been conspicuous for their devotion to the British Crown ; but it may not be unjust in great part to attribute to the example and influence of Sir Jamsetjee the marked loyalty and high appreciation of the blessings of British rule displayed by them during the recent rebellion, when they invariably ranged themselves on the side of their European fellow-subjects, and strove by every means in their power to strengthen the resources of Government.

Sir Jamsetjee had, besides his daughter already mentioned, three sons and many grandchildren, and, as the patriarchal custom prevails among the Parsees of their descendants continuing, even after marriage, to form one family in the paternal mansion, he might often be seen surrounded by these little ones ; sometimes driving in his spacious open carriage with half-a-dozen beside him, and many more following in other carriages. "He has been fortunate," says Mr. Ramsay, "in his family ; his eldest son, Cursetjee Jamsetjee, and his brothers, are highly intelligent and valuable members of society, and as justices of the peace, members of British juries, and public-spirited promoters of native education and useful institutions, Cursetjee and his brothers are ever ready to second the patriotic views of their revered father."

Sir Jamsetjee's countenance, judging from a portrait prefixed to Mr. Ramsay's "Memorandum," was full of intelligence, dignity, and benevolence, while his dark eyes were remarkable for their brilliancy. A writer in the "Merchant's Magazine," of New York, for December, 1852, who visited him in 1850, says : "He bears the marks of age in the whiteness of his hair, and the slight tremulousness of his hand ; but his expression is quick, and his manner kind and genial, for his heart is warm,

and his mind is as clear as ever. He lives surrounded with all that should accompany old age, honoured by his people, loved by his family and friends, and with the delightful consciousness of the success of his efforts to alleviate misery and to increase happiness. He has acquired the glory which is best worth having—the glory of good deeds.”

Towards the close of his life Sir Jamsetjee lessened his commercial engagements ; but in his works of benevolence he never slackened to the last. He died on April 14th, 1859.

LADY NOEL BYRON.

WE do not intend, in this brief memoir, to enter into the narrative of the great and melancholy episode in Lady Byron's history—her marriage. With womanly dignity, she endured in silence the cruel charges brought against her, that the sacred privacy of domestic life might remain inviolate; and it is not for us to penetrate where it was her desire none should enter. We seek only to show, that though, when yet scarcely past girlhood, the brightness of her existence was for ever clouded by the darkest woe that can afflict humanity—the consciousness of guilt alone excepted—she never permitted her sorrow to lessen her efforts for the welfare of others, but, “sitting in the shade, sent a multitude into the sunshine, and patiently wore away the last two-thirds of her life in making others happier than she could be herself.” *

Anna Isabella, the only child of Sir Ralph and Lady Milbank, was born in 1792, and spent her childhood chiefly at their estate at Seaham, in the county of Durham. She retained such love for the place that, even late in life, a pebble from its beach was an acceptable present—a fact truly indicating the strength of her attachments. Her father, descended from Ralph Milbank, cupbearer to Mary, Queen of Scots, was the sixth possessor of a baronetcy conferred in 1661. He had married the daughter of Sir Edward Noel, subsequently Lord Wentworth, and through her Lady Byron was in the line of succession to great wealth, as well as to the barony of Wentworth. The

* *Daily News*, May 26th, 1860.

property, however, did not come into her possession until after her marriage, while the barony devolved upon her only in 1856. When about eighteen, Miss Milbank accompanied her father and mother to London, and mixed much in fashionable society, where she was greatly admired. Lord Byron became her suitor, but was refused; the refusal, however, being accompanied by the expression of her hope that their friendship would remain undisturbed, and a correspondence ensued. At this period he wrote of her in his Diary:—

“She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress, that is to be, in her own right—an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, a mathematician, a metaphysician, and yet withal very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions, and a tenth of her advantages.”

He made a second offer, which, inspired now by a passionate affection for him, she accepted. They were married in January, 1814; early in 1816 they parted,—as it proved, never to meet again. Two months later he wrote to a friend, “The fault was *not*—no, nor even the misfortune—in my choice (unless in *choosing* at all). For I do not believe—and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business—that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her, while with me. Where there is blame it belongs to myself, and, if I cannot redeem it, I must bear it.” Unhappily, he afterwards both spoke and wrote in another vein.

Meanwhile, Lady Byron had re-entered her father's family. The education of her only child, Ada, occupied

her first attention, and her spare time she devoted to works of philanthropy. She established schools of various descriptions. In one of these—the Training School, at Ealing—the lamented John Gent Brooks, late Domestic Missionary at Birmingham, received, through her benevolence, the advanced instruction which perfected his great natural gifts for the pious labours he performed with pre-eminent success; and it was in the same institution that William and Ellen Kraft, two of the many fugitive slaves who have received Lady Byron's generous aid, found a home, and the means of usefully employing the distinguished moral and intellectual endowments which had rendered their bondage doubly intolerable. "Among the multitude of ways in which she did good, the chief and the best was by instituting and encouraging popular education. We hear at present (and glad we are to hear it) much about the teaching of 'common things;' but years before such a process was publicly discussed, Lady Byron's schools were turning the children of the poorest into agriculturists, artisans, sempstresses, and good poor men's wives. She spent her income (such as her husband left of it) in fostering every sound educational scheme, and every germ of noble science and useful art, as well as in easing solitary hearts, and making many a desert place cheerful with the secret streams of her bounty. . . . No one could be more thoroughly liberal towards other people's persuasions, while duly valuing her own. No one could be further from pedantry, while eagerly and industriously inquiring after all new science and literature. . . . Her life was devoted, after family claims, to the silent promotion of public morality . . . of human, and especially of domestic, happiness, wherever she could confer her blessings. We may ask how a

much-tried woman's life could be better spent, and, perhaps, how many women so tried could so have spent their lives? What domestic life might and should have been to her, all must feel who saw her devotion to her daughter, not only in youth, but in the slow dying of that one child; and, even more still, in her labours and her sacrifices for her grand-children."*

For many years before her death her health was such that her continuing to live was a wonder to her physicians; but her sympathies with her fellow-creatures in their sufferings never flagged under her own. Her last public act, which became known not many days before her death, was a donation of £40 to the Garibaldi Fund.

Lady Byron deeply sympathised with the small band of earnest labourers for social progress who, in 1851, held a conference at Birmingham upon the subject of juvenile delinquency, whence arose the present merciful system of dealing with young offenders. Upon that occasion she offered a prize of £200 for the best essay upon Preventive and Reformatory Schools; and the two best essays sent in being adjudged to be equal in merit, she added another £100 to the sum, and divided the whole between the two authors.

In the year 1854, on the passing of that gracious and benign Act through the Legislature, which authorises the detention of juvenile criminals in reformatories instead of in prisons, Lady Byron purchased Red Lodge—a large, old mansion at Bristol—and placed it at the disposal of her valued friend and fellow-labourer in good works, Mary Carpenter, to be used as a reformatory for girls.

* A tablet erected there since her death, and bearing the following inscription, records the deed:—

* *Daily News.*

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

ANNE ISABELLA NOEL, DOWAGER LADY BYRON,

Who, ever devoting the many talents intrusted to her
to the service of her Master,

Purchased these Premises, September, 1854,

For the purpose of Rescuing Young Girls from Sin and Misery,
and bringing them back to the Paths of Holiness.

SHE WAS BORN MAY 17TH, 1792,

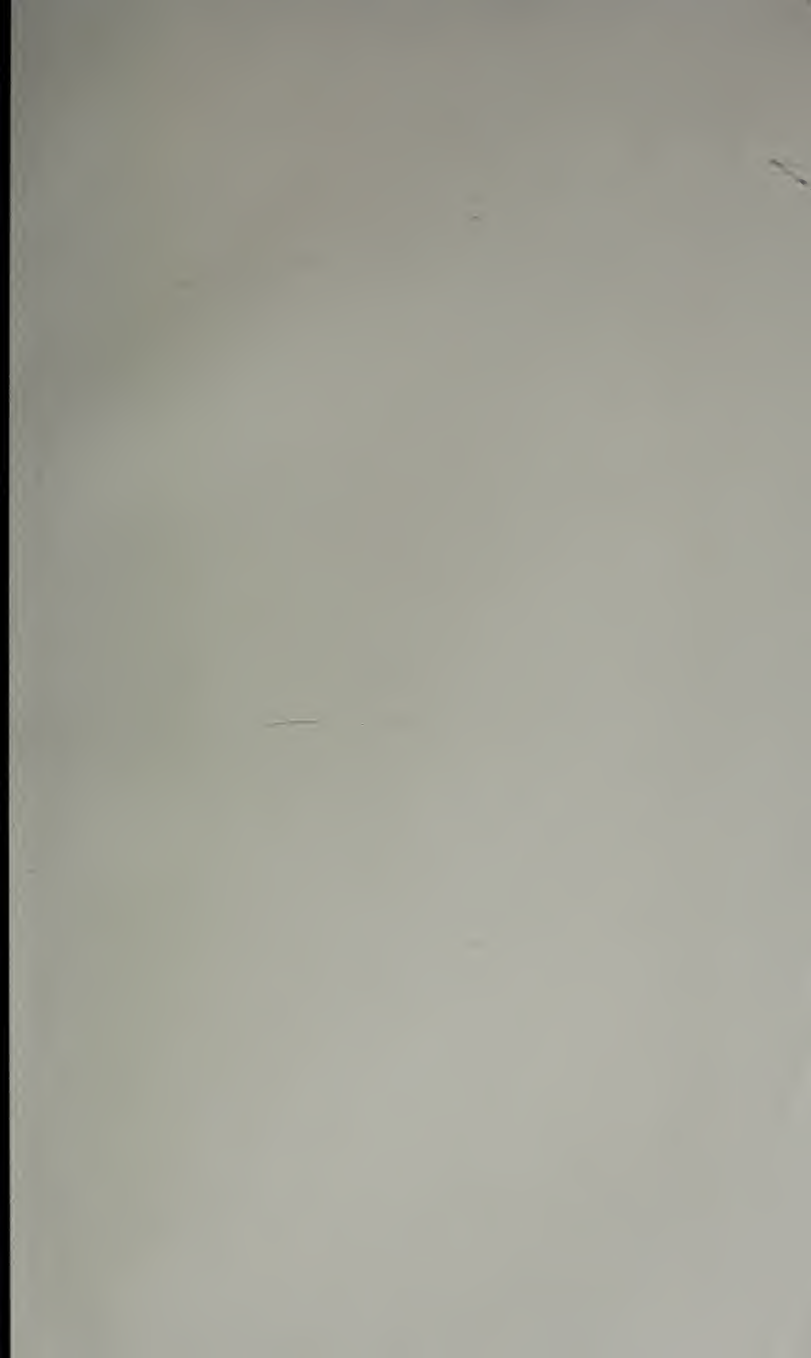
AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY 16TH, 1860.

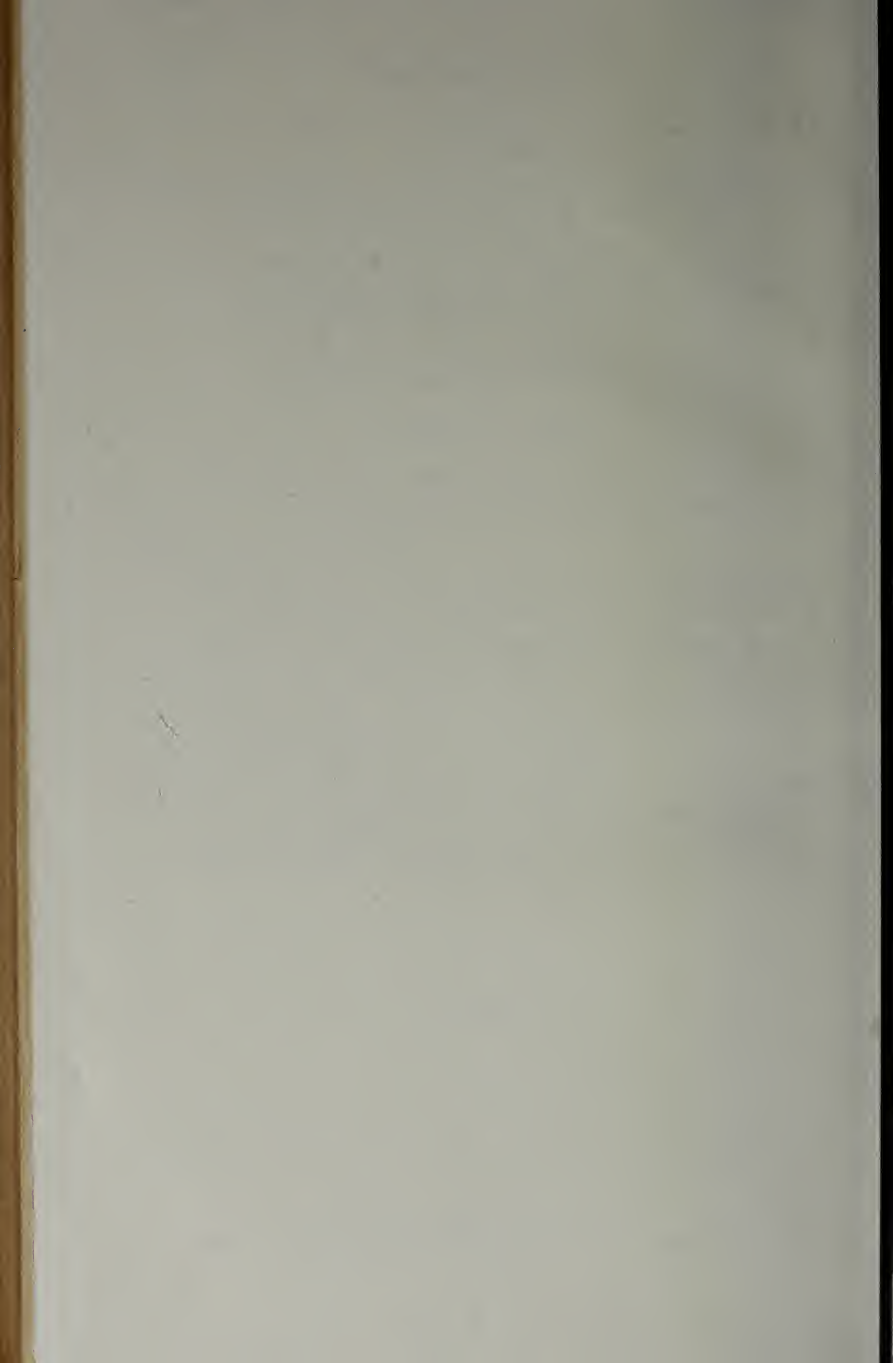
“Faithful unto Death.”

Truly did Lord Brougham speak of her, at Glasgow, as a person whose heart, and soul, and means were entirely devoted to good works.

Lady Byron was rather under the middle size, active in her movements, notwithstanding the feebleness of ill health, and in her manners united the polished ease of high rank with that cordial sincerity which, happily, is peculiar to no class. Her countenance beamed with intellect and benevolence; and, even in her later years, she retained, in the delicacy of her complexion, her soft, blue eyes, and noble brow of the purest classic form, much of the striking beauty of her youth.

THE END.







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